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HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

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BY

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ἄνδρες Ῥωμαῖοι, μᾶλλον δὲ καὶ Ἕλληνες καὶ βάρβαροι πάντες.
JOHN KANTAKOUZÊNOS, iii. 3.

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THIRD SERIES.

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PREFACE.

THE present series of Essays is meant to illustrate some periods of history which lie between the periods which were illustrated in the two earlier series. It is the fulfilment of the hope which was expressed in the Preface to the second series. That series, the second in order of publication, dealt with events which were earlier in point of time than those which were dealt with in the first series. I then said that the Essays in that second series belonged to "the time when political life was confined to the two great Mediterranean peninsulas, and when the Teutonic and Slavonic races had as yet hardly shown themselves on the field of history." The latest subject dealt with in that series was "The Flavian Cæsars." The earliest continental subject dealt with in the other series was "Frederick the First, King of Italy"—the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa looked at in his specially Italian character. I said that "I should be well pleased to connect the two series by a third, which might deal with the intermediate times, with those times which I look on as the true Middle Ages, the times when the Roman and Teutonic elements of modern Europe stood side by side, and had not yet been worked together into a third thing distinct from either."

The present series may, I hope, do something to fill up this gap, and thereby may help further to strengthen in the minds of those who may read them the doctrine of the unbroken continuity of history, and specially of the long-abiding life of the Roman Empire, Eastern and Western.

The Essays which are now reprinted fall into three groups. The first group deals with the Roman power in the West, and with some of its chief seats, in the intermediate time above defined. And I did not scruple to introduce this group with the Essay headed "First Impressions of Rome," although it glances at matters both earlier and later than that time. For that Essay has a common purpose with the rest, that of bringing out the abiding and œcumenical character of the Roman power, as brought to the mind by a first sight of the local Rome. The second group deals with the history of South-eastern Europe, and with the Greek lands as a part of South-eastern Europe. Here the intermediate period in truth comes down to our own day. The various races of the land, both its original inhabitants and the successive waves of settlers and conquerors, still abide side by side. The process of fusion which is characteristic of the West has there been applied only in a very slight degree. This group is therefore introduced by the Essay headed "Race and Language," which, in its first shape, took a more abstract line than most of the others, but to which I have given a more immediate application by working in whatever seemed worth preserving in another Essay headed "Geographical Aspects of the Eastern Question." These Essays, Byzantine, strictly Greek, and Slavonic, have all a close connexion of subject: they might almost be said to deal with one subject looked at from three different points of view. The specially Greek Essay again is introduced by one which balances "First Impressions of Rome," namely, "First Impressions of Athens." Here I tried, as in the Roman case, to bring out the œcumenical position of Athens, and to contrast its œcumenical position with that of Rome. The third group consists only of the single Essay on "The Normans at Palermo," and the shorter one which introduces it, on "Sicilian Cycles." I added these from a wish to take every opportunity of insisting on the true historic character of Sicily, first, as, what its geographical position made it, the general meeting-place of all the nations round the

Mediterranean; secondly, as, in its later shape, one of the states which were carved out of the Eastern Roman Empire. The history of Sicily is wholly misunderstood if it is taken, as it often is, for merely part of the history of Italy.

The Essays in the first and third groups stand in a certain relation to a number of slighter pieces of mine, some of which I have collected into a small volume by the title of "Historical and Architectural Sketches, chiefly Italian." I have said a word or two on this head in notes to the Essays headed "First Impressions of Rome," and "Augusta Treverorum." In that collection the series of Imperial dwelling-places is carried on further to Aachen and Gelnhausen; I might have treated Palermo so as to have added it to the same list. As the scale and object of these Essays differ a good deal from the scale and object of the "Historical and Architectural Sketches," there seemed no objection to having papers on Rome, Trier, and Ravenna in both collections. The "Essays" are for the library; the "Sketches" will be of most use on the spot. And if I am ever able to follow up the series of Italian sketches, with a Greek, a Dalmatian, or a Sicilian series, it would again include papers bearing on some of the other subjects dealt with in this volume, but treating them in a different manner.

The Essays in the second group stand to very recent events in the same relation, or in a somewhat closer one, in which my first series of Essays stood to events which were recent then. It was a work of no small labour to put them together. I had written much on the past and present history of South-eastern Europe at various times for the last five-and-twenty years, as they were matters which I had thought about ever since I was able to think at all. In reviewing the pieces which I thought of reprinting, spread as they were over a period stretching from 1854 to 1878, it struck me that there might be a certain class of readers who might feel some interest in tracing the thoughts which were suggested by a study of Greek history and Greek affairs in 1854, in 1864, and in 1878. But I found that it would never do to reprint any of the Essays as they stood. There was necessarily a great deal of repetition and a great deal of temporary matter. On the other hand each Essay contained some matter which I looked on as worth preserving. There was therefore nothing that I could do except to work them together as I best could, by freely cutting out, adding, and transposing. Perhaps some repetition has still been unavoidable; but I am not sure that repetition is always an evil. Purely temporary matter I have tried to get rid of; but the history of the year 1878 is not necessarily temporary matter any more than the history of any earlier year. I am therefore obliged to send out the Essays on "The Byzantine Empire" and "Mediæval and Modern Greece," in a very different form from the articles which in 1854 and 1864 appeared under those names. Much is struck out; much is worked in from other articles: much is new. Even the Essay on "The Southern Slaves," written as lately as 1877, needed a good deal of change in this way. Any reader who cares to cast his eye over the papers in their original state must take the trouble to look for them in the Reviews where they were first printed. I will give such a searcher one warning. In the other Reviews, where the articles were printed as I wrote them, he will find what I really said and thought at the time, and nothing else. In the article which appeared in the Edinburgh Review he will certainly find a good deal of what I said and thought; but he will find it mixed up with much of modification and interpolation from another hand than mine, and written in another language.

The Essays in this series were not, to at all the same extent as those in the other series, first written as reviews. Most of them had the names of books at their head; but they contained but little criticism of particular writings, except the Byzantine and Greek articles, which contained a good deal of criticism of the Histories of Finlay and Trikoupês. On the principle which I have acted on in the two former series, I have kept what I said of Finlay, to stand alongside of what I have elsewhere said of other historians of his own class. The little that there was of smaller temporary criticism I have for the most part struck out as before.

I have now, as in other volumes, to thank the publishers of the Edinburgh Review and the editors and publishers of the other British periodicals in which the papers first appeared, for the leave given me to reprint—in some cases I should rather say to make use of—the pieces which in their former shape were their property. In so doing the thought is again brought to my mind how much has been lost by the extinction of the North British and National Reviews. The latter especially filled a place which now nothing exactly fills.

LE MANS, *July 6th*, 1879.

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I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ROME.*

CAN anything new be said about Rome? Is there any fact that has not been long ago found out? Is there any remark, any comment, any reflexion of any kind, which has not already suggested itself to a thousand minds? It is certainly hard to find anything new to say about a city which has for so many ages occupied so many thoughts and so many pens; yet, as each man looks at things from his own point of view, and as no two men have exactly the same point of view, something may perhaps be learned by looking at Rome with the eyes of one who, after making Rome for years the centre of his historic studies, sees the city for the first time with his own eyes. Rome may be studied in endless ways and with endless objects; one form of such study is to look at the Eternal City strictly in its eternal character, to look in its existing remains for their witness to the position of Rome as the centre of Universal History. It may be well to look at Rome with a mind less full of the details of the immediate history of Rome than of the consciousness of her wider and œcumenical history, her character as the lake in which all the streams of earlier history lose themselves, and which all the streams of later history flow out of. In this point of view the first impression of Rome is something puzzling and paradoxical. While Roman history is the great witness to the continuity and unity of all history, the first aspect of the city of Rome gives us a feeling of a wider gap between the great periods of history than can be found anywhere else. The first impression that Rome gives, is, that here at least, Ancient and Modern History are two distinct things, and that the gap between them is a yawning gap indeed. Further research shows that the gap is really less wide than it seems at first sight, and that, so far as it exists, the very existence of the gap in the monuments of the local Rome is in truth only a witness to the absence of all break in the history of Rome in the higher sense. If Rome was for some ages the most forlorn and forsaken of the great cities of Europe, it was its eternal and œcumenical position which at once caused its decline and which made it able to recover. If, on the other hand, Rome seems at this very moment to be beginning a new life, it is at once a witness to its eternal and œcumenical position and a sign that its œcumenical position has passed away.

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* [This essay and the three which follow have, to a great extent, one common idea, that of the supplanting of the local Rome by new capitals of the Roman world. But they were not written as a series, nor even in the exact chronological order of their subjects. To avoid repetition therefore, I have now and then moved a passage from one essay to another. I may add further that some of the thoughts contained in this essay will be found in the Roman pieces in my 'Historical and Architectural Sketches.' But they are here brought in and dealt with in so different a way that there seemed no need to change or to strike anything out on that ground.]

At the first glance Rome seems to be rich in monuments of the early days of her emperors and of the later days of her pontiffs, and to have little to show of any other, especially of any intermediate, age. And this impression, though more minute research will largely correct it in detail, is still substantially true. It is true of the general aspect of the city, and of all that gives the city its special character. It is the monuments of the days between Augustus and Constantine and the monuments of the days between Julius the Second and Pius the Ninth which give Rome the aspect which distinguishes it from the other cities of Italy and of Europe. In mediæval remains Rome may be said to be positively rich, but to be comparatively poor. There is probably no age absolutely without its memorial in Rome, and the aggregate of the mediæval remains in Rome would make the fortune of a lesser city. But they seem as nothing beside the endless stores of earlier and later days in Rome itself; they seem as nothing beside the boundless mediæval wealth of some other Italian cities. We feel at once that Rome has nothing to set against the splendid ranges of domestic architecture, spread over times from the twelfth century to the seventeenth, which form the most prominent features of Venice and Verona. The only mediæval buildings which have any share in forming the general aspect of Rome, are a single military tower and a group of ecclesiastical bell-towers, which seem as if they stood there to remind us that the ages from the eleventh to the fourteenth really did exist at Rome as well as in other places. The other mediæval remains have to be looked for; the greatest among them, the so-called house of Crescentius, stands by itself in every sense of the words. It stands in a corner, where, though it forms part of a striking group, it in no way affects the general view of the city; and there is nothing else like it in Rome. Of churches built out of the spoils of pagan temples there is a long list, filling up the first thousand years after Constantine; and, when we come to study them in detail, they prove to be among the most important and instructive buildings in Rome. But these are not mediæval churches in the sense in which those words are understood in other parts of Italy or of Europe. And, as their architectural features are to be found almost wholly inside, most of them count for very little in the general view of the city. The only exceptions are the concentric circles of the round church of Saint Stephen on the Cœlian, and the mighty length of the rebuilt basilica of Saint Paul without the walls. Or indeed, when, as often happens, a church of this type, has, like the patriarchal basilica itself, been cased outside by some modern Pope, it counts, so far as general effect goes, among the modern buildings. The independent Romanesque architecture of Italy has hardly a representative in Rome; the Italian variety of Gothic, besides a few scraps here and there, is represented only by the single stately church of *Santa Maria sopra Minerva.* The one secular monument of the days of the exarchate counts, in its general effect, among classical monuments; the column of Phôkas is not a Byzantine column, but a classical column turned to a strange use. Of later emperors memorials may be found by those who seek for them, memorials of Charles the Great and of the second and the third Ottos. And in the Capitol itself we may still read the legend which tells how Frederick the Second, the last Emperor of Italian birth, sent the trophies of rebellious Milan for safe-keeping among his loyal citizens of Rome. But these things have to be searched for; they do not force themselves on the eye till they are searched for. The walls again are of all dates from Aurelian to Victor Emmanuel, but the mediæval parts are perhaps the least important. On the whole, the monuments of the days between the fourth century and the sixteenth are of little account in our general impression of Rome. The city takes its whole character from buildings of an earlier and of a later time. The mediæval monuments have to be looked for, almost as the monuments of the days before the Empire have to be looked for also.

But if those ages have left little behind them in the way of creation, they have left much behind them in the way of destruction. There is the fact, stamped at once on her history and on her monuments, that, while most other cities in Italy and in Europe were daily growing greater, Rome was daily growing less. As a rule, among the great cities of Western Europe, the mediæval city has spread beyond the Roman city, and the modern city has spread beyond the Roman city. There are doubtless exceptions like Trier and Soest; but Rome is the greatest of all exceptions. No city that was not wholly forsaken ever came so near to being so. Nowhere do we find so vast an expanse of uninhabited, almost desolate, country within the walls. That the Roman Forum should ever have got the name of *Campo*

Vaccino is a speaking fact. The Aventine occupied only by monasteries and vineyards is a strange commentary on the great law of Lucius Icilius; the late act for the suppression of religious corporations is in fact only a new *Lex de Aventino publicando.* When we remember how much of the ancient city lies desolate, how much of the modern city dates only from the sixteenth century, we shall see that the Rome to which the Popes returned from Avignon could have been hardly so great as the Rome of the early kings. It occupied some ground which was not within the walls even of Aurelian, but it left a great deal unoccupied which was within the wall of Servius. We understand the contrast when we see Verona with its Roman gates in the middle of the city, when we see Bath climbing up its hill and Le Mans and Lincoln sliding down theirs. When we conjure up what Rome must have been when, say, Lewis of Bavaria or Charles of Bohemia came thither for his crowning, we are tempted to sin a little on the side of exaggeration, and to fancy that the Lord of the World might have found quarters almost equally flourishing at Winchelsea or at Old Sarum.

Now what is the cause that at Rome there was so much destruction, so little creation, during the very ages when other cities were raising their noblest monuments? What is the cause that, while other cities were spreading beyond their old walls, while they were rearing their lofty minsters, their stately municipal palaces, Rome was only crumbling away, withdrawing within the bounds of her earliest infancy? It is, in a word, because her princes, real or nominal, were Lords of the World, because her patriarchal church was the mother and head of the churches of the world, because Rome was the metropolis of the world, or rather had become the world itself. Rome was the victim of her own greatness. If a day came when she shrank up into something less than she had been when the Etruscan and the Volscian were her rivals—if her walls now contained a greater space covered by fields and vineyards than was covered by the dwelling-places of men—if the Cœlian and the Aventine became the homes of a few monks and their dependents—it was because there had been a day when the neighbours of Rome were not the Etruscan and the Volscian, but the Scot, the German, and the Persian—it was because there had been a day when her walls stretched from the Rhine to the Danube, from the Solway to the German Ocean, when her strongholds were no longer on the Janiculan and the Pincian, but at York, at Trier, and at Nisibis. It was held of old that the *pomœrium* of the Roman city might be enlarged only by a conqueror who had enlarged the borders of the Roman Empire. But when the whole Empire had become Roman, it might be said that the *pomœrium* of the city was advanced to the frontier of the Empire. Within that border, at least in the western half of the Empire, all was Rome. Wherever the Roman went, he carried Rome with him. The cities which he reared on his frontier might pass for her suburbs. The fortresses which he raised beyond the Rhine and the Danube might pass for the outlying posts of the defences of his old home by the Tiber. Rome had so thoroughly leavened the world—her own Mediterranean world—the world had become so thoroughly Roman, that the local Rome fell from her place by the mere effect of her own victories. She became a venerable name, the centre of ancient memories, the home of the Senate, but no longer the home of the Cæsar. From the end of the second century Rome was no longer the habitual dwelling-place of emperors. When the whole civilized world had become Roman —rather when the whole civilized world had become Rome* —the lord of Rome and of the world was as much at home at York or at Antioch as he was in his older home on the Palatine. Diocletian, Constantine, Theodosius, were as far from being permanent dwellers in the Eternal City as any Byzantine or German Cæsar of later times. Once or twice in their reigns they came to the ancient capital for some solemn pageant; but they ruled from Milan, from Trier, from Nikomêdeia, from the new Rome by the Bosporos, just as the later bearers of their titles ruled from Aachen, from Gelnhausen, or from Palermo. Rome ceased to rule; her name, her arts, her laws, the dominion which had grown out of her, went on; but Rome herself was no longer the seat and centre of all of them. Rome ceased to rule; but when she ceased to rule she gave up the cause of her being; a Rome which no longer ruled the nations was a Rome whose occupation was gone from her. But as one form of rule passed away, another rose; the same causes which made Rome the first of cities made her also the first of churches. When her Emperors dwelled far away, when their power in Italy was represented only by an exarch at distant Ravenna, the Roman Pontiff gradually stepped into something like the place which the Roman Cæsar had left vacant. Rome again ruled; she ruled over the minds of men as she had once ruled over their bodies and their estates; but again her dominion was of a kind which carried within it the seeds of her own destruction. A day came when the world seemed to have rolled back for fifteen hundred years, when cities again were great, as they had been great in the old days of Greece and Italy—a day when the free cities of the Empire, those of Italy foremost among them, flourished like Athens and Carthage, defending their own freedom against all invaders, but too often making a spoil of the freedom of cities weaker than themselves. Then came a time when the day of cities had passed and the day of nations had come, when a few great cities began to stand out on the face of Europe, no longer as independent civic commonwealths, but as the centres of government and national life for whole kingdoms and nations. In neither of these forms of greatness has Rome had any share. In the mediæval world she never ranked alongside of Florence and Venice; in the modern world she has as yet not ranked alongside of London or Paris, of Berlin or Vienna. She had, like other Italian cities, her municipality; she had again, as in the days of her early kings and consuls, her local wars with her immediate neighbours. But her municipal life was ever weak, fleeting, and turbulent; the Popes were strong enough to hinder the growth of any regular republican government; the republican spirit was strong enough to hinder the growth of any acknowledged sovereignty in the Popes. Between the two there was anarchy; the city became the battle-field of rival nobles whom neither Pope nor commonwealth had strength to keep in order. Nor did it mend matters when the nominal sovereign of Rome and of the world came, once in a reign, perhaps only once in two or three reigns, to claim the crown of Charles and Otto at the head of a German army. In this way, because Rome was still the acknowledged head of the world, because the Roman Emperor still sat above all other princes, because the Roman Pontiff still sat above all other bishops, Rome herself became more desolate and forsaken than any other of the great cities of the world. She could not become the permanent capital of either her temporal or her spiritual chief; nor could she become, like other Italian cities, a commonwealth independent of either. The magic of her name lived on; as of old, Rome had been where the Roman Cæsar was, so now Rome was where the Roman Pontiff was. As the Cæsar once could rule from Trier or Antioch, so the Pontiff now could rule from Lyons or from Avignon. But Rome herself crumbled away; fields and vineyards covered her once crowded hills; her ancient monuments became fortresses, to be besieged and defended in every brawl which arose within her gates. Pilgrims came from all lands to visit her holy places; kings from distant realms came to pray at her altars and to lay their bones beside them; it was as a pilgrim, rather than as a permanent inhabitant, that her own Emperor, one might almost say her own Pontiff, came to visit her. But life of her own, life like the life of Florence or Pisa or Genoa, she had none. The desolation, the moral death, of mediæval Rome was more than the fitting penalty, it was the immediate consequence, of her twofold dominion over mankind.

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* Mamertinus, Pan. Vet. ii. 13: "Licet nunc tuum tanto magis imperium quanto latius est vetere pomœrio, quidquid homines colunt."

At last the captivity was over. Rome again received her bishops, and in the end she acknowledged them as sovereigns. Rome became the abiding seat of an œcumenical power in things spiritual. Her Pontiffs too became the acknowledged lords of a state which was considerable among the states of Italy. Under their rule a new Rome arose, the Rome of Popes and Popes' kinsfolk; and the monuments of Roman greatness were destroyed or rifled to build and adorn their palaces. Rome became the seat of a dominion wider than that of her Cæsars, the seat of a rule which overleaped the Ocean and the Euphrates, and which still gathers men to its solemn assemblies from western and southern continents of which the *old* Cæsars never heard. But all this again cut off all hope of any true life for the local Rome. She became an œcumenical, a cosmopolitan city, a city living on its œcumenical and cosmopolitan character, but a city cut off alike from the life of an independent commonwealth and from the life of a national capital. Pontifical Rome, like imperial Rome, was a petted and patronized city, a city whose monuments embody, not the energy of her people, but the bounty, the vanity, of her princes. Both the two series of monuments which give Rome her character, the works of her emperors and the works of her bishops, are monuments of the same class. They are the gifts of masters to their subjects, not the works of a free city or a free people. Both of these are there in abundance; but the works of the earlier days, when Rome truly lived under her kings and consuls—the works of the intermediate days, when she might have lived, had she not been the mother and mistress of nations and of churches—are to be found only few and far between.

The two great phænomena then of the general appearance of Rome are the utter abandonment of so large a part of the ancient city and the general lack of buildings of the middle ages. Both of these facts are fully accounted for by the peculiar history of Rome. It may be that the sack and fire under Robert Wiscard—a sack and fire done in the cause of a Pope in warfare against an Emperor—was the immediate cause of the desolation of a large part of Rome; but if so, the destruction which was then wrought only gave a helping hand to causes which were at work both before and after. A city could not do otherwise than dwindle away, in which neither Emperor nor Pope nor commonwealth could keep up any lasting form of regular government, a city which had no resources of its own, and which lived, as a place of pilgrimage, on the shadow of its own greatness. Another idea which is sure to suggest itself at Rome is rather a delusion. The amazing extent of ancient ruins at Rome unavoidably fills us with the notion that an unusual amount of destruction has gone on there. When we cannot walk without seeing, besides the more perfect monuments, gigantic masses of ancient wall on every side—when we stumble at every step on fragments of marble columns or on richly adorned tombs—we are apt to think that they must have perished in some special havoc unknown in other places. The truth is really the other way. The abundance of ruins and fragments—again setting aside the more perfect monuments—proves that destruction has been much less thorough in Rome than in almost any other Roman city. Elsewhere the ancient buildings have been utterly swept away; at Rome they survive, though mainly in a state of ruin. But, by surviving in a state of ruin, they remind us of their former existence, which in other places we are inclined to forget. Certainly Rome is, even in proportion to its greatness above all other Roman cities, rich in ancient remains above all other Roman cities. Compare those cities of the West which, at one time or another, supplanted Rome as the dwelling-places of her own Cæsars, Milan, Ravenna, York, Trier itself. York may be looked upon as lucky in having kept a tower and some pieces of wall through the havoc of the English Conquest. Trier is rich above all the rest, and she has, in her *Porta Nigra,* one monument of Roman power which Rome herself cannot outdo. But rich as Trier—the second Rome—is, she is certainly not richer in proportion than Rome herself. The Roman remains at Milan hardly extend beyond a single range of columns, and it may be thought that that alone is something, when we remember the overthrow of the city under Frederick Barbarossa. But compare Rome and Ravenna. No city is richer than Ravenna in monuments of its own special class, Christian Roman, Gothic, Byzantine. But of works of the days of heathen Rome there is no trace—no walls, no gates, no triumphal arch, no temple, no amphitheatre. The city of Placidia and Theodoric is there; but of the city which Augustus made one of the two great maritime stations of Italy there is hardly a trace. Verona, as never being an imperial residence, was not on our list; but, rich as Verona is, Rome is, even proportionally, far richer. Provence is probably richer in Roman remains than Italy herself; but even the Provençal cities are hardly so full of Roman remains as Rome herself. The truth is that there is nothing so destructive to the antiquities of a city as its continued prosperity. A city which has always gone on flourishing according to the standard of each age, which has been always building and rebuilding and spreading itself beyond its ancient bounds, works a gradual destruction of its ancient remains beyond anything that the havoc of any barbarians on earth can work. In such a city a few special monuments may be kept in a perfect or nearly perfect state; but it is impossible that large tracts of ground can be left covered with ruins as they are at Rome. Now it is the ruins, rather than the perfect buildings, which form the most characteristic feature of Roman scenery and topography. And they have been preserved by the decay of the city, while in other cities they have been swept away by their prosperity. As Rome became Christian, several ancient buildings, temples and others, were turned into churches, and a greater number were destroyed to employ their materials, especially their marble columns, in the building of churches. But though this cause led to the loss of a great many ancient buildings, it had very little to do with the creation of the vast mass of the Roman ruins.

The desolation of the Flavian amphitheatre and of the baths of Antoninus Caracalla comes from another cause. As the buildings became disused—and, if we rejoice at the disuse of the amphitheatre, we must both mourn and wonder at the disuse of the baths — they were sometimes turned into fortresses, sometimes used as quarries for the buildings of fortresses. Every turbulent noble turned some fragment of the buildings of the ancient city into a stronghold from which he might make war upon his brother nobles, from which he might defy every power which had the slightest shadow of lawful authority, be it Emperor, Pope, or Senator. Fresh havoc followed on every local struggle; destruction came whenever a lawful government was overthrown and whenever a lawful government was restored. For one form of revolution implied the building, the other implied the pulling down, of these nests of robbers. The damage which a lying prejudice attributes to Goths and Vandals was really done by the Romans themselves, and, in the middle ages, mainly by the Roman nobles. As for Goths and Vandals, Genseric undoubtedly did some mischief in the way of carrying off precious objects, but even he is not charged with the actual destruction of any buildings. And it would be hard to show that any Goth, from Alaric to Totilas, ever did any mischief whatever to any of the monuments of Rome, beyond what might happen through the unavoidable necessities and accidents of warfare. Theodoric of course stands out among all the ages as the great preserver and repairer of the monuments of ancient Rome. The few marble columns which Charles the Great carried away from Rome as well as from Ravenna can have gone but a very little way towards accounting for so vast a havoc. It was almost wholly by Roman hands that buildings which might have defied time and the barbarian were brought to the ruined state in which we now find them.

But the barons of mediæval Rome, great and sad as was the destruction which was wrought by them, were neither the most destructive nor the basest of the enemies at whose hands the buildings of ancient Rome have had to suffer. The mediæval barons simply did according to their kind. Their one notion of life was fighting, and they valued buildings or anything else simply as they might be made use of for that one purpose of life. There is something more revolting in the systematic destruction, disfigurement, and robbery of the ancient monuments of Rome, heathen and Christian, at the hands of her modern rulers and their belongings. Bad as contending barons or invading Normans may have been, both were outdone by the fouler brood of papal nephews. Who that looks on the ruined Coliseum, who that looks on the palace raised out of its ruins, can fail to think of the famous line

"Quod non fecere barbari, fecere Barberini"?

And well nigh every other obscure or infamous name in the roll-call of the mushroom nobility of modern Rome has tried its hand at the same evil work. Nothing can be so ancient, nothing so beautiful, nothing so sacred, as to be safe against their destroying hands. The boasted age of the *Renaissance,* the time when men turned away from all reverence for their own forefathers and professed to recall the forms and the feelings of ages which are for ever gone, was the time of all times when the monuments of those very ages were most brutally destroyed. Barons and Normans and Saracens destroyed what they did not understand or care for; the artistic men of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries destroyed the very things which they professed to admire and imitate. And when they did not actually destroy, as in the case of statues, sarcophagi, and the like, they did all that they could to efface their truest interest, their local and historical association. A museum or collection of any kind is a dreary place. For some kinds of antiquities, for those which cannot be left in their own places, and which need special scientific classification, such collections are necessary. But surely a statue or a tomb should be left in the spot where it is found or in the nearest possible place to it. How far nobler would be the associations of Pompey's statua, if the hero had been set up in the nearest open space to his own theatre, even if he had been set up with Marcus and the Great Twin Brethren on the Capitol, instead of being stowed away in an unmeaning corner of a private palace? It is sadder still to wind our way through the recesses of the great Cornelian sepulchre, and to find that sacrilegious hands have rifled the resting-place of the mighty dead, that the real tombs, the real inscriptions, have been stolen away and that copies only are left in their places. Far more speaking, far more instructive, would it have been to grope out the antique letters of the first of Roman inscriptions, to spell out the name and deeds of "Cornelius Lucius Scipio Barbatus Gnaivod patre prognatus" by the light of a flickering torch in the spot where his kinsfolk and *gentiles* laid him, than to read it in the full light of the Vatican, numbered as if it stood in a shop to be sold, and bearing a fulsome inscription recording the "munificentia" of the triple-crowned robber who wrought the deed of selfish desecration. Scipio indeed was a heathen; but Christian holy places, places which are the very homes of ecclesiastical history or legend, are no safer than the monuments of heathendom against the desolating fury of ecclesiastical destroyers. Saddest of all it is to visit the sepulchral church of Saint Constantia—be her legend true or false, it makes no difference—to trace out the series of mosaics, where the old emblems of Bacchanalian worship, the vintage and the treading of the wine-press, are turned about to teach a double lesson of Christian mysteries, and then to see the place of the tomb empty, and to find that the tomb itself, the central point of the building, with the series of images which is begun in the pictures continued in its sculpture, has been torn away from the place where it had meaning and almost life, to stand as number so-and-so among the curiosities of a dreary gallery. Such is the reverence of modern pontiffs for the most sacred antiquities, pagan and Christian, of the city where they have too long worked their destroying will.

In one part however of the city destruction has been, as in other cities, the consequence of reviving prosperity on the part of the city itself. One of the first lessons to be got by heart on a visit to Rome is the way in which the city has shifted its site. The inhabited parts of ancient and of modern Rome have but a very small space of ground in common. While so large a space within the walls both of Aurelius and of Servius lies desolate, the modern city has spread itself beyond both. The Leonine city beyond the Tiber, the Sixtine city on the Field of Mars—both of them beyond the wall of Servius, the Leonine city largely beyond the wall of Aurelian—together make up the greater part of modern Rome. Here, in a thickly inhabited modern city, there is no space for the ruins which form the main features of the Palatine, Cœlian, and Aventine Hills. Such ancient buildings as have been spared remain in a state far less pleasing than that of their ruined fellows. The Pantheon was happily saved by its consecration as a Christian church. But the degraded state in which we see the theatre of Marcellus and the beautiful remains of the portico of Octavia, above all, the still lower fate to which the mighty sepulchre of Augustus has been brought down, if they enable the moralist to point a lesson, are far more offensive to the student of history than the utter desolation of the Coliseum and the imperial palace. The mole of Hadrian has undergone a somewhat different fate; its successive transformations and disfigurements are a direct part, and a most living and speaking part, of the history of Rome. Such a building, at such a point, could not fail to become a fortress, long before the days of contending Colonnas and Orsini; and, if the statues which adorned it were hurled down on the heads of Gothic besiegers, that is a piece of destruction which can hardly be turned to the charge of the Goths. It is in these parts of Rome that the causes which have been at work have been more nearly the same as those which have been at work in other cities. At the same time it must be remembered that it is only for a much shorter period that they have been fully at work. And wretched as, with one great exception, is their state, it must be allowed that the actual amount of ancient remains preserved in the Leonine and Sixtine cities is certainly above the average amount of such remains in Roman cities elsewhere.

And now what is the general effect which a contemplation of the phænomena of ancient and modern Rome leaves upon the mind as to the present state and future destiny of a city which stands by itself in the whole history of the world? One conviction which is forced upon the mind is that the last three years* have been among the most important years in its whole history. Those years have made Rome the head of Italy; but, in making her the head of Italy, they have taken away her last claim to be looked on as the head of the world. The lover of the history and antiquities of Rome will be the first to rejoice in her liberation, the first to rejoice that the rule of the priest and the stranger is over, that the days of foreign inroads have passed away, and that the occupation of either Buonaparte is as much a thing of the past as the occupation of Brennus. And he will be the first to understand and enter into the fervent longing of the Italian people to crown the deliverance and union of Italy by the deliverance and annexation of her ancient head. He will understand how the other great cities of Italy, cities so rich alike in ancient associations and in modern splendour, cities so long the seats of princes or of commonwealths more glorious than princes, could none of them bring themselves to yield the place of honour to any one of their own number, while all were ready to yield it to that city which is alone imperial and eternal. Without Rome Italy was imperfect; and, in becoming part of Italy, Rome could not become any part short of the head. Yet from another point of view we must regret the change. If Rome is the natural head of Italy, it is also the museum, the picture-house, of past times, the place of study and contemplation for the whole world. If Rome, as the capital of Italy, grows and flourishes, its forsaken quarters are likely to be again built over, and, if so, a great part of the unique charm of Rome will be lost, and the actual havoc likely to be wrought among its antiquities will be frightful. One is almost tempted to wish that united Italy could have reconciled the claims of her rival cities, and could have marked the beginning of her new æra by the foundation of a new city on a new site—a Panionion, a Washington—as the old League of the Allies had its Italica, as the Lombard League had its Alexandria. But it is now too late to draw back; Rome is the head of Italy; but it cannot be too deeply borne in mind that, in becoming the head of Italy, she ceases to be the head of the world. Rome, as the capital of a local Italian kingdom, is no longer the Rome whose dominion was from the one sea to the other, and from the flood unto the world's end. She is no longer the Rome before whom all kings bowed down and to whom all nations did service. From the Rome of Cæsars and Pontiffs she has gone back to the Rome of the Punic Wars. She is now a Rome which may have again to strive with Carthage or Macedonia, with Spain or Gaul, but a Rome which, as she looks on liberated Venice and Verona, will, we may trust, remember that in the land beyond the Alps she has found a friend who, without making sounding promises, really did what those who promised more loudly failed to do. No German Charles or Otto or Henry or Frederick is likely to come again to seek the crown of Rome or the crown of Monza; but the old connexion between Germany and Italy may still go on in a healthier shape. That Italy is free from the Alps to the Hadriatic, and not only from the Alps to the Mincio—that she has again her head, freed from the dominion of the foreign invader—both these blessings come, in their different ways, of German friendship and German victories, of the victories of a power which does not indeed make war for an idea, but whose warfare is commonly the mightiest example of the irresistible logic of facts. But these very facts only show more clearly how widely Rome the head of Italy differs from Rome the head of the world. A Rome which has to thank the German for her deliverance from the intruder, is another thing indeed from the Rome which first held the Gaul as her bondsman and then tamed him into her citizen, and who held the German at bay as her one equal European enemy. No one doubts the fact of the change; it is written in the history of mankind. But the first establishment of Rome as the local capital of a local kingdom, as the head of a single unit in the society of nations, is the first formal acknowledgement of the fact on the part of Rome herself.

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* [Written early in 1874.]

Rome œcumenical, Rome the head of the world, has lived two lives and has wielded the sceptres of two dominions. She has been the Rome of the Cæsars and the Rome of the Pontiffs. In either character she has represented a principle exactly opposite to that principle of national life and national independence which is the mainspring of all modern European politics. In either character she has represented a power, not necessarily oppressive, not necessarily hurtful, but still a power inconsistent with the full being and free growth of separate nations. The relation of her subjects, temporal and spiritual, to her central dominion has sometimes been bondage, sometimes amalgamation, sometimes simple subordination. But it has always been a relation in which separate kingdoms and commonwealths have had to acknowledge a power superior to themselves beyond their own borders. Now the acknowledgement of any such external superior, except in the shape of a freely chosen federal head, is contrary to all modern political notions. This by no means proves that either of the two forms of Roman dominion, either the Empire or the Papacy, was in itself an evil thing. Like all other human institutions, each of them had its good and its bad side; there was a time when each of them served an useful purpose; but each of them, Empire and Papacy alike, came to outlive its usefulness. The Empire became a shadow, the title of a dominion, itself little more than shadowy, which had lost all local connexion with either the Old or the New Rome. A time had come when a real Roman Emperor would have been hurtful to the interests of mankind, and no useful purpose was served by keeping up the title of a Roman Emperor who was no longer real. And as it was with the Empire, so it is with the Papacy. The Empire is gone, because the days of its usefulness were over; for the same reason the Papacy ought to follow it. The Papacy arose out of the Empire, and it should fall with it. The same causes which made Rome the temporal head of the world made her also the spiritual head; and the same causes which have made Rome cease to be the temporal head of the world should make her give up all claim to be the spiritual head also. The objection of course is ready, that the Empire was a human thing, which arose and fell through human causes, while the Papacy is something inherently divine, something which did not grow by man's work and which man's work cannot overthrow. But the answer is ready also. In the days when the theory that Rome was the appointed head of the world was most fully accepted and most clearly drawn out, Empire and Papacy were held to be one as divine as the other. In the belief of Dante the two swords were of equal sharpness, the two lights were of equal brightness; if the Roman Pontiff was God's vicar, the Roman Cæsar was God's vicar no less. The theory had its weak side as a theory, and it assuredly never was fully carried out in practice; yet it had its use. It held up before men's eyes in rude times the remembrance that there were powers on earth which claimed to rest on something higher than brute force, and such a remembrance could not fail to be wholesome. But it is impossible to show by any of the facts of history that the spiritual power of Rome had any source different from her temporal power; it is impossible to show that her spiritual power was divine in any sense in which her temporal power was not divine also. The Emperors of Rome were chief among princes, the Bishops of Rome were chief among bishops, simply because Rome was, or had been, chief among cities. But as the civilized world gradually settled down into independent nations with organized national governments, the theory of Roman dominion in both its branches became less and less applicable to the actual facts of the world's history. But in the case of the Papacy it was easier to patch up a new theory to defend the dominion than it was in the case of the Empire. Still it has been done only by inventing dogmas which would have sounded strange indeed in earlier days. There is indeed a wide gap between the natural primacy of the bishops of the imperial city and the portentous doctrine of an infallible Pope. It may indeed be asked whether the dogma of an infallible Pope does not actually forbid the existence of a real Bishop of Rome, Bishop of the greatest and most venerable see in Christendom. Certain outward signs look as if it were so. Names, forms, titles, external objects and ceremonies, often prove a great deal. When a Roman Emperor-elect stooped, like the last Francis, to describe himself as "Emperor of Germany and Austria," it was proof enough that the days were past when a Roman Emperor could be of any real use among mankind. So, when we enter the church of Saint John Lateran, the patriarchal church of Western Christendom, the immediate home and see of the Roman Bishop, the church which boasts on its front that Emperors as well as Popes have decreed it to be the head and mother of all the churches of the City and of the World, we soon see that, if the Roman Cæsar lived to forget his own being, the Roman Pontiff has lived to forget his no less. The high altar, reserved for the use of its Bishop only, stands useless while that Bishop hides himself in a distant corner of his city, grudging his flock their deliverance from the yoke of the foreign invader.* The apse is there still, blazing with its rich mosaics; but its crown and centre is wanting; the chair of that see which ranks above Mainz and Canterbury and Lyons no longer holds its place as the mid point of the mighty semicircle. Cast out into the cloister, as a curiosity, a work of art, a relic of antiquity, the patriarchal throne of the world stands there empty and useless, to witness that the days have come when the power of which it is the figure should pass away.* The days of Emperors and of Popes, the days of any power which stands in the way of the free developement of independent nations, have vanished. Rome has exchanged her œcumenical Cæsar for a local king; it is time that she should exchange her œcumenical Pontiff for a local bishop. Her temporal dominion is gone, even within her own peninsula; she is not the mistress of Italy but the head; her king is not King of the Romans, with Italy or the world as dependents on the Roman King and people; he is the King of Italy, the chosen chief of a nation among whom the citizen of Rome has no privilege over the citizen of Syracuse or Aosta. History cannot pretend to fathom the depths of infallible dogmas; but history shows that the spiritual and the temporal power of Rome arose from the working of the same causes; it shows too that, now that those causes have utterly passed away, there is no longer any more ground for asserting the universal dominion of a Roman Pontiff than there is for asserting the universal dominion of a Roman Emperor.

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* [1874.]

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* [I have heard, since this was written, of a plan entertained by the canons of the patriarchal church, for a yet more hideous freak of destruction. It is said that there is actually danger of the apse being pulled down in order to lengthen the western limb. That is to say, the little that has been spared of the ancient basilica is to perish. Can these things be?]

II.

THE ILLYRIAN EMPERORS AND THEIR LAND.

THE eastern shores of the Hadriatic have in all ages borne the character of a border-land. And it is from their character as a border-land that they draw a great part of their charm, alike for him who studies their past and present history and for him who looks on their hills and islands with his own eyes. And they have been a border-land in two senses. They form the march of the two great geographical, political, and religious divisions of Europe. The two great peninsulas which the Hadriatic gulf parts asunder have a march-land which does not exactly coincide with their primary physical boundary. The north-eastern part of the eastern peninsula, that which is sometimes called the Byzantine peninsula, is closely connected, even physically, with the Italian peninsula which lies on the western side of the gulf. The mountains which part off Istria and Dalmatia from the vast mainland to the east of them are a continuation of the range of mountains which parts off Italy from the vast mainland to the north of her. It is indeed true in one sense that the heights which part off all the three great peninsulas of southern Europe are parts of one range stretching from the Pyrenees to the Balkans. But Dalmatia is bound to Italy by a closer tie than this, and Istria is bound to her by a tie closer still. Istria lies east of the Hadriatic; yet, on any theory of natural boundaries, Istria is manifestly Italian. In the case of Dalmatia the connexion is not so close and unbroken; yet the narrow, the constantly narrowing, strip of land between the mountains and the sea, though geographically part of the eastern peninsula, has not a little the air of a thread, a finger, a branch, cast forth from the western peninsula. Dalmatia is thus physically a march-land; and its physical position has ever made it the march-land of languages, empires, and religions. It lies on the border of those two great divisions of Europe which we may severally speak of as the Greek and the Latin worlds. The Dalmatian archipelago, a secondary Ægæan with its islands and peninsulas, formed, unless we except a few doubtful and scattered settlements on the opposite coast, the most distant sphere of Greek colonization in those seas, as it was the latest of all the spheres of genuine Greek settlement, as distinguished from Macedonian conquest. It was through these lands, through wars and negotiations with their rulers, that Rome won her first footing on the eastern coast of the Hadriatic, and thereby found her first opportunity and excuse for meddling in the affairs of Greece. The land through which the Roman had thus made his highway into the eastern lands became, in the days when his empire split asunder, a border-land, a disputed possession, of the Eastern and the Western Empire, of the Eastern and the Western Church. In days when Greek and Roman had so strangely become names of the same meaning, the cities of the Dalmatian coast clave as long as they could to their allegiance to the Greek-speaking prince whose empire still bore the Roman name. In after times they became part of the dominion of that mighty commonwealth which, itself as it were a portion of the East anchored off the shores of the West, bore rule alike on the mainland of Italy and among the islands and peninsulas of Greece. In our own day it forms part of the dominions of a potentate who still clings, however vainly, to the titles, traditions, and ensigns of the elder Rome, but whose geographical position calls him before all princes to be the arbiter, the conqueror, or the deliverer of the lands which still look with fear or with hope to the younger Rome.* Dalmatia in all her stages, Greek,

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* [See the note in the first Series of Essays, p. 282.]

Roman, Byzantine, Venetian, Austrian, has steadily kept up her character of a border-land between Eastern and Western Europe. And if we take into our account the great struggle of the early days of our own century, the short incorporation of Dalmatia by France, the still shorter occupation of some of her islands and cities by England—in days when England did not despise Russian and even Montenegrin help—the long destiny of this coast as a debateable ground between the two great divisions of Europe is carried on in yet minuter detail.

The Dalmatian coast has thus always kept its character as a march-land between East and West, and the march-land of East and West has of necessity been also the march-land of rival Empires and rival Churches. But these coasts and islands have been a march-land in yet a further sense than this. Their history has made them in all ages the border, sometimes of civilization against actual barbarism, always of a higher civilization against a lower. And if their position has made them the march of the two great divisions of the Christian Church, it has also made them the march of Christendom itself, first against heathendom and afterwards against Islam. A glance at the map will at once show that the Dalmatian land, whose islands and peninsulas and inland seas make it almost a secondary Hellas, must have been from the earliest times the seat of a higher civilization than the boundless mainland from which its mountains fence it off. But here again its position as a border-land comes in with tenfold force. Dalmatia, with all her islands and havens, could never be as Greece, or even as Italy, because she did not in the same way stand free from the vast mainland behind her. That mainland, on the other hand, has been actually checked in the path of civilization by the fringe of higher civilization which has been spread along its edge. Civilization and barbarism have been brought into the closest contact with one another, without either distinctly gaining the upper hand. The barbarian has been checked in his calling as destroyer; the civilized man has been checked in his calling of enlightener. The barbarian has not been able, as in lands further to the east, to force his way through the line of civilization which has hemmed him in; nor has the civilized man been able to force his way over the mountain barrier which has doomed the lands to the east of it to an abiding state of at least comparative barbarism. The old Illyrian became the subject of the Roman; his land became the highway and the battle-field of the Goth; his name and race and tongue were swept away or driven southward by the Slave. The Slave again has been brought into bondage by the Turk. But, during all these changes, the cities and islands, Greek, Roman, Venetian, or Austrian, have remained outposts of civilization, fringing a mainland which has always lagged behind them. And, at two periods again, difference of race and language, difference of higher and lower civilization, have been further aggravated by difference of religion. That the land has long been a debateable land between the Eastern and Western Churches is not all. Dalmatia has twice been a border-land of Christendom itself. The Slavonic immigrants of the seventh century were heathens; some of them long remained so. In the tenth century one Dalmatian district, the Narentine coast between Spalato and Ragusa, together with some of the neighbouring islands, bore the significant name of *Pagania.** The heathen settlements gradually grew into Christian kingdoms, but a later revolution changed those Christian kingdoms into subject provinces of the Mussulman. As once against the heathen, so now against the Turk, Dalmatia became one of the frontier lands of Christendom. At some points the Christian fringe is narrow indeed; at two points it is altogether broken through. The mountain wall whose slopes begin in the streets of Ragusa fences off the land of the Apostolic King from the land where the choice of the Christian lies only between bondage and revolt. And at two points of the inland seas of Dalmatia, one of them fittingly within the bounds of the old Pagania, the dominion of the misbeliever reaches down to the Hadriatic shore itself.*

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* The Emperor Constantine Porphyrogennêtos, from whose works, 'De Thematibus' and 'De Administrando Imperio,' we get the fullest account of Dalmatia and the neighbouring lands, as they stood in the tenth century, defines (cap. 30, p. 145 of the Bonn edition) the limits of Pagania with great accuracy. It is the region of the famous Narentine pirates, and takes in the present bit of Turkish territory at Klek.

The Dalmatian shore itself is therefore pre-eminently a border-land; but in that character it only carries out in a higher degree the character of the mainland which it fringes. The whole of Illyricum is, and always has been, in some sort a border-land. Its character as such is emphatically marked in the geography of the transitional days of the Roman Empire. In that great division into prefectures which formed the groundwork of the somewhat later division of the Empire into East and West, the name Illyricum has two meanings. There is the Illyricum of the East, which has strangely spread itself southwards so as to take in Macedonia, and that in a sense in which Macedonia takes in Greece. There is the Illyricum of the West, which in like manner stretches itself northwards so as to take in a large part of the lands between the Danube and the Alps. Of the Western Illyricum the Dalmatian coast forms a part; and it should be noted that the line between Eastern and Western Illyricum is drawn nearly at the point which separates the modern Dalmatian kingdom from the Ottoman province of Albania.† That line is not an arbitrary line. The point at which the continuous, or nearly continuous, dominion of Venice stopped is one which is clearly marked in the coast-line. At that point the coast, which so far stretches in a slanting direction from north-west to south-east, turns in a direction nearly due south. North-east of that point, Venice, after her ceaseless struggles with a variety of rivals, ending in the great struggle with the Turk, at last established her dominion over the whole coast, with one remarkable break. This is where the continuity of Venetian Dalmatia was broken by the dominions of Ragusa and by the two points where Ragusa had deemed that the crescent of Mahomet was a less dangerous neighbour than the lion of Saint Mark. In the possession of that coast, the Austrian Archduke and Hungarian King has succeeded the two seafaring commonwealths. The dominions of Venice had not always ended at that point. South of it she had at different times held a dominion, sometimes larger, sometimes smaller, both among the islands and on the mainland. Skodra, Antivari, Durazzo, and Lepanto, have all been Venetian possession, as well as Spalato and Cattaro. Even down to her fall, besides her possession of Corfu and the other so-called Ionian islands, she still kept one or two detached points on the mainland. But the point of which we speak, the point so clearly marked on the map, was the end of that abiding and nearly continuous dominion in which the Apostolic King has succeeded her. That point, once the frontier of the Eastern and Western Empires, is now the frontier of the Slave and the Albanian; that is to say, it is the boundary of the land within which the Slave thoroughly and permanently supplanted the old Illyrian whom the Albanian represents. The same point was, till the foundation of the modern Greek kingdom, actually the end of Christendom along those coasts. And though the birth of that new Christian state makes it no longer the end of Christendom, it still is the beginning of Islam and the end of continuous Christendom. North-west of that point we are still in the border-land of eastern and western Europe; south of it we are undoubtedly in the eastern division. While the Dalmatian coast itself has been as it were an outlying piece of the West thrown out on the eastern side of the gulf, the mainland to the back of it shares, in a less degree, the border character of the coast itself. The whole land along the Danube and its tributaries, from the border of Rætia to the border of Thrace in the later sense, was all Illyricum in one or other of the many meanings of that ambiguous name. It has been within them, as a great border-land, that the greatest fluctuations to and fro have taken place between West and East in their various forms—between the Teuton and the Eastern Slave—between both and the Magyar—between the Eastern and the Western Church—between both and the Pagan and the Mussulman. The Old Rome strove hard for the spiritual dominion of the Bulgarian; she won the spiritual dominion of the Magyar. Of this last papal triumph we see the political results at this moment. Magyar and Catholic Hungary, called on by her geographical position to be, as of old, the champion of Christendom, cannot bring herself freely to cast in her lot with her Slavonic and Orthodox neighbours. The Orthodox Slave, placed on the borders of so many political and religious systems, has become the subject, sometimes of the Eastern, sometimes of the Western Cæsar, of the Hungarian King, of the Venetian Commonwealth, of the Turkish Sultan. His independent power, which more than once promised or threatened to become dominant in South-eastern Europe, is now shut up in the little principality on the Black Mountain, that gallant outpost of Christendom, where the border character of the whole land and its people, gathered as it were together on the very march of Christendom and Islam, stands out more clearly than on almost any other spot of the Illyrian land.

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* [How far things have been changed by the events of 1878, let others judge. But it is worth noticing that while—on the ancient principle of the ewe lamb—the little port of Spizza has been taken from Montenegro and added to Austria, the treaty of Berlin rules nothing as to the fate of Klek and Sutorina.]

† [The annexation of Spizza hardly affects the truth of this.]

We may thus set down Illyria as a whole, in all its senses—except perhaps that widest sense of all in which it takes in Peloponnêsos and Crete—as being at all times essentially a border-land, and the Dalmatian coast as being the part in which its character as a border-land comes out most strongly. The whole land, and especially the Dalmatian part of it, was a land which had cost Rome much trouble to win, but which when won, became one of those parts of her dominion which had the greatest share in fixing her own destiny. It was through Illyria that Rome first made her way to Macedonia and Greece. It was in warfare with Illyria that she gained her first Hellenic allies or subjects. In the fourth century the Dalmatian coasts and islands had been studded with Greek colonies. The northern Epidauros, the parent of Ragusa, and the island cities of Pharos and Korkyra the Black, had been planted, some of them, strangely enough, under the auspices of the tyrant Dionysios.* These spots, some of them famous in later times and even in the wars of our own century, show how far the borders of the Hellenic world had now extended themselves, since the earlier days, better known to most of us, when Epidamnos had been the furthest outpost of Hellas in those lands. In the next century, Skodra on the mainland and the island post of Issa became the strongholds of the Illyrian kingdom of Agrôn and Teuta, and Illyrian pirates became the dread of the Greek and Italian ports. One Greek of the Hadriatic islands, Dêmêtrios of Pharos, has won for himself, by a series of treasons, a prominent place in the history of those times. In the interval between the first and second Punic wars, Rome broke the power of the pirate Queen. She received Epidamnos, Apollônia, and the elder Korkyra as her allies or subjects, and her ambassadors were admitted within the pale of Hellenic religion and Hellenic culture by the formal right of sharing in the Isthmian games. Rome thus became a power east of the Hadriatic; but it was not till a later generation, not till Rome was already great in Spain and in Asia, that Illyrian allies or subjects were directly incorporated with her dominion. Things had then changed. Roman protection was fast changing into Roman dominion. Macedonia, once the enemy of Greece, was now her bulwark, and Illyria was the ally of Macedonia. The overthrow of Perseus, the partition of the Macedonian kingdom, carried with it the overthrow and dismemberment of his Illyrian ally, and the kingdom of Gentius, the kingdom of Skodra, became a part of Rome's dominion beyond the gulf.*

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* Black Korkyra, now Curzola, was a colony of Knidos, and Pharos, now Lesina, a colony of Paros. See Strabo, vii. 5 (vol. ii. p. 104). For the help given by Dionysios to the Parians in the foundation of this colony, and for his own colony of Lissos, see Diodôros, xv. 13. This is Lissos on the mainland, not the modern insular Lissa, which, under the name of Issa, figures in the war between Rome and Illyria (see Polybios, ii. 8, 11; xxxii. 18). Epidauros is not mentioned so early, but its name and the worship of Asklêpios speak for themselves.

It is now that Dalmatia first comes into sight as a land with a distinct being. Dalmatia revolted from the rule of Gentius, to become a separate power, whose conquest was a far harder work for Rome than the overthrow of the kingdom from which it had split off. It was not till after more than a hundred and fifty years of alternate peace and war, and war of a kind in which Roman defeats alternated with Roman triumphs, it was not till after the Christian æra had begun, that the last Dalmatian revolt was put down by the arms of Tiberius, under the auspices of Augustus. The whole of the border-land, from the frontier of Italy to the frontier of Hellas, was now admitted to the bondage and the repose of the Roman peace; one part of the land, the Istrian peninsula, was formally taken within the bounds of Italy. The coast was now fringed with Roman cities, admitted to the rights of Roman municipal life, and striving to imitate the mighty works of Rome herself. Pola, under her new name of Pietas Julia, reared her amphitheatre beside her harbour: she crowned her hill with her capitol, and adorned her streets and her forum with the temple of Augustus and the arch of the Sergii. Jadera, Zara, on her peninsula, became a Roman colony, and reared the arch and the columns which still survive among the more stately memorials of later times. Salona, on her own inland sea, with her own archipelago in front of her, with her mountain wall rising above her shores, became the greatest city of the Dalmatian coast, and one of the greatest cities of the Roman world. The land was now Roman; its chief cities were Roman colonies. In due time all its inhabitants, along with the other inhabitants of the Roman world, were admitted to the name and rights of Romans. And now it became clear that the Illyrian provinces, and the Dalmatian coast-land above all, had received a special and important mission in the history of Rome and of the world.

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* The earlier Illyrian war is recorded in the second book of Polybios. Appian has a special book on the Illyrian wars. In him (chap. xi.) we get our first notices of Dalmatia as such: the name is not to be found in Polybios. There is also a shorter notice in Strabo, which has been already referred to.

It was in the second half of the third century that the Illyrian lands began to show themselves as charged with the special work of providing external champions and internal reformers of the Empire of which they formed a part. When all distinctions were broken down, when all the men of the Mediterranean lands were alike Romans, when the purple of the Cæsars became a prize open to every soldier who was enrolled in the Roman legions, it was from the Illyrian lands that Rome drew the greatest of her Emperors. And it was from the special Dalmatian land that she drew the Emperor who was to begin a new order of things, to establish her Empire on a new footing, and to leave behind him on his native Dalmatian shore the most abiding monument of Roman magnificence and Roman art. By this time all regard for special Roman birth had long passed away. The feeble tradition of hereditary succession which had once prevailed, and which was one day to prevail again, had fallen into abeyance. No lasting hereditary dynasty had ever been founded. The divine stock of the Julii, the seed of Aphroditê and Anchisês, had been kept on only by successive adoptions which admitted Octavii, Claudii, and Domitii to the rights of the sacred house. The Sabine Flavii lasted but two generations. Under the adopted family which began with Nerva, the bounds of Italy were passed, and the dominion of Rome reached its greatest extent under the Spaniard Trajan. A series of desperate attempts were made to continue at least the name of the Antonines, a name freely assumed by princes who neither came of the blood of its elder bearers nor yet represented them by any legal adoption. A fictitious succession was thus carried on till the fall of Alexander Severus and the elevation of the first Maximin. The throne was now open to "every barbarian peasant of the frontier."* So it was till one barbarian peasant found himself so safe upon the throne that he could dare, like Sulla, to lay aside his power, and even to withstand every prayer which called on him to take the burthen of empire again upon his shoulders. Through the whole of the time when Emperors followed each other so fast, and when, amidst all confusions and treasons, so many found their way to the throne by undoubted merit, it was among the barbarian peasants of the Illyrian frontier-land that Rome found her most valiant defenders and her wisest rulers.

The first of the barbarian Emperors came indeed from the lands east of the Hadriatic, but from a province which no stretch of geographical licence can bring within the limits of the land with which we are dealing. The first Maximin, born in Thrace, sprung, as it was said, of a Gothic father and an Alan mother, finds no place in our Illyrian series. His reign is simply a sign that old distinctions were broken down; though it would seem that the character of his reign caused a reaction which left its mark in the choice of the more strictly Roman Emperors who again followed him for awhile. The line of Emperors whose places of birth can be placed within Illyria in the wider sense begins more worthily with Decius. His birth in Pannonia brings him, in the laxer geography of the age, within the Illyrian border, and he stands forth as the first of the long line of champions of the Roman dominion against the Goth.† The series which begins with Decius ends with Belisarius and Narses. The long list of the defenders of Rome takes in men from every province and of every race, till in Belisarius the championship came back, not indeed to the same race, but to the same corner of the world. The work which had been begun by the Illyrian, perhaps by the Roman settled on Illyrian soil, was carried on by the Spaniard and the Vandal, and ended by the Slave and the Persian. But before Rome received her greatest Illyrian Cæsars, the days came when Valerian was led captive before the throne of Sapor, and when the Roman dominion was split in pieces by those endless pretenders, tyrants in the Roman sense of the word, who, by a somewhat forced analogy, reminded men of the Thirty at Athens. Out of this anarchy and chaos men once more came from the lands between the Danube and the Hadriatic to win again the lost provinces of Rome, and to drive back her Teutonic invaders. The Gothic Claudius won his surname from the first great check given to the Gothic enemy on the battle-fields of Dardania and in the passes of Hæmus. His fasces and his mission passed to one whom the Illyrian lands might more distinctly claim as their own than either of the two Imperial champions whom they had as yet sent forth. Decius and Claudius at least bore Roman names, and boasted, truly or untruly, of Roman descent. But Aurelian, no man doubted, was sprung of peasant blood in the Danubian lands, and drew his Roman *cognomen* from the Roman patron of his father. The exact place of his birth is variously fixed, but all accounts place it at some point or other of the land whose duty as a border-land was then to be the march of the Roman against the Goth.* Whether he was Pannonian, Dacian, or Mœsian, all those lands come within the wide range of the Illyricum of those days; all come within the march-land of East and West. Perhaps from the banks of the Save, perhaps from a more southern point of the same region, came the man who won back Gaul from Tetricus and Palmyra from Zênobia, who drove back the Alemannic invader from Italy, and who girded Rome herself with the walls which still surround her. But the man who girded Rome with her new walls was also the man who withdrew the power of Rome from the lands beyond the Danube. The Dacia of Trajan was surrendered by Aurelian. The surrender of Dacia and the fortification of Rome were alike signs of the change which had come over the world since Trajan's day. The days of conquest are now past. The victories of Rome are now won only to defend or to secure old possessions, not to annex new ones. When Italy lay open to German invaders, when Rome had again to fight for her being on the old battle-ground of Hasdrubal and Nero,* it was vain to dream of defending Roman outposts on the Dniester and the Carpathians. Rome herself, not the Empire but the city, now needed bulwarks for her own shelter. And those bulwarks were given her by the Illyrian who had won his way to the purple from the lowest ranks of her army, and who, on the throne of her Empire, could recall the memory of the best worthies of her commonwealth. Aurelian, who had recovered alike Gaul and Syria, joined the laurels of Cæsar to the laurels of Pompeius. Men spoke of him as a stern and even a cruel prince; yet, in the moment of victory, he could follow the clemency of Pompeius rather than the cold-blooded cruelty of Cæsar. The conqueror, in the car of the Gothic King, was drawn by his four stags up the ascent to the Capitol. But in the triumph of Aurelian, as in the triumph of Pompeius, none turned aside to the right at the point where the ascent began. The magnanimity which had no place in the soul of the divine Julius had a place in the soul of the peasant's son of Sirmium. As Aurelian went up to offer his thanksgiving to the gods of Rome, no captive was led aside to the Tullianum to share the fate of Caius Pontius and of Vercingetorix.

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* Gibbon, vol. i. chap. vii. p. 287. Ed. Milman.

† "Decius Sirmiensium vico ortus." Aurelius Victor, Cæs. 29. "E Pannoni inferiore, Bubaliæ natus." Epitome 29.

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* His different alleged birthplaces are collected in his life by Vopiscus in the Augustan history.

Among the many competitors whom Aurelian had to strive against was one who arose in the Dalmatian land itself. But Septiminus, who perished by the hands of his own followers,* was but the Emperor of a moment, not a serious rival, like the ruler of Gaul and the Queen of the East. And the Dalmatian land, along with the rest of Illyricum, might well rejoice to have given Rome a prince whose name lives alongside of the names of the later heroes of her commonwealth, and even alongside of the name of the best beloved among her ancient Kings. He who traces out the changes which successive ages have wrought in the aspect of the local Rome finds two names which everywhere form his landmarks, the name of Servius and the name of Aurelian. The walls, the gates, the mighty temple of the Sun, were gifts which one great Illyrian left in the city of his Empire. We feel that we are drawing near to the times when an Illyrian greater still left monuments no less famous, alike in the city of his Empire and in the land of his birth. But, before we reach those days, the Illyrian land had yet to give Rome two more heroes. Aurelian died by the hands of soldiers who were misled by lying tales, and who presently repented of the deed. Then came that strange interregnum which seemed to recall the earliest mythical days of the Roman state.† The throne of Aurelian stood vacant, as legends said that the throne of Romulus had stood vacant. Aurelian had in truth given such new strength to his government that the machine could work for awhile after the hand of the reformer was taken away. For a moment soldiers and senators were at one; for a moment Rome was again ruled by a Roman; in the person of Tacitus the *Imperator* of the army seemed to have made way for the Prince of the Senate, the chief magistrate of the Roman Commonwealth. But in those days there was work to be done which called for the sword of the *Imperator* rather than for the fasces of the *Princeps*. Aurelian had won back the dismembered provinces, and had cleared Italy of barbarian invaders. But the undying enemies of Rome were still busy on her borders. The German was still threatening on the Rhine, and the Persian on the Euphrates. To meet them, the arms of the warriors of Illyricum were still needed. After the short reign of the Roman Tacitus, Probus, another son of the warlike border-land, won back the Rhenish cities from the Frank, and girded the Empire itself with walls, as Aurelian had girded the city. We see indeed that, when Probus found it needful to put a physical barrier between the Frank and the Roman province, the true power of Rome was gone. The Frank was the advancing, the Roman was the receding power. It was no longer a question of adding new provinces to the Empire, but of guarding, by whatever means, the provinces which Rome still kept. Still the frontiers had to be guarded, and it was of Illyricum that the men came who guarded them, the men who gained fresh triumphs for Rome, if only in defending her borders. The triumph of Probus, the costly and bloody shows which marked his victorious return, live in the gorgeous rhetoric of the English historian of those times, and form one of the chief of the many memories which gather round the walls and arches of the Flavian amphitheatre. Another military sedition deprived Rome of another champion. But the revolution which overthrew Probus passed on his sword to Carus. Of doubtful birthplace, but boasting of his Roman descent, Carus is, with less certainty than Aurelian or Probus, but still with some probability, enrolled in the number of the Illyrian Cæsars.* As Probus had renewed the fame of Drusus on the Rhine and the Elbe, so Carus renewed the fame of Trajan on the Euphrates and the Tigris. He died, men said, like the mythical Tullus, by the stroke of the thunders of Jupiter; and the reigns of his insignificant sons paved the way for the rise of the man who was to rule the world which his predecessors had won back for him, and to leave his memory for ever on the shores of the land of his own birth.

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* "Juxta amnem Metaurum ac fanum Fortunæ," says the Epitome which bears the name of Aurelius Victor, 35. Cf. Gibbon, vol. ii. chap. xi. p. 25.

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* Aur. Vict. Epit. 35. "Hujus tempore apud Dalmatas Septiminus Imperator effectus, mox a suis obtruncatur."

† This is Gibbon's remark, chap. xii. vol. ii. p. 57.

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* Gibbon decides in favour of the Illyrian Narbona, that is, Narona. Ναρβῶνα seems to be a mere corruption in the text of Ptolemy; but the form used by Eutropius (ix. 19), "Narbona natus in Gallia," is an equally incorrect form of the Gallic Narbo. But Aurelius Victor (Cæs. 39) speaks of Carus as born "Narbone."

In Docles, Diocletian, Valerius, Jovius, we have reached the climax of our Imperial series. Not greater perhaps in himself than some who went before him, he has left a deeper personal impress than any other name on our list, alike on the polity and on the art of Rome. Alike in polity and in art, his successors carried on his work and applied it to uses of which he never dreamed. But it was from him that the first creative impress came. We speak, and in some senses we speak with truth, of the first Augustus as the founder of the Empire. But of the Empire as an avowed sovereignty, of the Empire which passed on, under so many forms, to the Greek and to the German who alike boasted of their Roman heritage, Diocletian was the true founder. Earlier princes had wielded the fasces of the magistrate and the sword of the general.* It is not absolutely certain whether it was the peasant of Doclea who was the first among the rulers of Rome to bind his brow with the diadem which grew into the Imperial crown of Charles and Otto. But the glory or the shame belongs either to the peasant of Doclea or to the earlier peasant of Bubalia.†

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* [I wrote at first "peasant of Salona," following no doubt Constantine Porphyrogennêtos, De Them. ii. p. 58, who says that Diocletian sprang *ἀπό τινος χωρίου καλουμένου Σαλῶναι*. But when Constantine wrote this, he did not know so much about Dalmatia as he did when he wrote his later work, 'De Administrando Imperio.' But I am inclined to think that the words of Aurelius Victor (Epit. 39), "Matre pariter atque oppido Dioclea," mean more than the sense put upon them by Gibbon, and that, not only Diocletian's mother but Diocletian himself, was actually born at Doclea or Dioclea. This would place his actual birth within the bounds of the present Montenegro; but it leaves his relation, if not to Salona, at least to Dalmatia in general, untouched.]

† The Epitomist (35) distinctly says of Aurelian: "Iste primus apud Romanos diadema capiti innexuit, gemmisque et aurata omni veste, quod adhuc fere incognitum Romanis moribus visebatur usus est." But in the Cæsars (39) it is said of Diocletian: "Quippe qui primus ex auro veste quæsita serici ac purpuræ gemmarumque vim plantis concupiverit. . . . .

But it is certain that Diocletian was the first to organize the complete system of a despotic court and a despotic government. Step by step the first magistrate of the Commonwealth had grown into the sovereign of the Empire. At the bidding of Diocletian all disguise was cast aside, and the fact that the Roman world had a master was openly revealed to the eyes of men. Was it in pride, was it in policy, that the son of the freedman decked himself with titles and ornaments which earlier princes of pure Roman, and even of divine, descent had never dreamed of taking to themselves? When we look to the whole career and character of the man, we may be sure that it was not pride but policy which dictated the change. No man ever showed fewer signs than Diocletian of having his head turned by unexpected greatness. There was nothing about him of the insolence of the upstart, nothing of the vanity which delights in the mere show of gewgaws and titles. The latest acts of his life seem quite inconsistent with the notion that he took that kind of delight in the mere symbols of power which has been a kind of madness with smaller minds. Like Sulla, he loved power; but, like Sulla, he could lay power aside. Sulla indeed was the champion, not of himself, not of any dynasty, but of an aristocratic party. In him therefore that love of the external badges of power which

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Namque se primus omnium post Caligulam Domitianumque dominum palam dici passus et adorari se appellarique uti Deum." Here the diadem is not distinctly mentioned. But there is a clear allusion to its use, seemingly as something contrasted with the older consular and triumphal ornaments, in the Panegyric of Mamertinus to Maximian (Pan. Vet. ii. 3). "Trabeæ vestræ triumphales et fasces consulares et sellæ curules et hæc obsequiorum stipatio et fulgor et illa lux divinum verticem claro orbe complectens vestrorum sunt ornamenta meritorum pulcherrima quidem et augustissima." So Eutropius (ix. 27, ed. H. Droysen). "Imperio Romano primus regiæ consuetudinis formam magis quam Romanæ libertati invexerat adorarique se jussit, cum ante eum cuncta salutarentur. Ornamenta gemmarum vestibus calceamentisque indidit." The whole subject is fully discussed by Gibbon, chap. xiii. Even if the diadem had been used before, there is no doubt as to the systematic organization of the despotic system under Diocletian.

distinguishes Cæsar from him would have been utterly inconsistent. Sulla indeed wielded more than royal power; but he confessedly wielded it only for a season, till he could do a certain work; when he had done that work, he laid aside the power which he had grasped as the means for doing it. The case was different with Diocletian. He too, like Sulla, was clothed with power more than royal; but it was a power which, though still veiled under republican forms, was no longer only wielded for a season. Yet the two men were alike in this, that both could calmly and deliberately lay aside power. Diocletian could even deliberately decline to take it up again when he had the chance.* That he could do so seems to show that his assumption of the outward badges of power was, in his position, as much the result of a calm policy as Sulla's contempt of them had been in his widely different position. But Diocletian could not only lay aside power: he could, when he laid it aside, go back to spend the rest of his days in the land where he had dwelled before he rose to power. Augustus, Augustus no longer, could fix his resting-place on a spot where men might still remember him as the freedman's son. The man who could do this must surely have been far above any paltry delight in feeling the fillet of Eastern royalty upon his temples, or in having his ears tickled with the sound of "numen" or "æternitas vestra."

The truth seems simply to be that a man of strong and vigorous mind, who had risen wholly by his personal merit, whose birth and earlier life would not fill him with any special reverence for Roman traditions and constitutional fictions, perhaps felt a real dislike to shams and disguises as such, and at any rate saw that the time was come for shams and disguises to be cast aside. The Emperor had practically become master of the Commonwealth. Everybody knew the fact. Diocletian simply proclaimed what everybody knew, and proclaimed it by means of those symbols and badges which to a large part of mankind were the most intelligible means of proclaiming it. Pretence was cast aside; reality stood forth avowed. Why then, it may be asked, did he not, while taking to himself the badges of kingly power, also take to himself the kingly title? The first Cæsar had longed for it; why should not Diocletian bear it? Two reasons stood in the way, either of which alone would have been enough. The Romans were by this time well schooled to slavery. They were used to a master, and they felt no unwillingness to acknowledge him as a master. But there is some limit in all such cases; there is always something, some name, some formula, which the slave himself will not endure. For eight hundred years the Romans had cherished a kind of superstitious hatred for the kingly title; the sound of the monosyllable *Rex* was hateful in their ears. They could bow to a lord; they could worship a godhead on earth; but they would not acknowledge a King. That there really was this superstitious dislike to the mere word *Rex* is plain from the fact that, while the derivatives of *Rex* are freely applied to the belongings of the Emperor, the word itself is never applied to himself.* This being so, a wise despot would humour the superstition. While he proclaimed his real despotism in every way that was not offensive to his subjects, he would forbear to proclaim it in that particular way which, whether reasonably or unreasonably, was offensive to them.

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* See Aurelius Victor, Epitome, 39. Zôsimos, ii. 10.

But this was doubtless not all. *Imperator, Cæsar, Augustus,* had once been humbler descriptions under which the reality of kingly power could lurk without ostentatiously displaying an unpleasant truth. The *Imperator,* the general of the Commonwealth, had veiled his power under the titles of the magistracies of the Commonwealth. But the usage of three hundred years had made *Imperator* a greater title than *Rex.* Kings were plentiful; the chief of every barbarous nation was a King. But there was but one Emperor; at least there was but one state which was ruled by Emperors. The Imperial power might be divided among two or more Imperial colleagues; but the title, and the power and dignity which the title implied, was peculiar to the Roman world. A King was chief of a nation; at most he was lord of some defined portion of the earth's surface. But Cæsar Augustus was not the chief of a single nation; he was the lord of the dominion in which so many nations had been merged, the dominion which professed to know no limits but those of the civilized world. Cæsar ruled from the Ocean to the Euphrates, and he was equally at home in any corner of his dominion. A Roman King would have seemed to be shut up within the narrow seat of the Tarquinii; he would be at home nowhere but in the old home of Romulus on the Palatine hill.

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* For instances, see Comparative Politics, 161, 449.

Doclea then gave Rome and the Roman world a lord, a lord who did not shrink from avowing his lordship; but she did not give them a King. And she gave Rome and the Roman world a lord who was the first to grasp the fact of the changed relation in which Rome now stood to the Roman world. It was but a short part of their reigns that any of the later Emperors had spent in Rome. But Diocletian was the first who ventured openly to act according to the new state of things, and definitely to establish the ordinary dwelling-place of the Roman Cæsars elsewhere than at Rome.* It may be also that he felt that his avowed despotism would be more in place on some other soil than it was on a spot like the ancient capital, round which the old republican traditions and memories still gathered. At all events, he saw the real state of the case, and he proclaimed it without disguise. The magistrate of the Roman city stood forth before mankind as the master of the Roman Empire. The whole of that Empire was alike his; his throne might be fixed in any spot which the interest of the Empire, or even the caprice of its master, might dictate. And the spot where his presence was most called for was certainly no longer in the ancient capital. But Diocletian grasped and avowed yet another truth, that the Empire had become too vast, its frontier too extensive, its enemies too many and too dangerous, for any one man to do the duty of its guardian. The man who decreed that the Roman state should be most truly a monarchy, was also the man who decreed that it should be a monarchy no longer. The man who was in some sort the founder of the Empire, was also the man who took the first step towards dividing that Empire in twain. The burthen of ruling the world was too heavy for a single pair of shoulders, and Diocletian chose himself a colleague to relieve him of part of the weary task. Another soldier from the Illyrian land was called to be his fellow-worker. The Imperial brethren of this new order of things, Diocletian and Maximian, were, as the voice of the Panegyrist told them,* to be as Romulus and Remus, without the jealousy of the royal brethren of the old order of things. From a city of Hellenized Asia and a city of Romanized Gaul, from Nikomêdeia and from Milan, the brother Augusti were, like Roman Consuls or Spartan Kings, to guard the dominions which the gods had committed to their care. From the gods whom they worshipped they took new titles. The father and founder of the new system, the organizer, the ruler, the devising and ordaining spirit of the Empire, took his name from the Father of gods and men, and Dalmatia might rejoice when her Imperial son was honoured, not unfittingly, with the proud name of Jovius. The colleague whom he had called into being, the stout soldier, the arm of the Empire while Diocletian was its brain, might well bear the name of the most renowned of deified heroes, and Maximian, under the name of Herculius, was enthroned by the side of his Olympian, or rather

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* It is clear that some jealousy was thus awakened in the old capital. This comes out in several passages of the Panegyrics. See ii. 13, iii. 12. So Lactantius, if it be Lactantius (De Mort. Pers. 7), "Ita semper dementabat Nicomediam studens urbi Romæ coæquare."

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* This idea is drawn out at great length by Mamertinus, ii. 13, iii. 7. He specially points out "non fortuita vobis est germanitas, sed electa."

Capitoline, chief.* Jovius by the shores of the Propontis, Herculius at the foot of the Alps, could better guard against dangers from the east and north than if they had dwelled, like their mythical forerunners, on the Palatine and the Aventine. The old phrase of the "Gaulish tumult" had won to itself a new meaning in the insurrection of the Bagaudæ,† and the Rhine and the forts beyond it were found to be a feeble defence against the German. Maximian overthrew both enemies, and came back to listen to the voice of the Panegyrists in their special home by the Mosel. Yet the long line of threatened frontier needed nearer guardians still. Jovius watched from Nikomêdeia, while Galerius guarded the possessions of Rome on the Danube, or marched forth at the bidding of his father and master to win back from the Persian the provinces which Hadrian had surrendered to the Parthian. Herculius meanwhile watched from Milan, while Constantius kept his court at York, in the island which he had won back from her so-called tyrants.‡ Four men, all sprung from the lands between the Danube and the Hadriatic, bore sway over the Roman world, and seemed to bring back the past days of Roman dominion and Roman conquest. Illyria gave the world its rulers; § and the chief of all, first in rank and fame, the guiding spirit of the councils and armies of his colleagues whom he had created, was he who had come from the special Dalmatian land, and who went back to his old home when the task of ruling the world had become a burthen too grievous to be borne.

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* So Mamertinus (ii. 11), addressing Maximian, says: "Etiam quæ aliorum ductu geruntur, Diocletianus facit, tu tribuis effectum." So Aurelius Victor (39) says of the other Emperors: "Valerium ut parentem seu Dei magni suspiciebant modo." And afterward: "Valerius cujus nutu omnia gerebantur."

† See Aurelius Victor, 39. Gibbon (ii. 117, ch. xiii.) aptly compares the Bagaudæ to the *Jacquerie* and to the revolt of the villains in Richard the Second's time.

‡ Carausius, Allectus, and the rest were of course technically tyrants, as Diocletian might have been if he had failed; but it must be remembered that Diocletian and Maximian found it convenient to accept Carausius as a colleague.

§ Aurelius Victor (Cæs. 39) remarks specially: "His sane omnibus Illyricum patria fuit, qui quamquam humanitatis parum, ruris tamen ac militiæ miseriis imbuti, satis optimi reipublicæ fuere." So Mamertinus, *Pan. Vet.* ii. 2. "Commemorabo nimirum patriæ tuæ in rempublicam merita? Quis enim dubitat quin multis jam sæculis, ex quo vires illius ad Romanum nomen accesserint, Italia quidem sit gentium domina gloriæ vetustate, sed Pannonia virtute?"

To that home let us follow him, to the "long Salona" of Lucan,[*] the city stretching so far along the shores of its own inland sea. The old Illyrian fortress, with its Roman suburb greater than itself, with its walls, its theatre, its amphitheatre, its city of tombs without the walls, all that now lies in a mass of shapeless ruin, then stood in all the greatness and prosperity of the foremost city of the Hadriatic coast. The rushing Jader made its way into the gulf on one side of her; in front was the isle of Bua, guarding the entrance of her haven, an Euboia yoked to the mainland by the city and bridge of Tragyrion.[†] Behind was the height of Clissa, guarding the mouth of the pass which seems to lead from the gentle shore of the inland sea to the wild and unknown land beyond the mountains. At no great distance from the city, but on a spot which did not come within sight of it, Diocletian built the house which, when Salona had perished, was to grow into a city in its stead. A rugged hill, a promontory between the gulf of Salona and the main sea, forms one horn of a smaller bay washing one shore of a small peninsula. It forms also a wall between Salona itself and the spot which Diocletian chose for his own dwelling-place. Fast by the bay, with the high mountain at his back, with the lower hills on each side of him, Diocletian built his villa, his palace, of Salona. The prouder name, the name which savoured of the Rome which Diocletian had forsaken, clave to the spot, and the city which in after ages grew up within the *palatium* of Diocletian still

[*] Lucan, iv. 404.

> "Qua maris Hadriaci longas ferit unda Salonas,
> Et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit Iader."

[†] The island city of Traü figures as Τραγύριον as early as Polybios (xxxii. 18). In Constantine Porphyrogennêtos (De Adm. Imp. 29, p. 138) it appears as Τετραγγούριον.

bears the name of *Spalato.*[*] The city of Romulus had become the palace of the Cæsars, and the palace of the abdicated Cæsar became the city which supplanted Salona. There we may still see the wonderful remains of that palace, the long portico rising from the sea, the golden gate and its meaner fellows, the pillared court, the temple, the mausoleum so strangely changed into a church,[†] the bell-tower, a thousand years later in date, which groups so well with Diocletian's own creations. There they stand, the monument of the great Dalmatian Emperor, the work which he reared in his own land, and which, alone among his works, has survived, in a nearly perfect state, to tell us how great a revolution he wrought in the domain of art, as well as in the domain of polity. Diocletian was a great builder in all parts of his Empire, and the cost of his buildings was set down by his enemies among the grievances of his reign.[‡] Among other places he did not forget the ancient capital, and the baths which still bear his name were among the most gigantic works that Rome herself could show. Other buildings at Rome have been more utterly swept away; few have been more cruelly mangled by later architects. But there is reason to believe that Diocletian's work at Rome displayed the same great advance in construction which we can still study in its perfection in his work at Spalato. What Diocletian did in the way of art is the exact counterpart of what he did in the way of polity. In his artistic, as in his political creation, he cast away disguises and proclaimed realities. Hitherto a Greek mask had concealed the Roman body; the arch, the true feature of Roman construction, hid itself behind Greek disguises. In the peristyle of Spalato the arch stands out, for the first time among existing buildings, as the main feature of a great artistic design. It has pressed the slender shafts and gorgeous capitals of Corinth into the service of the great constructive invention of Italian skill.* In the buildings of Diocletian, as in his political constitution, the main feature of the fabric stood out before all men as the work of one who, whether as builder or as ruler, felt that the strength within him needed no disguise, no fiction, whether legal or artistic.

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[*] Constantine, in the same chapter, describes Spalato as *τὸ 'Ασπαλάθου κάστρον ὅπερ παλάτιον μικρὸν ἑρμηνεύεται, ὁ βασιλεὺς Διοκλητιανὸς τοῦτο ἔκτισεν: εἶχε δὲ αὐτὸ ὡς ἴδιον οἶκον, καὶ αὐλὴν οἰκοδομήσας ἔνδοθεν καὶ παλάτια.* He adds, *ἐξ ὧν τὰ πλείονα κατελύθησαν.*

[†] There can, we think, be little doubt that the metropolitan church of Spalato was really designed as a mausoleum, and was not, as it is commonly called, the Temple of Jupiter. Constantine's account is curious; *ἐστὶ τὸ ἐπισκοπεῖον τοῦ κάστρου καὶ ὁ ναὸς τοῦ ἁγίου Δόμνου, ἐν ᾧ κατάκειται ὁ αὐτὸς ἅγιος Δόμνος, ὅπερ ἦν κοιτὼν τοῦ αὐτοῦ βασιλέως Διοκλητιανοῦ.* Either *κοιτών* must mean tomb, or else the word points to some confused tradition as to the real object of the building.

[‡] This point is strongly insisted on by the author De Mort. Pers. 7.

Spalato is unique among cities. In some sort indeed it may rank as a member of the same Imperial series as Trier and Ravenna.† All indeed are links in a chain; all are among the memorials, Spalato the eldest among them, of the days when Rome, in her days of seeming decline, was really doing her work among the nations. But Trier and Ravenna were Imperial cities, seats of government, homes of the actual rulers of mankind. Men called the house of Diocletian a palace; but it was in strictness a villa, a country house, not the seat of rule, but the home of the man who had withdrawn from ruling. Constantine reigned at Trier; Theodoric reigned at Ravenna; but Diocletian at Salona lived in the enjoyment of dignified ease, and bade those who would have had him go back and reign again to look at the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands.* Trier and Ravenna are the memorials of an epoch; Spalato is the memorial of a single man. No Emperor ever ruled the world from among the arches of the great peristyle. If the palace was ever the seat of rule, it was at most the seat of local rulers of Dalmatia only. Among the stately columns of its court, beneath the cunningly wrought cupola of its mausoleum, we think of Jovius, and we think of Jovius alone.

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* It is curious to read Gibbon's comment (chap. xiii. vol. ii. 176), on the palace of Spalato, as shown in the splendid and accurate work of Adam. "There is room to suspect that the elegance of his designs and engraving has somewhat flattered the objects which it was their purpose to represent. We are informed by a more recent and very judicious traveller that the awful ruins of Spalatro are not less expressive of the decline of the arts than of the greatness of the Roman empire in the time of Diocletian." For this he refers to Fortis, au useful writer in his way, but who looked at the building with the eye of classical pedantry, and saw only decline in the greatest advance that architecture ever made. Gibbon clearly admired; but he seems to have thought that it was the wrong thing to admire.

† [To Trier and Ravenna we ought in strictness to add Milan. But there are two points of difference. While the greatness of Trier and Ravenna was momentary, Milan has always remained a great city, though not always a ruling city. Also, owing to her destruction by Frederick Barbarossa, Milan has only one surviving monument of the days of her greatness, though that monument, the columns of San Lorenzo, fits on admirably as a link in the same artistic chain as the buildings of Spalato and Ravenna.]

Yet in the home of Diocletian there is another thought which cannot fail to thrust itself on the mind. The man who gave a new birth and a new life alike to the power and to the art of Rome stands branded in history, as history is commonly read, as the most cruel of all the enemies of the faith of Christ.† And, though the fact is one which has been not a little coloured by partizan writers, yet the fact of Diocletian's persecution is not to be denied. Still there is no doubt that Diocletian himself was not the chief mover in the matter, that the persecution was primarily the work of Maximian and Galerius. It needed much arguing on the part of the subordinate Emperors before Jovius himself consented even to the first and less severe edict, that which, while treating Christianity as a crime and laying its professors under many disabilities, still touched no man's life on the score of his faith.‡ The second and harsher edict, the beginning of the actual persecution, was not put forth until Diocletian had some direct grounds for suspecting the Christians of distinct disloyalty to his throne. No blood was shed by his order, or even with his consent, till his milder edict had been torn down by a zealous Christian, and till he was, truly or falsely, made to believe that the burning of his palace at Nikomêdeia was the work of Christian hands.* Then the persecution raged indeed, and a prince whose rule had hitherto been marked by singular mildness won for himself a name of evil. Even one of his successors could forget the reverence due to a founder, and could, on the bare mention of Diocletian's native land, burst forth into declamations against the wickedest of mankind.† Now the persecution of Diocletian is remarkable from two points of view. It would have been in no way wonderful if Diocletian had been a persecutor of his own free will. Both Christianity and religious freedom must grapple as they can with the fact that, as a rule, the bitterest persecutors of the Church were found, not among the worst Emperors but among the best. It was under Trajan that Ignatius was thrown to the wild beasts; it was under Marcus that the martyrs of Lyons suffered their torments; it was under Valerian the Roman Censor that Cyprian died by the sword of the headsman. On the other hand, under princes like Commodus and Antoninus Caracalla the Church had peace, and even some measure of Imperial favour. The days of persecution began

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* The well-known story is told by Aurelius Victor. We have somewhere seen Diocletian, by a cruel confusion with Domitian, represented as spending his leisure in killing flies.

† [Since this was written, Diocletian has found a vigorous champion in Mr. A. J. Mason. "The Persecution of Diocletian. A Historical Essay." Cambridge, 1876.]

‡ Even the author De Mortibus Persecutorum (11) is distinct on this

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head. Galerius works on the mind of Diocletian for a whole winter: "Diu senex furori eius repugnavit, ostendens quam perniciosum esset inquietari orbem terræ, fundi sanguinem multorum; illos libenter mori solere, satis esse, si palatinos tantum ac milites ab ea religione prohiberet. Nec tamen deflectere potuit præcipitis hominis insaniam." He is only brought round by a direct message from Apollo.

* The story is told by the writer De Mortibus. In his account the fire is got up by Galerius.

† Const. Porph. De Them. ii. (vol. iii. p. 57. ed. Bonn). *ἡ δε Δαλματία τῆς Ἰταλίας ἐστὶ χώρα,* [an odd piece of geography] *ἐξ οὗπερ ἐβλάστησεν ὁ πιάντων ἀνθρώπων ἀνοσιώτατος καὶ ἀσεβέστατος βασιλεὺς Διοκλητιανός.* He is more civil in his later work De Administrando Imperio.

when the days of reform began again; Decius was a persecutor as well as Diocletian. The cause of this seemingly strange phænomenon has often been pointed out. Princes who were bent on restoring the old laws and discipline of Rome could not fail to be bent on restoring her religion also. The worship of the gods of Rome was part and parcel of the very being of the Roman state, and it was deemed that he who was false to Jupiter and Quirinus could not be faithful to the prince who was High Pontiff no less than Imperator.* Add to this that the peasant-Emperor from Illyricum, to whom all that was Roman had the charm of wonder and novelty, no doubt accepted the creed of the Empire with far more of living faith than either the patricians or the philosophers of Rome herself. If then Diocletian had from the beginning appeared as a persecutor like Decius, it would have been no more than one would have looked for in the ordinary course of things. The real wonder is all the other way. The popular notion of Diocletian looks on him as a persecutor of Christians, and as nothing else. It seems to be thought that the whole of his reign, a long reign for a Roman Emperor, was devoted to inflicting torments on martyrs. This belief, as a little heed to chronology will show, is yet wider of the mark than the kindred beliefs that Edward the First spent his whole reign in warring with the Scots, and that Henry the Eighth spent his whole reign in beheading wives and suppressing monasteries. The thing which is really remarkable is that under Diocletian the Christians enjoyed twenty years of peace, and even of

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* Aurelius Victor (Cæs. 39), who does not mention the persecution, who indeed does not mention Christianity at all, unless it lurks under the words, "suppliciis flagitiosi cujusque," says of the reign of Diocletian, "veterrimæ religiones castissime curatæ." The motives of the persecution are clearly put forth in the last edict of Galerius. He sought "juxta leges veteres et publicam disciplinam Romanorum, cuncta corrigere, atque id providere, ut etiam Christiani, qui parentum suorum reliquerant sectam, ad bonas mentes redirent." Presently he complains that "tanta eosdem Christianos voluntas invasisset et tanta stultitia occupasset, ut non veterum instituta sequerentur," &c. (De Mort. Pers. 34.)

Imperial favour. This makes us specially ask what caused the change in his policy in the very last stage of his reign. But the true wonder is that Diocletian, so vigorous as a reformer, did not, like other reforming Emperors, begin to persecute much sooner. Such a course would have been thoroughly in character with his general position in history and with the special personal position which he took up. The wrath of Jovius might have been expected to light in all its fulness on the enemies of Jove.

We are here met by the fact that Diocletian was not a persecutor by his own act, that he was driven into persecution by the goadings and artifices of others, and that, in the first instance, against his own better judgement. The inference seems hardly to be escaped that the same far-seeing eye which could pierce through so many prejudices and traditional beliefs could also see the great truth which in after days was grasped by Valentinian and by Theodoric, and a glimpse of which had made its way, in some lucid interval, into the mind of the frantic Caius. The saying of this last prince, mad perhaps but very far from stupid, that those who did not own him as a god were rather to be called unhappy than wicked,* does indeed express, in a ludicrous shape, the same doctrine of toleration which the great Goth or his minister clothed in the guise of a more decorous formula.† We are strongly tempted to think that Diocletian, left to himself, fully understood the vanity of religious persecution, directly as religious persecution. We may believe that he would have left Jove to defend his own honour, had he not been made to believe, with at least some show of likelihood, that those who dishonoured Jove were conspiring against the life and throne of Jovius. Diocletian might have despised personal danger no less than the Dictator Cæsar; but the man who had organized the Imperial system anew could not brook aught that struck at the power or dignity of the Imperial throne. What Galerius urged in fanaticism Diocletian at first withstood through policy, and afterwards accepted through policy. Diocletian's persecutions of Christians had in truth not a little in common with our own Elizabeth's persecutions of Papists. To Roman doctrine and ceremony Elizabeth seems to have had no theological objection whatever; nor does she seem to have been at any time inclined to religious persecution as such. But the Papist often was, and might always be said to be, a conspirator against the Queen and her kingdom. She had heard mass without scruple at two periods of her life, and she would most likely have had no kind of scruple against hearing it again. But when the mass had become the badge of Popery, and Popery had become the badge of disaffection, then the religious act was itself made a crime, a crime which brought on the criminal, not the penalties of the spiritual guilt of heresy, but those of the temporal guilt of treason.

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* The story is told in Merivale, v. 411.

† Cassiodorus Var. ii. 44, "Religionem imperare non possumus, quia nemo cogitat ut credat invitus."

Such a persecutor then was Diocletian, a persecutor not from fanaticism but from policy, a persecutor who would not have interfered with Christian doctrine and Christian worship, if he had not been made to believe that the organization and the objects of the Christian society were inconsistent with the safety of his Empire. And, at least while sojourning, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, on Dalmatian ground, we may be allowed to think that somewhat hard measure has been commonly dealt out to the mighty one of Spalato. God forbid that we should defend or palliate persecution in any man or in any age. But let even justice be done. Trajan was in some measure a persecutor; Marcus was so in a far greater measure. Yet Christian writers do not let the fact of their persecutions interfere with a general admiration for the character of Trajan, with a more than general admiration for the character of Marcus. Surely any excuse that can be found for the mild philosopher, in whom we might have looked for some fellow-feeling for a moral system so nearly akin to his own, applies with tenfold force to the peasant-soldier who had risen to the throne by the sheer force of his personal greatness. If, in the case of Trajan and Marcus, merit of other kinds is allowed to be set in the scale against the guilt of persecution, we may fairly ask, at least while we stand on his own ground, that the same judgement of charity may be extended to Diocletian also.

Thus much, and no more, may we venture to plead in mitigation of the dark stain which rests on the fame of the man who withdrew from the rule of the Empire to which he had given a fresh life to seek for rest in his chosen home by the Dalmatian shore. And withal the triumphant faith might boast that, even in his lifetime, the work of Diocletian was undone. The counsel of Jovius, the arm of Herculius, could not avail to root up the creed which was before long to be pre-eminently the creed of their own Empire. Diocletian, like Julian, might have said with his dying breath, "Galilæan, Thou hast conquered." For ten years the Sulla of the Church had withdrawn from persecuting and from ruling. For ten years he had paced that stately gallery which looked forth on the sea, the hills, the islands, which had been familiar to the eyes of his childhood. For ten years he had gazed on the matchless peristyle of his own rearing; he had prayed to the gods of Rome in the temple on his left hand; he had looked—with what faith or hope we cannot guess—on the cupola on the right, girt with surrounding columns, where his own ashes were to rest. In the course of those ten years another Emperor, sprung, if not from his own Dalmatia, at least from Illyria in the wider sense, had arisen at once to finish and to undo his work. Constantine had come to cement yet more firmly his fabric of despotic rule; but he had come also to take the faith which Diocletian persecuted into close partnership with the polity which Diocletian founded. He had come to take Diocletian's great artistic invention as the model of new temples of that hated faith, to supply the place of its earlier temples which Diocletian had swept from off the earth. In those ten years Constantius had reigned in our own island, and Constantine had gone forth from York to Trier, and from Trier to Rome. The persecutor Maxentius had fallen by the Milvian bridge, and his mighty basilica by the Sacred Way had learned to bear the name of his conqueror.* The persecutor Galerius, he who had goaded the unwilling Diocletian to deeds of blood, had confessed his error, and had joined with Constantine in proclaiming toleration for the Christian faith, in asking Christian prayers for the safety of the Empire.† All this Diocletian lived to hear of: he lived too to see his order of succession set aside; he lived to see his images overthrown: ‡ according to some accounts, he lived to receive yet deeper wounds in his dearest relations. It is certain that the daughter of the abdicated Emperor, herself the wife of his successor, that Valeria in whose honour a province had been named, § was persecuted and put to death by the malice in turn of Maximin and of Licinius. Certain it is that the man to whom so many princes owed their greatness lived to be treated with scorn by men who owed all their power to him, and to ask in vain for a milder treatment of his own guiltless child. But there seems no need to add the tragedy of his wife to the tragedy of his daughter, and it would seem that the last act of the drama was delayed until after Diocletian's own death.|| The manner of his death is uncertain; but

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* Aurelius Victor, Cæs. 40. "Cuncta opera quæ magnifice construxerat [Maxentius], urbis fanum atque basilicam, Flavii meritis patres sacravere."

† De Mort. Pers. 34. "Juxta hanc indulgentiam nostram debebunt Deum suum orare pro salute nostra et reipublicæ ac sua."

‡ Ibid. 42. Constantine destroyed the pictures and images of Maximian. "Et quia senes ambo simul plerumque picti erant, et imagines simul deponebantur amborum."

§ Aurelius Victor, Cæs. 40. "Cujus gratia provinciam uxoris nomine Valeriam appellavit." She was married to Galerius, and the province called after her was part of Pannonia.

|| There seems no reason to doubt the story told by the writer De Mortibus, 39, 40, 41, 50, 51, how Valeria, the daughter of Diocletian and

there is at least no need to believe that the halls of Spalato beheld the end of their founder by his own hand.* As far as we can see, the first rites of mourning within the mausoleum of Jovius must have been the rites which were paid to the memory of Jovius himself. And, when he had passed from earth, the highest honours of his own creed still followed him. Never before, so the men of his time remarked, had a private man—and Diocletian at Spalato had again become a private man—been enrolled among the number of the gods.†

The Empire to which Diocletian had given a new life passed to Constantine and his house. The last persecution and the peace of the Church came alike from Illyrian hands. And, unlike as was the work of the two on earth, the complying polytheism of Rome placed Constantine no less than Diocletian among the objects of its worship. The elder Constantius, before he reached Imperial rank, had practised the art of government in the Dalmatian province, and the name of his son Dalmatius would seem to mark an abiding love for his former dwelling-place. And now, in the hands

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widow of Galerius, on refusing to marry Maximin, was persecuted by him and banished to the deserts of Syria, that Diocletian's intercession for her was fruitless, and that she was at last put to death by Licinius, which must have been after Diocletian's death. But we see no reason to think that her mother, Prisca, the wife of Diocletian, was involved in the same fate. The writer indeed says in chap. 51, "Comprehensa cum matre pœnas dedit." But this is surely explained by the words in chap. 40: "Erat clarissima femina . . . . hanc Valeria, tanquam matrem alteram diligebat, cujus consilio negatam sibi suspicatur [Maximinus]." It is this adopted mother who was the partner of her sufferings; the wife of Diocletian, if she was alive, would surely have been safe at Spalato.

* According to the Epitome, 39, "Morte consumtus est, ut satis patuit, per formidinem voluntaria." So Eutropius. The author De Mortibus makes him die for grief at the destruction of his statues; but stories of death by poison are always doubtful.

† This is the remark of Eutropius, x. 28. "Contigit igitur ei, quod nulli post natos homines, ut cum privatus obisset, inter divos tamen referretur." He had just before said, "Diocletianus privatus in villa quæ haud procul a Salonis est præclaro otio senuit."

of Constantine himself, the arts which Diocletian had planted by the Dalmatian shore were to make the artistic conquest of Rome and of the world. The palace of Spalato was no longer the dwelling-place of even an uncrowned Augustus; but the forms of its peristyle, the columns of Greece taught to support the arches of Rome, were reproduced, as trophies wrested from a fallen faith, on the Cœlian hill, on the site of the gardens of Nero, and beyond the walls of Aurelian. The battle was not won at once: long after Diocletian's day the entablatures of the *Basilica Jovis* on the capitol, not the arcades of the court of Spalato, were reproduced, not only in the main colonnades of the old Saint Peter's, not only in the Liberian basilica on the Esquiline, but in the Laurentian basilica, younger by nine centuries. But such cases as these, alike in the fourth century and the thirteenth, are mere survivals. In the great mass of Christian buildings from Constantine onwards, the forms of Diocletian's palace were now used, as if of special purpose, to show how vain was Diocletian's boast that he had swept away the faith of Christ from among men. As we stand among the columns of Spalato, the likeness to a Christian basilica is so strongly forced upon the mind, that it is hard to believe that they always stood as they still stand, pent in by no wall, covered by no roof. The pattern was followed; the peristyle of Jovius is the immediate artistic parent of the churches of Saint John Lateran and of Saint Paul without the Walls. Both the two great forms of Christian architecture are alike trophies won from the enemy. Wherever we see the round arch, from Rome to Kirkwall, we see the spoils of the court of Diocletian. Wherever we see the pointed arch, be it at Palermo or at Westminster, we see in the same sort the artistic creation of the Saracen, barren on its own soil, but taught to bear the loveliest of fruit on Christian ground.

But the part of Illyria, of Dalmatia, of Salona, in the history of the Roman world, was not yet over. The house of Constantine passed away; but another Illyrian house—for

Valentinian was of Pannonia—stood ready to step into its place. It was again from the land between the Hadriatic and the Danube that the champion came who was once more to check the German from his palace at Trier, and to carry the Roman dominion within our own island further than Agricola himself had carried it. And if Valentinian himself, in his equal dealing between Christian and Pagan, between Catholic and Arian, might seem a forerunner of Theodoric and Akbar, his son was to serve the new faith much where Constantine had served it but a little. Gratian refused to be Pontifex Maximus—some said that, in that case, Maximus would be Pontifex; he took away the altar of Victory from the Roman senate-house, and some said that in her wrath she forsook the Roman eagles. The house of Valentinian was merged, by female succession, in the house of Theodosius; but now an Imperial marriage brought back the crown once more to an Illyrian born. The name of Placidia carries us to Ravenna; but her Roman husband, the successor of her nobler Goth, came from the same land, and had risen to honour by the same paths, as Claudius and Aurelian.* But before Illyricum had thus given Rome a third Constantius, more akin to the first than to the second, she had already begun to show her character as a border-land between the two great divisions of the Empire. In the partition of the provinces between the sons of Theodosius, Illyricum in the wider sense was divided between the two, and the exact extent of the borders of each became a subject of dispute, if not between the two puppet Emperors themselves, yet at least between their ministers. And the land showed its border character in another way. It was the marching-ground of Alaric, as he passed to and fro between the great cities of the elder world, in those inroads when men deemed that Athênê and Achilleus scared him from the walls of Athens,† but when neither god nor hero nor Christian saint could scare him from the walls of Rome. Before long, a glimpse of independent being was given to the Dalmatian land. Instead of giving Cæsars to Rome and Ravenna, she was for a moment ruled, if not by her own Cæsar, at least by her own Patrician, on her own soil.

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* So says Olympiodôros (p. 467, ed. Bonn). Ἰλλυριὸς ἦν τὸ γένος, ἀπὸ Ναΐσου πόλεως τῆς Δακίας; that is, the Dacia of Aurelian, south of the Danube.

† See the well-known story in Zôsimos, v. 6.

The dynasty of Valentinian, as continued by Theodosius, the dynasty of Theodosius, as continued by the later Constantius, had not died out before Dalmatia, as a land, held for a time a more important place than she had ever held since the Roman conquest. Marcellian, Patrician of the West, flits like a shadow across the confused history of the fifth century. He appears as the ally of either Empire, as the friend of Aëtius and Majorian, as the foe of the Vandal at Carthage, as the victim of allies whom his discerning enemy affirmed to have, in slaying him, used their left hand to cut off their right. But he concerns us as the lord of Dalmatia, who in the land of Diocletian, most likely in the house of Diocletian, brought back again the worship which Diocletian had lived to see, not indeed proscribed, but brought down from its exclusive place of power. Marcellian, says one of the fragments from which his history has to be patched up, was in faith a Greek.* Now that the Greek, like all other subjects of the Empire, knew no national name but Roman, the name of Hellên was used only in the sense in which we are familiar with it in the New Testament, to mark a votary of the falling heathen creed. It is said that, before his day, the palace of Jovius, with no Augustus to dwell within its gates, had already been put to meaner uses. As the entry in the *Notitia Imperii* is commonly understood,† it had become a manufactory of female weavers; but we can hardly conceive a prince who ruled over Dalmatia fixing his throne anywhere else but in the house of Diocletian.* And Dalmatia was yet to give one more Emperor to Ravenna. When Marcellian died, his nephew Nepos still kept his hold on his Dalmatian lordship. From Dalmatia he crossed, by the authority of Zeno, to supplant Glycerius on the Western throne, and to cause his deposed competitor to exchange the Imperial throne of Ravenna for the episcopal chair of his own Salona. Among the ruins of that city we still trace the ground-plan of a basilica and a baptistery, the see of the second ex-Emperor whom Salona received after a voluntary or constrained abdication. Strange indeed is the contrast between Diocletian withdrawing of his own will, and Glycerius withdrawing at the bidding of his conqueror. Stranger still is the difference between the Church trembling under the edicts of Diocletian, and the Church whose great offices had risen to such a height of wealth and secular power that a bishopric might be used to break the fall of a deposed Emperor. But the Italian reign of the last Dalmatian Emperor was short and stormy. When Orestes marched against Ravenna, Nepos again sought shelter in his own land, and there died, by the intrigues, so men said, of the fallen competitor whom he had so strangely turned into his neighbour and spiritual pastor.† But this was not till the first Empire of the West had passed away. Nepos, in his Dalmatian home, lived to see the Patrician Odoacer dwelling in the palace of Ravenna, in name the lieutenant of the single Emperor at the New Rome, in truth the first of the Teutonic lords of Italy.

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* The story of Marcellianus or Marcellinus comes from the fragments of Priscus, 156, 157, 218. Procopius, Bell. Vand. i. 6. Damascius ap. Photium, 342, ed. Bekker. It is from this last writer that we get the proverbial saying, which is also applied to the death of Aëtius, and the singular description of Marcellian as *Δαλματῶν ἦν χώρας αὐτοδέσποτος ἡγεμὼν, Ἕλλην τὴν δόξαν.* [He is "Occidentis Patricius" in the Chronicle of Count Marcellinus, A. 468.]

† "Procurator Gynæcii Joviensis Dalmatiæ Aspalato," is the *entry* in the Notitia Occid. chap. x. p. 48.

The separate Dalmatian principality of Marcellian and Nepos passed under the rule of Odoacer. But the borderland of Eastern and Western Europe soon again plays its part in the great strife by which Italy and Rome were won back to their allegiance to the translated Roman dominion. Dalmatia was part of the dominions of Theodoric, and, when he was gone, when the Gothic kingdom had lost its strength, it was the first part of them to come again under the Imperial power. The capture of Salona by Mundus was the first success, its loss was the first failure, of the Imperial arms in the great strife between Goth and Roman.* Won back again to the Empire, the city played its part as the great haven of the Hadriatic through the whole of the Gothic war. It was from Salona that Narses set forth on that last expedition which was to bring that long struggle to its end.† Taken and retaken, half ruined and restored, Salona still kept its place among the great cities of the earth, and men in after times believed that the circuit of its walls had once taken in a space equal to one half of the extent of New Rome.‡ The early days of the sixth century seem to have been a time of special prosperity for the cities of the Eastern Hadriatic shore. But it was the last bright day before the final storm fell upon them. The revolution was at hand which was wholly to change the face of the world south of the Danube, and to give those lands settlers who have formed the main part of their inhabitants down to our own day. In the sixth century the Slaves began those incursions into the lands east of the Hadriatic, which were carried far to the south of the Dalmatian border, which for a while caused Peloponnêsos itself to be spoken of as a Slavonic land.§ While the armies of Justinian were going forth to win back provinces in Africa, and Spain, and Italy, the Slavonic invaders were traversing the Eastern peninsula at their will, and carrying the fear of their presence to the gates of Constantinople.‖ In the next century the policy of Heraclius gave them a lasting settlement in the lands where they still dwell; * and from that day the Dalmatian cities have been what they still are, outposts of Roman Europe, fringing the coast of a Slavonic land. But with the Slave came the more terrible Avar, and the seventh century beheld the fall of two of the ancient cities, the rise of two of the modern cities, which stand foremost in the history of the Hadriatic coast. Jadera, Diadora, Zara—such are the various forms of the name—lived through the storm. But long Salona became a forsaken ruin, and the old Hellenic Epidauros was more utterly swept away from the face of the earth. For the homeless refugees of Salona a shelter stood ready hard by their own gates. They had but to cross the gentle hill which forms the isthmus of what we may call the Jovian peninsula, and the house of Jovius stood ready with its walls and gates, at once to take the place of the fallen city.† As Salona fell, Spalato arose; the palace gave its name to the city; it itself became the city. It still remains, within the almost untouched square of Diocletian's walls, the largest and most thickly inhabited part of the modern town. The peristyle of Diocletian became the piazza of the new city: his mausoleum became the metropolitan church of the new archbishopric. And between the two buildings, a thousand years after the days of Diocletian, arose the great bell-tower which first strikes the eye as the voyager draws near to the bay of Spalato. Separated as it is by so many ages from the works of the first founder, it still shows, in artistic forms which so strangely harmonize with the buildings on either side of it, how deep and lasting was the impress which the genius of that founder stamped on all later works of the building art.

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* [Count Marcellinus (A. 480), in recording the death of Nepos, says "haud longe a Salonis, sua in villa occisus est."]

† So says the fragment of Malchos in Phôtios, p. 5. [On the whole story see Pallmann, *Geschichte der Völkerwanderung*, ii. 278–287, 379. He rejects the charge against Glycerius.]

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* Procopius, Bell. Goth. i. 5.

† Ibid. iv. 26.

‡ Const. Porph. De Adm. Imp. 29, pp. 126, 141.

§ Ibid. De Them. ii. 6, *ἐσθλαβώθη πᾶσα ἡ χώρα καὶ γέγονε βάρβαρος.* Cf. De Adm. Imp. 49, 50.

‖ See, among other places, Procopius, Bell. Goth. iii. 29, 38.

For the fugitives of the fallen Epidauros no such shelter stood ready. They had to seek a home for themselves, and to call into being a wholly new dwelling-place of man.

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* Const. Porph. De Adm. Imp. 29, pp. 128, 129. The Imperial geographer's etymology is of the very strangest.

† Ibid. p. 141.

Raousion, Ragusa, the city on the rocks, the city of argosies, now rose into being; and, by a strange turning about of names, a faint memory of Epidauros is kept up under the name of Old Ragusa. The history of Roman Dalmatia may now come to an end. The maritime cities still clave to their old allegiance to the Empire, but they clave to it only as Venice did on the opposite coast, as Naples did on the further sea. The land was now Slavonic; the old Illyrian was driven southwards to press upon Epeiros, the Roman survived only in the scattered outposts of the maritime cities. It is not the Dalmatia of Diocletian or Marcellian of which the Imperial geographer gives us the most minute of his topographical pictures. The Dalmatia of Constantine Porphyrogennêtos is the Dalmatia which has gone on ever since. His description opens many passages of varied and stirring, if somewhat puzzling history, in which Slavonic, Byzantine, Hungarian, Venetian, and Turkish rulers dispute the possession of the border-land of East and West. On that history, so deeply connected with the events of our own day, we cannot now enter. Our subject is the Dalmatia of the Emperors, and the Dalmatia of the Emperors in truth comes to an end with the fall of Epidauros and Salona.

DIOCLETIAN'S PLACE IN ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY.

We have assumed more than once, in speaking of Spalato and of other places, that the reign of Diocletian, which marks so great an æra in the polity of Rome, and thereby in the general history of the world, marks an æra equally great in its own way in the developement of Roman architecture, and thereby in the general history of art. We have assumed that it was in his palace at Spalato that a change was made which had an effect on all later developements of architecture, and which in truth contained all later developements of architecture within it. This change is that by which, in the peristyle at Spalato, Corinthian columns are made to support arches. To make out our own case it is necessary to prove two things. It must be shown that the change is really of the importance which we attach to it; and it must be shown that it was at Spalato, or at least in some work of Diocletian, that the change was introduced. These two issues are quite distinct. The second is a mere question of fact. We are not aware of any existing building earlier than the palace of Spalato in which columns bearing arches are to be seen, and we think that there is evidence enough to show that the same arrangement was followed in other buildings of Diocletian. This, we think, comes very near to proving that it was to the taste of Diocletian, or of the architect whom he employed, that the change was due. But if any one can show that the same arrangement was followed in any building earlier than the time of Diocletian, it will be a mere correction of fact. The credit of a great step in art must be transferred from Diocletian to somebody else. We shall lose our parallel between the political changes of Diocletian and his architectural changes. But the importance of the architectural change in itself will be exactly the same, even though it should be shown that some one else forestalled Diocletian in making it. The character of Diocletian will lose part of its interest; his building at Spalato will lose part of its interest; but the history of the developement of the building art will remain exactly the same.

The parts of the palace at Spalato which have this special artistic importance are those which lie towards the sea; and the great sea-front, the *cryptoporticus* as it is called, is not the least important among them. The chief remaining buildings of the palace are these. The great peristyle is the centre of all, consisting of two rows of columns supporting arches. The north end was open, and joined on to more massive arcades which ran along the lines of street, and of which some parts still remain. The minuter arrangements of the palace must be studied in the great work of Adam. We are pointing out those only which have some bearing on the artistic history. At its south end towards the sea the peristyle is finished by the portico leading to the *atrium*. This consists of two columns, making of course three openings, of which those on each side are square-headed, while the central one is an arch. That is to say, the entablature with its mouldings is carried over the central space in an arched form. This gives on a vast scale the familiar outline of what is commonly called the Venetian window, a form very common in Gloucestershire, but which we do not remember at Venice. This form is found again in the cryptoporticus, the great sea-front. This seems to have been more perfect when Adam made his drawings than it is now. That is to say, many more mean windows have been cut through, to the ruin of the columns and arches. This front consisted of a long wall with two of the four square towers of the palace at the two ends, the upper part of the building forming the actual cryptoporticus or place of exercise. This had towards the sea a range of open arches, divided by square piers with attached half-columns of a kind of Doric, each with a bit of broken entablature projecting over it. Thus far there is nothing remarkable, nothing but what may easily be paralleled in other Roman buildings. But the range is broken at five points; at each end and in the middle is a composition of the same kind as that at the end of the peristyle—a Venetian window, in short, with the entablature carried in the arched form over the central space. Between these is a smaller break on each side of the centre-piece in which a single arch is made to spring, not immediately from the half-columns, but from the entablature which they support, and which is therefore of course interrupted at these points. From this side of the palace we may go to the opposite end, where is the splendid Golden Gate, the *Porta Aurea.* Here the actual doorway is, like the other doorways of the palace, square-headed with a joggled lintel. Over it is an arch, ready to receive a tympanum, the arrangement out of which, by various successive stages, our own Norman and later doorways grew. In the actual doorway there is no use of the column; but on each side of it, and above it, are niches which may claim a place as stages in the developement of the column and arch. In the lower pair the arch, perfectly plain, rises from square pilasters with capitals. Above the doorway an arcade of seven, the alternate arches being hollowed as niches, rises from small detached columns. The arches however do not rise immediately from the broken entablature which runs over them. This arcade has clearly made a great advance in the direction of the so-called palace of Theodoric and of all other buildings with ornamental Romanesque arcades.

With these details in our mind, it is well to go back to the peristyle. The two arcades themselves form only the centre of a large group of buildings. To the west lies the temple, commonly called that of Æsculapius, now the baptistery. This, as a temple, followed the usual form of a small and simple temple with a portico of four columns in front of it. It was the palace-chapel of Diocletian, answering to Saint George's at Windsor or Saint Stephen's at Westminster, or to the renowned Christian Saracen chapel of Palermo. But, as a temple built after the ordinary manner of temples, it supplies no link in our chain. It may however be worth while for any traveller who can find the way to get to the upper story of a small house which blocks up its west end, and so to study the details of the pediment very close indeed. But the building on the other side of the peristyle is of greater importance, both in itself and as perhaps supplying the first stage of the great developement. This is the so-called temple of Jupiter, which we shall venture to speak of as the mausoleum. It is now the cathedral, formerly the metropolitan, church, a use for which it is singularly unfit, being surely one of the smallest of metropolitan churches, and certainly the darkest of all churches above ground. It has been adapted to its present use only by throwing out a choir and a chapel or two, to the great damage of the original plan. The choir however has some historic interest from its connexion with that famous Archbishop Mark Antony de Dominis, who has a place in English as well as in Dalmatian ecclesiastical history. Outside, the octagon was surrounded by a portico of its own shape; inside, there were two orders of columns, the lower Corinthian, the upper Composite. These stand detached, and support broken entablatures, the upper range standing on the cornice of the lower. These columns serve no constructive purpose whatever; the upper range can at most have carried statues. The construction of the real building is purely that of the arch, with round-arched niches in four faces of the octagon, and the whole crowned with a cupola, which is a marvel in brickwork—a series of constructive arches rising one above another in a way which makes one rejoice that they can be seen. We would hardly exchange the sight of such a piece of constructive skill even for a Ravenna mosaic. It is usual to say that the friezes of this mausoleum, consisting largely of animal forms, hunting scenes and the like, are in a degraded style of art; but it should be remembered that they could only have been seen at a great height, and by lamp-light. The galleries which now allow us to study them more nearly are of course mere excrescences. The columns, with their broken entablatures supporting nothing, are more justly blamed, but it is a blame which they must share with the whole series of Roman classical buildings. Certainly there is no building which can be more truly said to be a Greek mask placed on a Roman body than the mausoleum of Spalato; but perhaps in the very point where the evil reaches its height we may see the beginning of better things.

The Roman classical architecture, as we need hardly say yet again, was in truth an imperfect and transitional style, a style in which the constructive system was of one kind and the decorative system of another. A Roman body, a strong solid body of piers and arches, of vaults and cupolas, was clothed, as with a thin garment, with the Greek columns and their entablatures. To reach anything like a really consistent and harmonious style, the problem was to find some means by which the real Roman system of construction might be preserved and made prominent, without casting aside a feature of such exquisite beauty as the Greek column, especially in the stately and sumptuous form into which it had grown in Roman hands. The problem was to bring the arch and the column into union—in other words, to teach the column to support the arch. It strikes us that in the palace at Spalato we may see a series of attempts at so doing, a series of strivings, of experiments, one of which was at last crowned with complete success. Of these experiments some would seem to have been already tried elsewhere; of the successful one we know of no example earlier than Diocletian. Is it not possible that the columns supporting broken entablatures, an arrangement carried to its extreme point in the mausoleum, may have actually suggested the change? The columns had been brought to a state of uselessness so complete that it supplied a hint for making them useful. They stood out free from the wall; they did not serve their old Greek use of supporting a continuous entablature forming the real construction of the building; they supported nothing, and served no real purpose whatever. The columns were impostors standing boldly out in front; behind them lurked the real construction of the arch, half hiding itself, as if it were ashamed. The greater the incongruity between the constructive and the decorative system, the more easily would the thought suggest itself that the two might be brought together. The columns were standing there doing nothing. Why should they not be set to work to support the arches? The arches, the real construction, were hiding themselves behind. Why should they not be brought forward and set upon the columns? It seems to us that in the cryptoporticus, in the *Porta Aurea*, in the portico of the atrium, we see a series of unsuccessful experiments. The arch was set over the column, but it was made to spring from the continuous entablature or from the broken entablature, or, as in the case of the Venetian windows, the entablature itself was made to take the form of an arch. All these attempts were more or less awkward; the last was specially heavy; the cornice running round in the arch form is certainly not satisfactory; but in the peristyle the right thing was hit upon; the arch was made to spring bodily from the capital of the column, and was moulded, not with the full mouldings of the entablature, but with those of the architrave only. The entablature might run above as the finish of the whole building, but it has become a mere finish, a greater cornice. It is the finish of the wall, and nothing else. Alike in the constructive and in the decorative arrangements, the columns support the arches, the arches rest on the columns. There is no mask, no clothing; construction and decoration had again become the same thing, as they had been in the old Grecian, as they were to be in the coming Romanesque and Gothic. The battle had been won. The germ of Pisa and Durham and Westminster had been called into life.

In saying this we do not mean to rule that the peristyle, because it attempts successfully what in other parts of the palace is attempted unsuccessfully, is therefore necessarily the latest part of the palace. In a case of this kind, when an artist is striving after something without exactly knowing what he is striving after, while he has before his eyes a floating idea of something which has never yet appeared in stone or brick, it does not at all follow that he will make all his experiments in an ideal order, or that, when he has hit upon the right thing, he will always know that he has hit upon it. While feeling about in this way, he might produce the perfect arrangement of the peristyle alongside of the imperfect arrangements of the other parts of the building, without knowing that the one was perfect and the other imperfect. In all these matters luck has its share as well as art:—

τέχνη τύχην ἔστερξε καὶ τύχη τέχνην.

The architect of Spalato must have all the glory of the great invention of the peristyle, even though he set less perfect forms alongside of it at the same time, or even afterwards.

The change which was now made is one which we do not hesitate to call the greatest improvement that ever was made at a single stroke in the whole history of architecture. The two principles which had been contending in the earlier Roman architecture were reconciled; an use was found for the column which was consistent with the Roman principle of construction. Still there were further improvements to be made. It had been shown that the column could be used as the support of the arch; but it became a question whether the slender Corinthian column, with its delicate capital, was the form of column best suited for the purpose. Were the proportions which were suited for a column bearing the entablature those best suited for a column bearing the arch? Looking on the arch as a curved entablature, or at least as a curved architrave, it might seem not unreasonable that something should be taken out of the height of the column to balance the greater height thus given to the intercolumniation. A shorter column than the Corinthian would thus seem to be better suited to an arcade, and again there is something crushing in the arch coming directly down upon the slender Corinthian abacus. Both these difficulties might be avoided by the use of columns of another order, and in truth there are no nobler basilican arcades than those which rest on Doric columns in the church of Saint Peter *in Vinculis*. And it was clearly from the Doric type that we got our massive Norman columns with cushion capitals. But, as a rule, the Roman builders clave to their favourite Corinthian forms, and out of the supposed necessity for interposing something between the capital and the arch came such shifts as the stilts at Ravenna and Parenzo, and the double capitals of the Byzantine style. At last, at Pisa and Lucca, this question was settled by the use of a heavy square abacus, which, while it is still part of the capital, gives enough of protection to the foliage. On the other hand, as the Romanesque style advanced, more massive forms of columns, clustered columns, columns attached to square piers, all came in. As long as the slender Corinthian column was used, the building could not be vaulted, and to this cause we owe the rarity of vaulted buildings for several centuries. The step taken at Spalato was therefore only a first step, which had to be followed by others. Still it was the first step, and nothing could have been done without it. All Romanesque and Gothic architecture was, like another Athênê, in embryo in the brain of Jovius or his architect.

It is wonderful how little this remarkable change has been noticed, even by special writers on the subject or on the place. In the old view in Wheler the columns which support the arches are shown supporting an entablature. Adam describes and draws them without comment. Even Sir Gardner Wilkinson merely speaks of "arches which have the peculiarity of springing immediately from the capitals, and are, I believe, the first instances of this style which was imitated by the Saracens and by the architects of the lower ages." This is true enough, but it is an odd way of putting it. It is hardly an adequate way of describing so great an artistic step. That it was the first instance there can be little doubt; that is to say, we have little doubt that the practice was introduced under Diocletian; but whether for the first time at Spalato or in some of his other buildings, we have no means of judging. The drawings of the great hall of his baths at Rome, before its disfigurement in the sixteenth century, show the same arrangement. And what Jovius did at Rome and at Spalato Herculius dutifully followed at Milan. Any one who studies the columns of Saint Lorenzo will see that the present rough completion of the design represents their real form. The colonnade with its entablature was interrupted by a wider arched space, exactly as in the cryptoporticus and in the portico at the end of the peristyle.

There can then be little doubt that this great step in the history of art makes its first appearance in the buildings of Diocletian; whether the thought was due to his own genius or to that of some nameless slave or freedman we can never tell. Diocletian may himself have been an artist, like Hadrian, or he may not. In any case he must have his share in the honour. The beginnings of consistent arched architecture are to be seen in buildings which arose at his bidding, the designs of which he must have approved. We take a leap of more than a thousand years, and the spell of the same genius is upon us still. In Diocletian's day, palace and temple and mausoleum were there; the bell-tower was not, for the bell-tower was needed only for the service of the creed which Diocletian laboured to destroy. But when the bell-tower arose at the end of the fourteenth century, it arose in a style essentially the same as that of the palace at the beginning of the fourth. Stage upon stage it rises, in the purest form of the round-arched style, using up again in its lower part columns of Diocletian's age, which seem thoroughly at home in the place to which they were removed after so many ages. Our parallels indeed may leap over ages yet more remote; the hard, stern, but bold and effective, carving of the lion in the lowest stage of the bell-tower seems in thorough harmony with the sphinx which Diocletian brought from the most southern province of his empire to form an ornament of his Dalmatian home. The heathen peristyle, the Christian bell-tower, so far apart in date, are in thorough artistic harmony. Those who reared the later building must have had a thorough feeling and admiration for the earlier. The bell-tower, built in the narrow space between the peristyle and the mausoleum—now become the church, of which the bell-tower was an adjunct—involved the destruction of part of the surrounding portico of what was now the *duomo* of Spalato; but the peristyle itself is untouched. The portico with its columns and entablatures, relics of a system which had passed away, might be broken through, but the builder of the bell-tower laid no destroying hands on the arcades which were in truth his own model. The two stand side by side, arch within arch, the perspective of the two supplying a series of varied groupings such as Diocletian never dreamed of. The union of the three buildings, peristyle, bell-tower, mausoleum, is the crowning glory of the whole spot. The great persecutor in truth laboured for those whom he most hated. Not only were his buildings put to Christian uses, but the style that came to perfection at his hands supplied the model for a Christian building on which Constantine would have looked with as much wonder as himself. Between the work of the fourth century and that of the fourteenth there is no lack of harmony. Where we do see an incongruous element creeping in is where the great arch of the portico, shown open in Adam's engraving, is blocked to receive a tablet in honour of one who, after having been the last man to wear the crown of Diocletian, had sunk to be described as "Franciscus Primus, Austriæ Imperator et Dalmatiæ Rex."

III.

AUGUSTA TREVERORUM.*

(1) *Geschichte der Trevirer unter der Herrschaft der Römer.* Von J. STEININGER. Trier: 1845.

(2) *Geschichte der Trevirer unter der Herrschaft der Franken.* Von J. STEININGER. Trier: 1850.

(3) *Geschichte des Erzstifts Trier.* Von J. MARX. Trier: 1859.

(4) *Der Dom zu Trier in seinen drei Hauptperioden: der Römischen, der Fränkischen, der Romanischen.* Beschrieben und durch XXVI Tafeln erläutert vom Domkapitular J. N. VON WILMOWSKY.

OF all periods of the world's history there is none which so imperatively calls on him who would master it to unite the characters of student and traveller as the great transitional time of European history. The days when the Roman and the Teutonic elements of modern society stood as yet side by side are days which cannot be studied in books only. A large proportion of the greatest existing Roman monuments belong to those days of Rome's physical decline which were in truth the days of the new birth of her moral power. Some of them are strictly works of defence, such as were needed only in days when the frontiers of the Empire had to be defended, and no longer to be pushed forward. Others are works of another kind, but which teach the same lesson in another shape. Those were days when new capitals, new seats of empire, cities adorned with the highest skill of the time—cities whose greatness the Old Rome could be supposed to grudge—arose on distant and barbarous frontiers. But the growth of these cities was not a sign of the strength of the Empire, but of its weakness. It was a sign that the presence of her armies and of her sovereigns was constantly needed on frontiers which dangerous enemies always threatened and often overpassed. But it was a sign too that the true life of Rome had flowed away from the centre to the extremities. Old Rome for awhile sank from her old place in the world which she had herself created. It was but for awhile. She has outlived Nikomêdeia and Antioch, Trier and York, Milan and Ravenna. And, as an European and Christian city, she has outlived the New Rome herself. But there was a time when these outlying colonies outstripped their metropolis as the living centres of Roman life and Roman power. There were days when the pulse of Rome beat more quickly in her Gaulish suburb than it beat within the inner circle of Romulus and Tatius. We are wont to connect the name of the first Constantine mainly with his Eastern foundation, with that New Rome which seems fated to bear his name for ever. But before he reigned on the Bosporos, before he reigned on the Tiber, he had reigned with a sway no less Roman on the banks of the Mosel. In the border-land of Gaul and Germany, in a city which boasted of having been founded ages before Rome herself, he had built and conquered and listened to the voice of pagan panegyrists, before he found panegyrists of another faith in the far Megarian colony which at his word grew into the younger Rome. The first city of Constantine, the scene of his most truly Roman reign, of his most truly Roman triumphs, is to be looked for, not at Rome, not at Byzantium, but at Augusta Treverorum.

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* [Both Trier, the subject of this essay, and Ravenna, the subject of the next, have supplied the materials for two of my Historical and Architectural Sketches. Those pieces are strictly sketches, giving first impressions: here the result of after study and later visits is added.]

A picture of the great days of Trier will come not unnaturally between a picture of the great days of Salona and a picture of the great days of Ravenna. Yet on a purely artistic journey we might be tempted to leap from Spalato to Ravenna, or to make Rome herself our halting-place. Trier has her artistic wonders, but they do not at first sight help to fill up any gap between Spalato and Ravenna. And in a political aspect, Spalato stands rather away from the series of which Trier and Ravenna form a part. Trier and Ravenna were seats of rule; Spalato was not a seat of rule, but a place for the repose of the ruler. But the ruler who sought repose at Spalato was the ruler who began the system of which the imperial position of Trier and Ravenna was the fruit. Diocletian himself never reigned at Trier; but he made Trier a dwelling-place of his imperial colleague. And Trier and Ravenna distinctly mark two stages, two opposite stages, in the relations between the Roman Empire and the Teutonic nations. The highest boast of Ravenna is to have held the throne of the Goth reigning in Italy. The highest boast of Trier is to have held the throne of Roman Cæsars, reigning in Gaul and bridling Germany. The proudest trophies that were ever raised in Trier, the proudest days of triumph that were ever kept there, were trophies and triumphs for Roman victories over Teutonic enemies. The proudest days of Ravenna were days when no trophy, no triumph, was needed to remind men of Teutonic victories over Roman enemies. The Goth dwelling in the Roman city was himself his own trophy. The monuments of Trier are badges of Roman victory; the monuments of Ravenna are badges of Roman overthrow. And yet both are but parts of the same story. The Roman at Trier was the harbinger of the Goth at Ravenna. When the Cæsars fixed their home by the Mosel instead of by the Tiber, when they kept their days of victory, no longer on Latin, but on Gaulish or German soil, it was a sign that the days were coming when Teutonic kings should reign in Italy, and should visit Rome herself as plunderers and as restorers. When Trier became an imperial city, it was a sign that things had changed since Drusus and Germanicus had marched forth from Rome for warfare in the same lands. It was a sign that Rome had now no new worlds to conquer, that all that she could now do was to defend what she still kept, or at most to win back what she had lost. From Constantine and Valentinian holding the Frank in check at Trier, there is but one step to Honorius hiding himself from the Goth at Ravenna. Rome, as the seat of empire, marks the stage when the Roman could still conquer in aggressive warfare. Trier marks the stage when he could still conquer, but only in warfare waged for the defence of his own borders. Ravenna marks the stage when his days of conquest were over, when the strife was no longer for victory but for life, when the only choice for Italy lay between a conqueror from beyond the Alps and a so-called deliverer from beyond the Hadriatic.

In the eyes of the Romans of those days Augusta Treverorum was a second Rome, a colony, a daughter whose honours might sometimes awaken the envy of her parent. But Treveran patriotism learned to tell another tale. The city beyond the Alps was by far the older of the two. Twelve hundred and fifty years before Romulus watched the vultures on the Palatine, in the seventh year of the life of the patriarch Abraham, Trebetas, the son of Ninus, driven forth from the land of Assyria, wandered through the desolate continent of Europe, where as yet there were no cities nor dwellings of man of any kind. At last he came to a river beside which was a fair valley, a valley rich in streams, shaded by woods, and girt in by mountains. The goodly spot pleased him: here he would at last fix his dwelling; here then he began to build a city, the first city built on European soil, and the name of it he called after his own name, *Treveris.** It was to the native princes of his dynasty, not to the alien lords of the younger city far to the south, that Treveris, not yet Augusta, owed those great works, whose fame was in after days transferred to the southern conqueror. It was the princes of the house of Trebetas who raised the walls, the palaces, built of brick after the fashion of Babylon,* the mighty pile of the Black Gate, with its huge stones, joined not by the help of mortar, but bound together with fetters of iron. And not only were gates and walls and palaces the work of the chiefs of those early times, but Trier, the elder city, seems to have forestalled the younger Rome in some of those buildings and institutions which we are apt to look on as distinctively Roman. The forum might be so called by a mere application of a Latin word; the temple, full of a hundred idols, where dæmons gave oracles to their worshippers, might have been dedicated to the deities of a native mythology.† The bridge, the aqueduct, might doubtless be the works of Eastern as well as of Roman engineers. It is more strange that princes of the Assyrian house should have raised works which seem so distinctively Roman as a Capitol, a Campus Martius, and an amphitheatre. The city flourished; it planted colonies, and made subjects of its neighbours. Treveris ruled over the five famous cities known in later times as Basel, Strassburg, Worms, Mainz, and Köln. Once, like other subject cities, they revolted; but the wrath of the gods of Treveris showed itself in such a mighty storm of hail that they came back to their allegiance. The dominion of the city stretched as far as the borders of the friendly states of the Lingones and Remi, represented by the modern cities of Langres and Rheims, of which Rheims has her *Porta Martis* as well as Trier.

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* The legend will be found in full in the Gesta Treverorum, printed in the eighth volume of Pertz, p. 140. It is told also by Otto of Freising, in his first book of Annals.

The tale goes on to tell how one of the Treveran princes, Belgius by name, gave his name to all Belgic Gaul, and led the hosts of the Treveri to plant a new Gaul in Asia. We are here brought to the borders of true history, as Belgius or Bolgius really was one of the leaders of the Gauls in the invasion of Macedonia which led to their Asiatic settlement. The Treveri indeed are not mentioned as taking a part in the expedition, but the temptation to bring in their name must have been too strong. Presently we hear how the freedom and dominion of Treveris remained untouched till the power of Rome began to spread itself through the world. The ancient city now formed a league of peace and friendship with its younger rival. It even stooped to adopt the laws of the upstart conquerors, and to hear itself spoken of as a second Rome.* The legendary history now blends itself with the true, and the local historian, instead of recording the deeds of Trebetas and Hero, now stoops for several pages to copy the narrative of Cæsar. We may therefore pause at this point to see what the earliest notices of the city and its territory really teach us.

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* Ott. Fris. i. 8. "Instar Babylonici muri ex cocto latere factum."

† In the temple of Mercury, the image of the god floated in the air by help of loadstones, like the story of Mahomet's coffin.

The border character of the land of which Trier was once the head meets us from the very beginning. Ages before men had lighted on the happy phrase of a "middle kingdom," ages before questions had arisen about the possession, the partition, or the nationality of Lotharingia, the land which was to be Lotharingia was already a land which supplied materials for controversy as to the Gaulish or German character of its inhabitants. The Treveri—we must not yet speak of Trier or Treveris or Augusta Treverorum—were geographically one of the tribes of Gaul. But this of itself proves no more as to the nationality of the Treveri than is proved by the much later fact of their archbishops being Arch-chancellors of the Empire in Gaul. It is a fair matter of dispute how far both the people of Belgic Gaul in general, and the Treveri, their central tribe, were of Celtic or of German descent. The territory of the Treveri was strictly a border territory; it reached to the Rhine; but only part of it, and that a part not including the site of the future capital, was reckoned in Roman geography for a part even of the subject Germany. The Treveri themselves laid claim to a German origin, but the language held by the early Roman writers as to the validity of this claim is somewhat doubtful.

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* Pertz has collected a crowd of passages from ecclesiastical writers, in which Trier is spoken of as "secunda Roma."

Modern philologers have found a Celtic etymology for the name of the people,[*] and the recorded names of their leaders, though possibly capable of a Teutonic interpretation, do not depart from the ordinary forms of Gaulish names.[†] Saint Jerome, in a passage which has been often quoted, says that in the fourth century the native speech of the Treveri and the native speech of the Gauls of Asia did not greatly differ from one another.[‡] What really amazes us in his statement is that any native tongue should have borne up so long in either country against the influence of Greek in the one case and Latin in the other. If we accept the statement as it stands, the tongue common to the Treveri and the Galatians could only have been Celtic. Now Jerome had lived some time at Trier; he knew more languages than most men of his time, and his words show that he was alive to the changes which go on in all languages. Still he was not a comparative philologer, and he is not likely to have given any very special study to a barbarous idiom in either country. When he says that the Phœnician language was in his day still spoken in Africa, we accept the witness of one whose Semitic scholarship is undoubted: we can hardly put the same faith in his judgement as to the likeness or unlikeness of Celtic and Teutonic dialects. But, if we admit the witness of Jerome as to the Celtic speech of the Treveri, it follows that we must admit their Celtic descent. During the times between

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[*] Zeuss, *Die Deutschen und die Nachbarstämme*, p. 216.

[†] Induciomarus and Cingetorix. Cæsar, Bell. Gall. v. 3. Yet a Teutonic philologer might be tempted to see in their endings the universal *ric* and our own English *mær*.

[‡] The passage is found in the preface to his second book of Commentaries on the Epistle to the Galatians: "Unum est quod inserimus et promissum in exordio reddimus, Galatas, excepto sermone Græco quo omnis oriens loquitur, propriam linguam eamdem pene habere quam Treviros, nec referre si aliqua exinde corruperint, quam et Afri Phœnicum linguam nonnulla ex parte mutaverint, et ipso Latinitas et regionibus quotidie mutetur et tempore." It should be noted that Jerome speaks of Phœnician as the non-Latin language of Africa, without any mention of the native dialects.

Cæsar's day and Jerome's, the Treveri might have exchanged either German or Gaulish for Latin; they were not at all likely to exchange German for Gaulish. In the face of such witness as this, it is hardly safe for German writers to assume, as they sometimes do, without doubt or qualification, that the Treveri were a German people. It is safer to leave them in the general vagueness which hangs over the whole border-land of Belgic Gaul. If the Treveri were Celts, they were at least Celts who had been brought under Teutonic influences, and who loved to fancy themselves of a Teutonic stock. And it is certain that any questions as to the nationality of the Treveri in the days of Cæsar have very little to do with the undoubtedly Teutonic character of the city and district of Trier from the days of the Frankish conquest onwards.

The genuine history of the people and district begins with the narrative of Cæsar.* In his pages the Treveri appear as a warlike race, renowned for the best cavalry in Gaul. They appear too as a race who struck observers by their marked likeness to their Teutonic neighbours, though Cæsar himself attributes that likeness rather to constant intercourse in war and peace than to actual community of blood. In the narrative of his wars they appear as a race unwilling to obey any commands which were not backed by an armed force. They appear as wavering somewhat between contending powers and influences, at one time joining the Ædui, a people whose history is closely connected with their own, warning the Romans of a German invasion; at a later time, when the true nature of the Roman power was better understood, we see them giving their help to the German invaders, as the less dangerous enemy of the two. In the end they had, like all the other tribes of Gaul, of whatever race, to sink or to rise, as it may be deemed, from the wild independence of barbarians to the level of Roman provincials. But they showed before long that the Roman peace had but small charms for them.

* Bell. Gall. ii. 24; v. 3; viii. 25; i. 37; vii. 63; v. 2–55.

Soon after the supreme power had come into the hands of Augustus, the Treveri were again in arms to throw off the Roman dominion. And though their revolt was soon quelled, yet it seems to have thrown some doubt on the right of the master of the Roman world to close the gate of Janus.*

The land of the Treveri was thus bound fast to the Roman dominion. In the wars of Drusus the Rhine was bridged by the Roman invaders of Germany in that part of its course which washes the Treveran land.† The grandson of Drusus, the son of Germanicus, Caius, the future tyrant, was born in the land of the Treveri;‡ and it was among the Treveri that his mother, the elder Agrippina, thought of taking shelter during the mutiny of the legions in the first days of Tiberius.§ Only a few years later we hear for one moment of an outbreak of the old spirit, when, under Tiberius, the Treveri and the Ædui, old allies again, are seen acting in concert. Their two Julii, Florus and Sacrovir, became the leaders of a Gaulish revolt, stirred up by the merciless dealing of Roman money-lenders towards provincial debtors. The great forest of Ardennes, like the forest of Sherwood in our own history, became the shelter of the distressed, and we again get a glimpse of the old military fame of the Treveri in the service of their new masters. Of the troop of horse levied in their country, a few only were persuaded to break through the ties of military allegiance for the chance of winning back the ancient independence of their race. But, as usual, discord at home blighted the hopes of deliverance. A third Julius —the name witnesses how deeply the memory of the first conqueror had impressed itself on the minds of the conquered—took a chief part in putting down the movements of his countrymen, and the Treveran tumult, a faint shadow of the Gaulish tumults of earlier times, came to an end.‖

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* Dion, li. 20.

† Strabo, iv. 3.

‡ Suetonius, Cal. 8.

§ Tacitus, Ann. i. 41.

‖ See the whole story in Tacitus, Ann. iii. 40–42. Cf. Livy, vii. 9; Cicero, Philip. viii. 1.

Fifty years later, instead of these vague notices of the district, we find the city and colony in full force, playing its part in a far greater struggle of the same kind. The Treveri were foremost in the last struggle for the independence of Gaul, a struggle which showed at once how little Gaul could do without German help, and how far off the time still was when the German himself could do aught beyond maintaining his independence in his own land. In the war of Civilis, we find our first distinct mention of the colony[*] of Treveri, of its walls, and of its bridge. These two sets of notices will enable us to fix something like the date of the foundation of the colony, which has been variously assigned to the days of Augustus, of Claudius, and of Galba.[†] Of these dates, the first seems forbidden by the language used by Tacitus at the accession of Tiberius. Agrippina speaks of the Treveri as strangers,[‡] words surely inconsistent with the belief that there was then already a Roman colony in the land of the Treveri. The mere name of Augusta, borne in *formal*—though, it would seem, *only* in *formal*—use by the Treveran colony,[§] really proves nothing. It was applied in the days of the first Augustus to cities which were not colonies, and it was also applied to colonies founded by later Emperors.[‖] On the whole, it may perhaps be safer to say no more than that the colony must have been founded at some time later than the early days of Tiberius and earlier than the war of Vitellius and Vespasian. If we could unhesitatingly accept a most ingenious argument as to the date of *Porta Nigra*, of which we shall have again to speak, the foundation of the colony would be at once fixed to the reign of

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[*] Tacitus, Hist. iv. 77, 62.

[†] See Mr. Long, in the Dictionary of Geography, art. Augusta Treverorum. Merivale, vi. 494; Steininger, *G. der T. unter der Herrschaft der Römer*, 81–83.

[‡] Tacitus, Ann. i. 4.

[§] Ptolemy, ii. 9, 11. Αὐγούστα Τρεβηρῶν. Pomponius Mela, iii. 20, who calls the city "opulentissima," perhaps in the time of Claudius.

[‖] For the case of London, see Ammianus, xxvii. 8; xxviii. 3; and cf. Steininger, 82.

Claudius.* Whatever was the date, the object of the foundation was the same. At some moment when such a course seemed expedient—perhaps after some revolt of the natives, perhaps after some inroad of the independent tribes beyond the Rhine—the obedience and the security of the land was made good by the foundation of a Roman colony. Such a colony was there, as elsewhere, at once a fortress to hold down the conquered people in subjection, and a school for the spreading of the tongue and arts of Rome among them. The question now arises, Was the city an absolutely new creation of the conquerors, or did it rise on the site of some earlier native settlement or stronghold?

This last, we need hardly say, was the usual origin of a Roman city. As a rule, every Gaulish tribe had its central town, bearing a name which, in official geography, was coupled with the name of the tribe itself. But in the case of Augusta Treverorum, no native name of the town survives. This may suggest a suspicion that the Roman colony was strictly a new creation on a spot which had not hitherto been occupied by any town or fortress.† Among the many cities which bore the name of Augusta coupled with the name of a tribe, in some cases the Imperial name has survived, while in others it has been dropped, and the name of the tribe alone has lived on. Thus, *Augusta Prætoria, Augusta Salassorum,* survives as *Aosta; Augusta Taurinorum* survives as *Turin.* In the case of Augusta Treverorum, the tribe name so completely got the better from the beginning that we doubt whether the name *Augusta* can be once found in history. Alike in the narrative of Tacitus, in the Itineraries, in the Notitia,‡ it is

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* See a paper by Professor Hübner in the *Monatsbericht der königlichen preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin,* February 1864, p. 94.

† See, on the other side, Steininger, p. 38.

‡ In the so-called Itinerary of Antoninus we find "Treviros," p. 240; "Trevirorum Civitas," 367; followed directly by "Lutetia Parisiorum." In 372, we have a "Treviris Agrippina"; and in 374, "Iter a Treviris Argentoratum." So in the 'Notitia,' at the head of "Provincia Belgica Prima," we find "Metropolis Civitas Trevirorum," "Civitas Trevirorum Metropolis."

Treviri, Colonia Trevirorum, Civitas Trevirorum. From this we pass to the favourite mediæval form, *Treviris*, and thence to the two modern names of the city, contracted in different ways, the *Trier* of its own people, and the *Trèves* of its French neighbours. To the former of these we seem to see a transition in the *Treoris* of the Ravenna Geographer. The way in which the tribe name has survived in the case of Trier is a contrast to the history of its most famous neighbour. "Oppidum Ubiorum" grew into "Colonia Agrippinæ," "Colonia Agrippinensium." And, though in the Itinerary and the Notitia we hear of "Agrippina" and "Civitas Agrippinensium," still the name both of the native tribe and of the Roman patroness has been forgotten for ages, and the city has been known only as *Colonia, Köln,* or *Cologne.* The Ubii, we are told, were well pleased to drop their native name, and to become *Agrippinenses.** Both their names have perished; but the name of the Treveri, as the name of so stout-hearted a people deserved, has lived on almost unchanged through both Roman and Frankish conquests, and through all later changes down to our own time.

If the Roman colony by the Mosel was really a foundation of a time so late as the reign of Galba, its existence was threatened in the earliest days of its childhood. Rome was now torn asunder by civil wars, and to subjects who are not yet fully reconciled to her dominion it seemed that the hour had come when they might break the yoke for ever. The tribes of the north heard with joy that Rome had twice been taken, that it had been once taken by Gaulish and German arms; they heard that the Capitol which had remained untouched when Brennus and his Senones encamped in her forum was burned to the ground among these new wars and tumults. The Gaulish Druids sang that the fatal day of Rome was come, and that the lordship of the earth was to pass to the people of the lands beyond the Alps.† During the whole time of confusion between the fall of Nero and the establishment of the power of Vespasian, the Treveri and their city play a leading part, and, as usual, a border part, a part flitting to and fro between the cause of Rome and the cause of Germany. But however the men of those lands might change from one Cæsar to another, however much they might hover between Roman, Gaul, and German, all were firm in the common cause of the West; all were ready to submit to any rule, rather than accept the rule of the conqueror from the East, who seemed in Western eyes to have been himself Orientalized by his sojourn, and even by his victories, in Oriental lands. Roman soldiers and colonists were ready to submit to barbarian bondage rather than give in their allegiance to the empire of Vespasian.* Men of our own immediate kin were the first to rise. Claudius Civilis, a new Sertorius or Hannibal,† called the men from the mouth of the Rhine, the valiant Batavians, to join in a cause in which every Gaul and every German would be their ally, and in which Rome herself would hardly dare to act as their enemy.‡ In this strife the Treveri played an important part. As men who had suffered under the exactions of Galba, they appear, first along with their old allies the Lingones, afterwards in further alliance with the colonists of Agrippina, as zealous in the cause of Vitellius.§ Later in that terrible year Rome felt for the first time a foretaste of what was to come in after days. The fortresses which she had planted to hold down the Germans were themselves besieged by German invaders,‖ and the waters of the Rhine seemed to dry up, as though to show that this stream refused to be any longer a boundary between the conquered and the unconquered portions of the German race.¶ In the first stage of the warfare of Civilis, we find the Treveri still cleaving to their Roman allegiance; and their horse, so famous against Gaulish and Roman enemies, was scattered in flight before the onslaught of the revolted Batavian.** Presently we hear of their ravaged lands,* of their refusal to listen to the exhortations of the rebel who called on them again to assert their ancient independence.† They raised a line of fortification, which has been traced by modern antiquaries from the colony by the Mosel to Andernach on the Rhine,‡ and for a while they kept up a vigorous resistance against the German invader. But presently we find Treveri and Lingones throwing off the yoke, declaring their independence of Rome, proclaiming the Empire of the Gauls,§ and forcing or persuading even Roman legions to take the oath of allegiance to the new-born power.‖ But, even in their revolt against Rome, we can see how deep was the impress which Rome had made on them. As the leader of the Batavians was a Claudius, so the Treveri and the Lingones are led by two Julii. Of these, the Langrian Sabinus, not satisfied with bearing the name of the Imperial *Gens*, devised a tale to pass himself off as coming of the actual blood of the Dictator. Presently he caused himself to be addressed as Cæsar,¶ perhaps hardly distinguishing between the renowned *cognomen* and the Imperial title. The third chief, Classicus, who boasted of his descent from Gaulish or German kings, who had ever deemed himself the enemy of the Roman people, nevertheless entered the camp of the renegade Roman legions with the insignia of a Roman Emperor.** We seem to be carried on over many centuries when we find men of barbarian birth thus openly assuming the Imperial titles. That is to say, the power of Rome was now only beginning. It was something which men admired, feared, imitated, but in which they did not yet feel themselves thoroughly absorbed. In later times the spell of Roman influence had fully done its work, and the conquerors and masters of the Empire were too much bowed down by the majesty of their own conquest to deck themselves with the titles which they might seem to have made their own. The title in truth carries us on further still to titles and to events of our own age. Between Classicus and the first Buonaparte no man again dreamed of an Empire of the Gauls.

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* Tacitus, Hist. iv. 28; cf. Strabo, iv. 3.

† Ibid. iv. 54.

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* Tacitus, Hist. iv. 5.

† Ibid. iv. 13.

‡ Ibid. iv. 14.

§ Ibid. i. 53, 57.

‖ Ibid. iv. 23.

¶ Ibid. iv. 26.

** Ibid. iv. 18.

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* Tacitus, Hist. iv. 28.

† Ibid. iv. 32.

‡ Ibid. iv. 37. On this "vallum" and "lorica," see Steininger, 187; Merivale, vi. 509.

§ Tacitus, Hist. iv. 55–59. "Juravere qui aderant pro imperio Galliarum."

‖ Ibid. iv. 57.

¶ Ibid. iv. 55, 67; Dion, iv. 3.

** Tacitus, Hist. iv. 55, 59.

In the general revolt along the German frontier which now took place, the Treveri clearly hold the first place among the tribes left of the Rhine. The Lingones, under their Julius Sabinus, soon vanish from the scene, though the name of their leader has won greater fame than that of any of his colleagues, through the touching tale of the devotion and fate of his wife Epponina.* But Classicus and the Treveran Julius, Tutor by his *cognomen*, fill a place in the story second only to that of Civilis himself. It would seem however that, after all, they were little more than tools in the hands of the Batavian. Civilis and his Batavians took care to bind themselves by no oath to the Empire of the Gauls. His design was seemingly to found a German dominion, of which the colony of Agrippina, colony no longer, should be the centre. He withstood indeed the clamours of his allies, when they demanded that the city which was hateful in their eyes above all other badges of Roman dominion should be given up to plunder, if not levelled with the ground. But he himself showed that in his eyes civilization was but another name for slavery. He congratulates the revolted colonists that they had won back their share in the common freedom of Germany, and that both sides of the Rhine were again free German ground. But, as a sign of their zeal for the good cause, he calls on them to pull down their walls, as the walls of a prison. It is the same feeling, though in quite another form, with which Frithigern, three hundred years later, declared that he was at peace with walls.† The colonists themselves were of another mind. They were ready enough to assert their freedom, but they held that the walls which the Roman had reared might now be turned to defend German freedom against him. The virgin prophetess of Germany spoke, and at the bidding of Veleda the walls of Agrippina were spared; her city lived on to remain emphatically the Colony to all time, and to preserve in her patricians and in her capitol the memory of the dominion of her founders. How the colony of the Treveri would have fared alongside of such a dominion as Civilis would have set up in the colony of Agrippina, we can hardly venture to guess. But as long as the war actually lasted, we find the tribes on both sides of the Rhine, the Batavian and the Treveran chiefs, acting with remarkable harmony, though we are told that their leading motives were different, that the Gaul fought for freedom and the German for plunder.* Trier too, rather than Köln, is the centre of the war. It is there that, while the fortunes of the revolt still looked bright, the captive legions of Rome were paraded in triumph; and it was there, when fortune turned, when the eagles of Rome again led to victory, that Cerealis, like Civilis, on the other side, had to withstand the clamours of his soldiers for the destruction of a city so obstinate in rebellion.†

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* See Tacitus, Hist. iv. 67; Dion, lxvi. 3; Plutarch, Amatorius, 25. See Merivale, v. 26. It is worth noting that Dion speaks of the war as carried on ἐν Γερμανίᾳ, while in Plutarch it is ἐν Γαλατίᾳ.

† See Tacitus, Hist. iv. 64–66; and cf. Ammianus, xxxi. 6. "Pacem volo esse cum parietibus."

It is at this stage of the story, while Cerealis was still on his march, that the border position of the Treviri, and its unavoidable effect on their policy and actions, stand out most strongly. A congress of the Gauls is held in the territory of the Remi, where the Treveri, as one of the states of Gaul, appear in the assembly. But while the voice of Rheims is for submission, the voice of Trier is still for war. Letters, written in the name of all the Gauls, bidding the obstinate tribe lay down its arms, are unheeded, and a new chief, Valentinus, springs up, as the hero alike of the debate in the assembly and of the short struggle which followed.* Gaul was lost through local jealousy; no state would admit the superiority of any other; they might swear allegiance to the Empire of the Gauls, but where was that empire to find its seat among so many tribes and cities of equal rank? From this time, during the remainder of the war, the Treveri throw in their lot with Germany, bringing with them, alone of all the tribes of Gaul, their ancient allies the Lingones. The Roman historian blames all the confederate tribes and chiefs, Civilis himself among them, for frittering away their energies when the might of Rome was at last being brought to bear upon them. Yet the actual struggle was a hard one, and it was only sword in hand that the legions could win back the Rhenish lands. Tutor marched forth with his own Treveri, strengthened, as he deemed himself, by a crowd of German allies, and by the Roman renegades who had taken the oath to the Gaulish Empire. The Germans forsook him, the Romans returned to their allegiance, but with his Treveri alone he faced Sextilius at Bingen, to meet defeat indeed, but surely not dishonour. The tribe was deemed to be crushed; yet once again Valentinus dared to entrench himself on the hills of Riol by the Mosel, and there to endure the assault of Cerealis himself. Before long Valentinus and the noblest of the tribe were captives. Cerealis entered the city and saved it; yet all was not over. One hard fight was yet in store, the narrative of which gives us our first clear picture of the colony by the Mosel. Already the bridge whose foundations still support a far later successor joined the colony on the right bank of the river to the suburbs on the other side. Beyond the bridge, on the left bank, was the Roman camp; there was the night assault of Civilis; there we hear of Classicus and Tutor, of the camp stormed, the horse scattered, of the bridge held by the victorious Germans, of the ups and downs of good and evil fortune on either side, of the victory of the Roman arms, won only, as the Roman historian himself believed, by the special interposition of the gods.* All was now over, as far as the lands of the Rhine and Mosel were concerned. Civilis might still hold out beyond the Rhine or in his Batavian island; but the land of the Treveri was again a corner of a Roman province, their city was again a Roman colony. All that was left was for Tutor and Classicus, with a hundred and thirteen of the senate of their tribe, to forsake the enslaved land of their birth, and to seek shelter in the free land beyond the German river.† The Empire of the Gauls was shattered before it had found itself a seat; of the Empire of the German the schemes of Civilis gave only a dim foreshadowing. Before schemes like his became a living thing, there was to be an intermediate time in which the city of Tutor and Classicus and Valentinus was to be the seat of the Empire of the Roman.

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* Tacitus, Hist. iv. 78. "Gallos pro libertate, Batavos pro gloria, Germanos ad prædam instigantes."

† Ibid. iv. 62, 72.

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* Tacitus, Hist. iv. 68–78; cf. Ann. xii. 27; Strabo, iv. 3.

This insurrection marks one stage of the process by which the provinces of Rome were fused into the one great body of her Empire. When all the states on both sides of the Rhine could join together against Rome, it is plain that the old national feelings were still strong in the minds of the provincials, and that they looked on the barbarians beyond the bounds of the Empire as having an interest in common with themselves against the Roman dominion. The struggle was, in its object, a national one; yet it was not wholly by national arms that it was waged. The leaders, whether of Gaulish or German blood, were all of them men who had submitted to the dominion and civilization of Rome, men who had learned her military discipline and who had held commands in her army. In their own eyes, and in the eyes of their followers, they were the heroes of a national revolt; in Roman eyes they might fairly be looked on, not only as rebels, but as mutineers. At this stage then there still were Roman subjects, Roman officers, who had not forgotten the old times of independence, and who were ready to join with the unsubdued nations beyond the frontier in order to bring those times back again. When Trier and the neighbouring lands next appear in history, all this is changed. There is no sign of any surviving national feeling, Gaulish, German, or any other, within the western provinces of the Roman mainland. That work of incorporation which forms the history of Rome was now done. All the free inhabitants of the Roman Empire were now Romans. A man might still call himself a Gaul as a matter of local distinction from a native of any other province. But his national life—so far as there could be said to be any national life under a system whose essence was the wiping out of all national life—was Roman. Roman was the one name by which he distinguished himself from the barbarians of whatever race beyond the frontier. He might be for the moment the subject of a master who did not reign on the Seven Hills. But, if so, that was only because a pretender to the Empire who had been proclaimed by the armies of Gaul or Britain had as yet failed to be acknowledged on the other side of the Alps. The provincial Emperor whose seat was at York or at Trier was as truly Roman as if his seat had been at Rome itself. No doubt a change so great as the change to this state of things from that of which we have last heard did not happen at once. For nearly two hundred years local tradition is silent, and from the meagre records which serve for the history of the time we get only a few casual notices. But among those there is one which seems to show the immediate result of the great revolt, for Trier is spoken of as a city which had once been free.* But distinctions of this kind were wiped out by the edict of Antoninus Caracalla, and at a later time, on the elevation of Tacitus to the throne, the Roman senate announced the event to the local council of Trier, among the other great cities of the Empire, in words in which Rome is made to congratulate Trier on the freedom common to both.†

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* See Merivale, vi. 520; and cf. Dion, lxvi. 3.

† Tacitus, *Hist.* v. 10.

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* Pliny (Nat. Hist. 14, 17): "Treveri liberi antea, et Lingones fœderati." The Treveri here come among the general mass of the states of Belgic Gaul. The Germans west of the Rhine are presently mentioned separately.

† Vopiscus, Florianus, 5. "Senatus amplissimus curiæ Trevirorum, ut estis liberi et semper fuistis, lætari vos credimus."

These two casual and opposite notices serve well to mark the change that must have taken place between the days when the hundred and thirteen senators preferred barbarism and freedom to civilization and slavery, and the days when Trier once more comes forth into light as one of the great seats of Roman dominion. All that we can say is that the city must have shared the fortunes of the land of which it formed a part. In the days when the Empire seemed to be falling in pieces under the so-called Thirty Tyrants, we find one curious notice which might seem to point to some lingering traces of national feeling among the Gaulish people.* We presently hear, as a dim foreshadowing of much that was to come, of the first appearance of the Frankish race and name within the limits of the Roman province. We hear of the Frankish allies of Postumius,† and presently we hear of all Gaul being ravaged by Franks and other Germans, and of sixty of its noblest cities being recovered from the invaders by the valour of Probus.‡ Of these sixty cities we may be as certain that Trier was one as if it had been so recorded. But in the meagreness of the Augustan History we light only on an incidental mention of the city as a place where Victoria, the Mother of the Camp, caused coins to be struck in her name.§ In all these scanty notices we see that a new state of things has begun. The Gaulish tribes, and doubtless the Germans west of the Rhine among them, are now Romans. Within the frontier there are endless revolts against particular Emperors, but there are none against the Empire. But the Empire has now to be defended against ceaseless German invasions, led no longer by mutinous Roman officers, but by barbarians who are learning their own strength. Sometimes the invaders are driven back beyond their frontier; sometimes parts of the still independent territory are occupied and held down by Roman fortresses; sometimes attempts are made to turn an enemy into a friend and a subject. He is received within the Roman borders; he is admitted to serve in the Roman army; he is rewarded with grants of land within the Roman province. In the one case we hear of victories and triumphs; we hear of the Empire being again extended to its old borders, or even of lands being won beyond them. In the other case we hear of the wise policy of Emperors who knew how to turn the strength of the barbarians against themselves. But the days of real conquest are now past; all that Rome can now do is to defend what she had won in her elder days. Rome, thus driven to defend herself at all her exposed points, needed outposts on her various frontiers. And her outposts grew into capitals. The Palatine was no longer a fitting home for the master of the legions, when the German was battering at one gate and the Persian at the other. The Emperors were needed at points better suited to command the threatened frontiers. So it was on the most exposed frontier of all. When Gaul had to be guarded against the Frank, the Rhenish frontier became so important that its defence could not be entrusted to a chief of anything short of imperial rank. And the habitual dwelling-place of Emperors became an imperial city. The colony of the Treveri, the point chosen for the defence of Gaul against the threatening German, became the capital of the West, the centre of dominion for Gaul, Spain, and Britain, the Second Rome, as it was now called, beyond the Alps.

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* Trebellius, Gallieni Duo, 4. "Gallos, quibus insitum est esse leves ac degenerantes a civitate Romana ac luxuriosis principes ferre non posse."

† Trebellius tells us directly after that Postumius "Gallias ab omnibus circumstantibus barbaris validissime vindicavit." But we read afterwards, "Quum multis auxiliis Postumius juvaretur Celticis ac Francicis." Who are the "auxilia Celtica"?

‡ Vopiscus, Probus, 13. The whole account is worth studying in full.

§ Trebellius, Triginta Tyranni, 31. See Steininger, 211.

We have now reached the time when Trier was for a short space, if not, as Ravenna was a little time afterwards, the head of the Western world, yet at least the head of all the lands beyond the Alps. It was the head of a dominion within which Massalia and Gades and Eboracum all looked up to the city on the Mosel. But our picture of the history of Trier in the days of its greatness has to be put together from many motley and inferior sources. It is only for a small part of the times with which we are specially concerned that we have, in Ammianus, the help of a contemporary historian who, if his mere manner of telling his tale had been at all equal to the sterling worth of the tale itself, might have claimed a place in the first rank of historians. But that part of his history which is preserved to us contains less which directly bears on the history of Trier than we should have found in a record either of a few years earlier or of a few years later. The hero of Ammianus is the one Cæsar who preferred Paris to Trier. Our history has to be patched up from all manner of sources, and we are bound to say that our task in tracing them out is made much easier by the help of local writers of various dates, both in Latin and in German. The folios which were put together by the old-fashioned learning and diligence of the Jesuits Brower and Masen, and the more famous Bishop Hontheim,* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, give us the materials in their rude state. We must bring a style of criticism which they never heard of to bear upon their work, but the scholar of this age should always be ready to yield all thankfulness to the unwearied, if not always enlightened, labours of the scholars of an earlier time. Useful help may also be got from the more modern local works of Steininger and Marx, which we have placed at the head of this article. The work of Marx is rather an ecclesiastical history of Trier, from the earliest times to the latest, than a work specially devoted to the matter which we have in hand. Steininger, who deals only with the Roman and Frankish periods of the local history, is more immediately to our purpose. But, though neither of them quite reaches the standard of what a local history of such a city as Trier ought to be, we should be ungrateful if we did not acknowledge that we have learned much from the guidance of these modern writers as well as from that of their older predecessors. But, to go back to our ancient authorities, the history of Trier as an imperial city is abundantly illustrated by a special class of writers who were the natural growth of the time and the place. The work of Diocletian is done; Trier is in some sort his work, no less than Spalato. The Roman Empire is now not only a fact, but an acknowledged fact. The General, the Pontiff, the Tribune, of the Commonwealth, has long been in truth its master. He now avows himself as its master. He wears the diadem; he is worshipped as a king; all that pertains to him is kingly; if he does not himself bear the kingly title, it is now perhaps partly through a dim feeling that Cæsar and Augustus have become titles more than kingly. The Consul, the Tribune, the Pontiff, could be at home nowhere but in the local Rome; the Lord of the World, the Lord of All, was at home in every corner of his lordship. And the Lords of the World now found men whose business it was to proclaim their lordship, to extol their greatness and their virtues in their own ears and in the ears of their subjects. We have now reached the age of the panegyrists; and Trier is, above all things, the city of the panegyrists. It is from them unluckily that we have mainly to draw our picture of Trier in the days of her greatness.

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* John Nicolas von Hontheim, the local historian of Trier, Bishop of Myriophyta and Suffragan to the Archbishop-Elector of Trier. He is famous in German ecclesiastical history, under the assumed name of Febronius, as the champion of a cause which was the exact opposite of the cause in which the present diocesan Bishop of Trier has lately been suffering.

A panegyric oration in the days of Maximus or Constantine was indeed something different from what it had been when, under that name, Isokratês called on the divided cities of Hellas to join together in peace at home and in war with the barbarian. It was something different even from what it had been when the younger Pliny, in days when decency and self-respect had not wholly passed away, extolled the merits of Trajan before the Conscript Fathers. But now, in Mamertinus, Eumenius, and their fellows, we have a literature of a new kind, and one which circumstances caused specially to flourish on the banks of the

Mosel. Gaul was held to be, beyond all other provinces, the native land of oratory, and now that Trier had become the dwelling-place of Cæsars, she enjoyed opportunities above all the other cities of Gaul for displays of that kind of oratory which was then most in fashion. To Trier it was that the panegyrists came to welcome princes who had checked the inroads of German invaders, or who had won back Britain, the land fertile in tyrants, to its allegiance to the masters of the mainland. It is unhappily from such sources as these, sources defiled by the lowest forms of cringing flattery, that we get our first notices of imperial Trier, and, above all, our first notices of the buildings which still remain as witnesses what that greatness was. It is in the orations addressed to Constantine that we get the first distinct mention of any of the buildings of Trier, save the still abiding foundations of the bridge on which Civilis and Cerealis met in battle. The earliest panegyric spoken at Trier is addressed to Maximian, after he had put down the disturbances in Gaul, the famous insurrection of the Bagaudæ, and had again for a moment re-established the Roman dominion as far as the Rhine and beyond it. The oration, by a sort of irony, is one which celebrates the birthday of the old city in one of the new seats of dominion which were supplanting her. By a bold figure Diocletian and Maximian, Jovius and Herculius, reigning as they were beyond the Alps and beyond the Ægæan, were described as dwelling together on the Palatine Hill, in a truer brotherhood than that of Romulus and Remus.* Yet Rome had none the less to keep her own birthday in the absence of her princes. It was not at Rome, but at Trier, that the altars smoked to the divinity of the Cæsar who came back in triumph. It was the Mosel, not the Tiber, whose drought Jupiter miraculously relieved in order to bring the imperial vessels to the imperial city. The elder seat of Empire is called on, lady of the nations as she was, not to envy the city where the needs of the state call for the presence of her Emperor. The same strain is used in other orations, both to Maximian and to Constantius. Britain, that other world, is again conquered; the German is either driven back to his native wilds, or else he is planted as a peaceful cultivator within the Roman border. It is a matter of joy that the Frank tills the Treveran soil.* The orator, it would seem, had forgotten that such a cultivator would not have been sought for, if he had not before wasted the lands which he now tilled, and driven out the native tiller whom he supplanted. Yet, from another point of view, the ground for rejoicing was real. The settlement of the barbarian on Roman soil, to live under Roman law, was a truer triumph than to have set up any number of walls and dykes on barbarian soil. It was one form of that undying moral influence of Rome by which she was now beginning to lead captive her conquerors.

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* Mamertinus, Pan. ii. 13.

But it is under Constantine that we get our first distinct mention of the buildings of the city. Under Maximian Rome is prayed not to envy Trier; but the ground of envy which is suggested is simply the presence of the Emperor at Trier and his absence from Rome. There is nothing to imply that Maximian built anything, though we may safely take for granted that his reign was marked by defensive works, greater or smaller. But under Constantine we get an elaborate picture of the buildings which were going on in the city, and we now hear of the birthday of Trier in the same kind of way in which, under the elder generation, we had heard of the birthday of Rome.† Our chief authority on this matter is the panegyrist Eumenius. He was a native of Augustodunum or Autun, the capital of the Ædui, the ancient brothers of the Romans; and his own city had been restored and adorned by the bounty of Constantine's father

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* Eumenius, Pan. v. 21. "Tuo, Maximiane Auguste, nutu Nerviorum et Treverorum arva jacentia *lætus*, postiminio restitutus et receptus in leges, Francus excoluit." *Lætus* in this passage must be taken as meaning the class of cultivators known as *liti*, *lazzen*, and various other forms of the name. Cf. Steininger, 225.

† Eumen. Pan. vii. 22.

Constantius. An endless field was thus opened for rhetoric about the two sister cities, the two ornaments of Gaul, the two creations of the Flavian house, the one the work of the father, the other the work of the son. The Æduan is even content that, as Bibracte had changed into Augustodunum, so Augustodunum should change into Flavia.* Trier is the city which is most commonly honoured with the imperial presence; but the Emperor is prayed to visit the Æduan capital also, to continue the work of his father, and to do for Autun as much as he has done for Trier. This gives the orator an opportunity of telling what the prince already had done for Trier, a description which still might almost serve as a guide to the existing remains of the Flavian age. The city might almost rejoice that she had once fallen into ruin—a phrase which shows how much the colony must have suffered in the German incursions which were avenged by Probus—now that she was rising on so much vaster a scale and in so much statelier a guise, under the present divinity of her bountiful Emperor.† Wherever that divinity shows itself, cities and temples arise around the footsteps of Constantine, as the fresh flowers burst forth from the earth in the Homeric tale around the couch of Zeus and Hêrê. In a later discourse we see that the prayer had been partly granted. If the Æduan Flavia were called on to return thanks to her new founder, there was no place beyond her own walls which she would so gladly choose for the scene of her thankfulness as the city into whose likeness Constantine was beginning to transform herself.‡ At Trier he saw such things as he would fain see at Autun. There was the circus, which Rome herself might envy; there were the royal works, the forum, the basilica, the seat of justice raised to so vast a height that it seemed to place the sovereign who sat there on a level with the stars of heaven.* That basilica still stands, but it differs widely from both earlier and later structures which bore that name. In our strictly architectural series it has no place. In the basilica of Trier we see neither the long ranges of columns bearing the entablature, as in the older heathen basilicas, nor yet the long arcades of Spalato and Ravenna. Still, in its truly Roman vastness and simplicity, the single body of the Treveran basilica has a majesty of its own. The enormous height of its massive walls, the vast semicircle of its apse—the apse which held the judgement-seat of Constantine—are all worthy of a power which deemed itself eternal, and which, on this spot at least, has shown itself eternal in its works, if not in its dominion. Strange has been its fate: imbedded in the vast pile of the ecclesiastical palace, the home of Archbishops who were also Electors of the Empire and Arch-chancellors of Gaul, it has seen the modern palace sink into a barrack; it has seen the choicest ornaments of the building borne away for the adornment of other spots; but itself stands, lifting its mighty mass on high, a basilica which, after so many ages, has shared the fate of so many of its fellows in early times, which, not the fourth century but the nineteenth, has first consecrated to the uses of a Christian church.

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* Eumen. Pan. viii. 2. There is no evidence beyond this talk of the panegyrist that Autun ever was called Flavia. † Ibid. vii. 22.

‡ Ibid. viii. i. "In ea potissimum civitate gratias ageret, cujus eam similem facere cœpisti."

The imperial palace, the baths, the vast labyrinth of brickwork which fills up the south-eastern angle of the city, whence the fallen home of the Emperors looks forth on the hardly less fallen home of the Electors, find no special place in the list of Eumenius. The circus which Rome was to envy has vanished; but there was one building without the walls, a building which had stood, there is reason to think, ever since the days of Trajan,† which Constantine knew how to make use of in all its fulness. Beyond the walls, according to the more common use of Roman cities, stood the amphitheatre, the scene of the special pleasures of all who boasted of the Roman name,—the scene of those bloody strifes of man and beast at which Cicero marvelled and shuddered, and which Theodoric, while marvelling and shuddering, dared not to forbid. It was at Trier, in the days of Constantine, that the shows of the amphitheatre reached their highest point of what, in those days, was looked on as splendour. Sport, the sport which finds its pleasure in the infliction of suffering, surely held its highest holiday when the game was man, and when the victories of Constantine over the Frankish enemy supplied him with that game by thousands. The historian of the time boasts of the magnificent spectacle;* the panegyrists seem to rouse themselves in admiration. Words seem to fail them to set forth the glory of the prince who had revived the good old practice of putting captive enemies to death †—who added the further glory of putting them to forms of death to which Cæsar had not doomed Vercingetorix,‡—the prince who renewed the shows which so happily combined the pangs of the vanquished with the pleasure of the triumphant spectators,§—the prince whom none could call cruel ||—while he, and his grateful people around him, enjoyed the sight of captive kings and their followers torn limb from limb by

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* Eumen. Pan. vii. 22.

† See Steininger, 285.

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* Eutropius, x. 3. Gest. Trev. 18.

† Eumen. Pan. vii. 10. "Renovasti, Imperator, veterem illam Romani imperii fiduciam quæ de captis hostium ducibus vindictam morte sumebat." The orator enlarges at some length on the advantages of the practice.

‡ Ibid. "Reges ipsos Franciæ, qui per absentiam patris tui pacem violaverant, non dubitasti ultimis punire cruciatibus, nihil veritus gentis illius odia perpetua et inexpiabiles iras."

§ Incerti Pan. ix. 23. "Quid hoc triumpho pulcrius quæ cædibus hostium utitur etiam ad nostram omnium voluptatem et pompam munerum de reliquiis barbaricæ cladis exaggerat? Tantam captivorum multitudinem bestiis objecit ut ingrati et perfidi non minus doloris ex ludibrio sui quam ex ipsa morte patiantur." So in the panegyric of Nazarius (x. 16), where this show is compared to the young Herakles strangling the dragons: "Sic tu, Imperator, in ipsis imperii tui cunabulis, quasi geminos dracones necares, per sævissimorum regum famosa supplicia ludebas."

|| Eumen. vii. 14. "Gratulare, Constantine, naturæ ac moribus tuis quod te talem Constantius Pius genuerit, talem siderum decreta formarint, ut crudelis esse non possis."

the hungry beasts, till the crowd of victims was too great even for rage and hunger, and the wild beasts themselves ceased from sheer weariness of destroying.* Such were the shows with which the prince who was soon to be deemed equal to the Apostles rejoiced the hearts of his admiring subjects among the new-born splendours of his Gaulish capital.†

The way in which the panegyrists speak of these hideous cruelties is very remarkable. It is plain that they were something which was in some way unusual, something which surpassed the ordinary measure even of Roman brutality. They dwell on them so often, with such extravagant phrases of admiration, and withal with phrases which so distinctly imply that the thing was new, that it was in some way open to question, as to suggest either that the conscience of Constantine was uneasy about the matter, or that some murmurings against his cruelty had made themselves heard. The language which they use savours of that over-acted confidence, bordering on bravado, which men are apt to make use of when they are trying to persuade either themselves or others that they have no doubt about some course of action about which they really doubt a good deal.

But there is one building of Roman date in the city so great and so striking in every way that, if it really be the work of Constantine, it is amazing indeed that his flatterers have passed it by unnoticed. This is the great northern gate of the city, the *Porta Martis* or *Porta Nigra*, the undisputed crown of buildings of its own class. Of the mythical origin of this building we have already spoken, and we can hardly wonder that legends of any kind have gathered around a work so vast and so unlike the other Roman buildings of the city. For the architecture of the gate is wholly unlike the architecture of the basilica. The whole building, of which the actual double gate is only a part, the two ranges of windows and half-columns over the great arches, the flanking towers rising above the main body, are built, in the way which made so deep an impression on the minds of the legend-makers, of vast stones without mortar, but which were once held together by clamps of iron. Here it is that Trier makes her real contribution to the history of architecture; but it is made on a line which runs apart, though in a parallel course, from the line which connects Spalato and Ravenna. Or, if it connects itself with aught at Spalato and Ravenna, it is not with the peristyle and the basilicas, but with the Golden Gate of Spalato and with the palace of Ravenna. The feeling of the Black Gate of Trier is in truth rather Romanesque than Roman. The multiplying rather than the magnifying, principle is largely at work. The building, in short, forms a stage in the series which connects the true Roman architecture of the amphitheatre and the aqueduct with that of our own Norman minsters and castles. But what is really its date? Our first impression undoubtedly is that it belongs to the latest age of the greatness of the city, that it is a work of the days of Valentinian and Gratian. The notion that it belongs to the earlier days of the Empire, to the days of the first foundation of the colony, hardly suggests itself. The notion that it belongs to the age of Constantine cannot fail to suggest itself, but it is likely to be at once cast aside on the ground of its utter unlikeness in architectural style to the known buildings of Constantine in the city. And, if it be not the work of Constantine, it seems far more natural to attribute it to the latest date of all. We are led to think that this wonderful and stately work, the glory of the city, belongs to one of the latest stages of Roman domination. We set it down as taking its place among the expiring efforts of Roman skill and Roman power, alongside of the mighty wall which was raised to shelter the Roman province of Britain from the northern invader. Yet the arguments which have been brought in favour of two earlier dates, one of them a very early date, are strong, if not convincing. Professor Hübner, in the essay to which we have already referred, argues that the gate is of the time of Claudius, the time to which he assigns the foundation of the colony, on the strength of certain masons' marks and other imperfect inscriptions on the stones, which, in their character and in the form of the letters, are very like writings of the same kind belonging to the early imperial period at Rome, Pompeii, and elsewhere. He enlarges also on the likeness of the masonry to that of the undoubtedly Claudian gate at Rome, known as *Porta Maggiore*. The former argument is ingenious and weighty, and, if there were nothing to set against it, it would go a long way towards proving its point. It may at least prove that stones of an earlier time were, as so often was done, used up again. Evidence of another kind goes in favour of attributing the gateway to the time of Constantine, and to no earlier or later date. There is a coin with the well-known head and legend of Constantine, which looks as if it were meant to commemorate, if not the first building, yet at least some most extensive repair of the Black Gate.* These arguments must be weighed against one another, and against one's natural impression in favour of the latest date of all, a date which the latest historian of the city seems to take for granted.†

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* Eumen. vii. 12. "Puberes qui in manus venerunt, quorum nec perfidia erat apta militiæ, nec ferocia servituti, ad pœnas spectaculo dati, sævientes bestias multitudine sua fatigarunt." He adds the moral, "Hoc est, Imperator, fretum esse virtute suâ atque fortuna; hoc est non pacem emere parcendo sed victoriam quærere provocando." Cf. the Anonymous Panegyrist, ix. 23. "Inde est quod quum exitum differre liceat perire festinant, seseque lætalibus vulneribus et mortibus offerunt. Ex quo ipso apparet quam magnum sit vicisse tam prodigos sui."

† See more on this matter in Brower, i. 83, and the curious sculpture which is there engraved.

Of the later history of this wonderful gateway we shall speak presently. But its state as it now stands, with a third or more of the original height of its great arches filled up by the rising of the ground, reminds us that at Trier, as at Rome itself, as almost everywhere where a modern city stands on a Roman site, the level of the ancient city is to be looked for far below the modern level of the soil. A few of the great buildings of the ancient colony stand up above the ground; but the real store of antiquities lies several feet below the streets of the modern city. Here and there a mosaic pavement, an arch, a vault, of Roman work is brought to light below the foundations of mediæval or modern houses. The researches of the Canon Wilmowsky* have brought to light three distinct levels of Roman work, which he attributes severally to the early days of the colony, to the time of Constantine, and to the time of Valentinian and Gratian. It is now that the Christian history of Trier begins. Legend has provided for Trier, as well as for Ravenna, a long string of bishops, starting from immediate disciples of Saint Peter, of whom all that we can say is that their existence can be neither affirmed nor denied. It is certainly hasty to assume that, because Mamertinus describes the heathen devotions with which Trier welcomed Maximian, therefore Christianity was altogether unknown in the city at that time.† In a city of the importance of Trier, Christianity was likely to be known at an earlier time than this. We can of course put no trust in the details of conversions and persecutions, of the building of churches, and of the martyrdom of the Theban legion, with which the local history is filled. But from the time of Constantine we get a trustworthy catalogue of bishops, of many of whom authentic records have been preserved. Agritius, Bishop from 313 to 332, was present at the Council of Arles; and his successors Maximinus and Paulinus became local saints, in whose honour churches and monasteries arose in the city and in its suburbs. But the great centre of Treveran legend is the sainted Empress Helen. The body of her husband Constantius—husband no longer in authentic history—was, according to local legend, brought from York to Trier, to be buried in the native city of his wife. In that city, we are told, in words which sound as if we had gone back to the days of Classicus and Tutor, his son reigned by the title of Emperor of the Gauls.* That Constantine built churches at Trier cannot be distinctly affirmed, and it can hardly be inferred from the general statement of Eusebius that he built churches in various provinces of the Empire.† In fact, his avowed Christianity dates only from the end of his Gaulish reign, though it is worth noticing that the panegyrists, in addressing him, constantly use language which, though in no way Christian, is distinctly monotheistic. If they mention the pagan gods, they bring them in only as rhetorical ornaments, in quite a different style from the genuine pagan faith which is expressed in the speeches addressed to Maximian.‡ The first authentic mention of churches at Trier comes from an incidental allusion of Athanasius, who says that, when he was in the city in the reign of the younger Constantine, churches were at that moment building there, but were not yet finished.§ According to the learned canon whom we must now take as our chief guide, the earliest churches of Trier were those which lie without the walls, those of Saint Eucharius, Saint Maximin, and Saint Paulinus.‖ This would be an exact parallel to the state of things at Rome, where the earliest churches were all built either beyond the walls or just within them, not one in the centre of the city. The metropolitan church was not yet. According to local belief, the first church in Trier was raised by the Bishop Agritius and the Empress on the site of her own house. As British vanity claimed the mother of Constantine and her son as worthies of our own island, so Treveran vanity claimed them as sprung from one of the noblest houses of the Treveran city. All this Wilmowsky pitilessly casts aside; and he thereby implicitly casts aside the more famous legend that the holy Empress enriched her foundation with that holy coat of Trier of which so much has been heard in later times. The real history of the great church of Trier, a building altogether without a rival north of the Alps, does not begin till the next great period in the history of the city.

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* The legend is P. TR. E. The representation of the gate is conventional; but it is as much like it as such representations commonly are. On the gate itself is a statue of Constantine holding a sceptre; below is a river and a bridge, features highly characteristic, though of course not distinctive, of Trier. For the knowledge of this coin we have to thank Mr. S. S. Lewis, who however warns us that other coins not unlike this have been found representing other places.

† Wilmowsky, p. 10.

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* Pp. 2, 3.

† This point is argued on two opposite sides by Steininger, 251, and Marx, i. 33.

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* Gest. Trev. 18. "Constantinum filium imperatorem Galliarum reliquit."

† Vit. Const. iii. 50.

‡ The monotheistic way of speaking seems to grow on the panegyrists of Constantine, as we may see if we compare such passages as the following:—Incerti Pan. ix. 2, 13. Naz. Pan. x. 7. Even the earlier passages are not so seriously pagan as the orations addressed to Maximian, especially Mamertinus, ii. 12.

§ In his apology to Constantius, xi. 15.

‖ Wilmowsky, p. 11. But as Maximin and Paulinus were actual bishops at this time, the dedication of the churches to them as saints must have come later.

During the whole of the fourth century the city kept its position as the capital of that division of the Empire which took in Gaul, Britain, and Spain. As such, it held an important place in the Imperial legislation. Crowds of laws and edicts of the sons of Constantine, and afterwards of Valentinian and Gratian, are dated from Trier.[*] In the division of the Empire among the sons of Constantine, Trier became the seat of the dominion of the younger Constantine, who there received Athanasius, and thence sent forth letters in his favour.[†] During the civil wars of this time we get one glimpse of something like a spirit of independence, which seems wonderful in a city which had become so used to the presence of princes. An allusion of Ammianus[‡] to something of which he had spoken more fully in one of his lost books tells us how the Treveri shut their gates against the Cæsar Decentius, the son of Magnentius, and chose Pœmenius, afterwards one of the victims of Constantius, as

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[*] See Steininger, 249, 274.

[†] Apologia contra Arianos, 87. According to the local legend (Gest. Trev. 19), Athanasius wrote the *Quicunque vult* while lurking in a cistern at Trier.

[‡] xv. 6.

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the Defender of the Commons. Somewhat later the *Defensor* was a legal officer; but the words of the historian certainly sound like a popular movement of which we should be well pleased to know more. Under Julian, Trier had for a moment to yield to Paris, and that in an age when Paris could be, oddly enough, spoken of as a little city of Germany.* Yet Julian, in his German war, had sometimes at least to make the city on the Mosel his head-quarters, and both the Greek and the Latin historians of his exploits couple the city with epithets of special respect.† Under Valentinian and Gratian the city kept its place, and was adorned with fresh buildings. One of these, the triumphal arch of Gratian, was raised, it would seem, to commemorate the joint triumphs of father and son over the ever-threatening German enemy. In after times, like so many of the buildings of Rome, it was changed into something of a palace or a fortress, and it was still standing in the seventeenth century.‡ And now it was, according to the latest lights on Treveran history, that the wonderful pile of the metropolitan church began. It was not however as a church that it began. The result of the researches of Canon Wilmowsky is that it was built under Valentinian and Gratian, as a secular building, a court of justice, a basilica in short of unusual shape. It formed the centre point of a new forum of their own making, answering to the later fora of the Emperors at Rome. A square building, borne up on four vast Corinthian columns, which however did not support a cupola, was the beginning of the varied pile which we now see. Enlarged and changed as it has been in every way, the primitive building is there still. The greater part of the Roman walls still stand, and of the three vast arches which formed its entrance, the springings are yet to be seen. At a somewhat later stage, in the days of Theodosius or Honorius, the building was first turned to ecclesiastical uses.

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* Zôsimos, iii. 9. Ἰουλιανοῦ δὲ ἐν τῷ Παρισίῳ (Γερμανίας δὲ αὕτη πολίχνη) διατρίβοντος.

† Ammianus, xv. 11; xvi. 4. "Per Treveros hiematurus."

‡ The arch of Gratian, which became the house of the Domini de Ponte, is described and engraved by Brower, i. 43. This arch most likely commemorated the victories to which Ausonius seems to refer in his poem on the Mosel, 421. See Steininger, 278.

The days of Valentinian and Gratian are the days on which local writers dwell with most affection as the greatest days of Trier; but the time when the city stands forth most prominently in the history of the world is hardly so much the reign of Gratian as the reign of Gratian's murderer. The city by the Mosel stands forth in a special way as the capital of the Emperor or tyrant Maximus, the famous hero of British romance, who, like Constantine, came forth from Britain to fix his throne at Trier.* In the days of Maximus Trier was still visited by saints from other parts of the Empire. Compared with Athanasius, Ambrose of Milan was a neighbour, and he twice came on embassies to Maximus from his own sovereign, the younger Valentinian.† But the scene which stands out, or which ought to stand out, foremost above all the scenes in the history of the city, brings Maximus into the presence of a saint who, so far as his dominion was lawful, counted as his own subject, the holy Martin of Tours. It was perhaps at Trier, as the seat of the dominion of Valentinian, that contending forms of Christianity were first compelled for a moment to live side by side in peace, and to leave each other in the full possession of equal rights. Yet Trier has the sad distinction of being the place where Christian blood was first shed at a Christian bidding, as a punishment of alleged error in religion. The Bishop Priscillian and others who shared his opinions, condemned by a synod at Bourdeaux, appealed from the ecclesiastical sentence to the civil power. The civil power of the Gauls was then represented by Maximus. The Bishop

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* Greg. Turon. Hist. Franc. 1–38; Gest. Trev. 20. He twice appears in Gregory's writings as "Treviricus Imperator." Miraculorum Liber, ii. 4, and Vitæ Patrum, ii. 1.

† He himself tells the story, with a very curious account of his reception in the palace of Trier, in a letter to Valentinian; vii. 5, 6, of his letters. Vol. v. p. 319, of the Paris edition of 1614.

Ithacius pressed for the blood of the heretics; but Martin, in whom the most rigid orthodoxy had not stifled the natural feelings of humanity and right, was now at the court of Trier. He had stood forth, like one of the old prophets, as a denouncer of wrong: he had refused to eat and drink with the Emperor who had made his way to his throne by rebellion and murder,* and he had checked the almost idolatrous homage with which the pious wife of the Emperor—according to some accounts another British Helen—overwhelmed the modesty of the humble saint.† He pleaded for the accused, alike with their accuser and with their judge. Excommunication, not death, so Martin argued, was the fitting punishment of heresy. Nor was it for the princes of the world to give sentence in matters of faith. Bishop and Emperor alike stood abashed before the saint. While he tarried in Trier, the sword of the headsman was stayed; and, before he left the city, Maximus promised that no blood should be shed. It was not till Martin was far away that the pleading of the enemies of Priscillian prevailed. Ithacius did not scruple to brand Martin, on account of his tenderness for heretics, as a heretic himself; but from the last act of the tragedy he cunningly withdrew himself, and left it to several other bishops, and to Euodius, Prefect and afterwards Consul, to work on the mind of the Emperor to consent to the deed of blood. At their urging, Maximus broke his faith to Martin, and stained his hands with a slaughter yet more inexcusable than that of the sovereign whom he had overthrown. And mark the comment of the ecclesiastical historian on this first case of bloodshed in the supposed cause of the faith. The errors of

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* The story is told by Sulpicius Severus, in his Life of Martin, where Maximus is spoken of as *Rex* as well as *Imperator*. The defence of Maximus however should be read; and the whole question of his guilt is discussed by Dr. Platt, in the article "Maximus," in the Dictionary of Biography.

† This story is also told by Sulpicius Severus, in his Dialogues, iii. 7. The British origin of the wife of Maximus, though accepted by Gibbon, seems mythical: it is probably a repetition of the earlier Helen.

Priscillian were more widely spread after his execution, and his followers, who in life had deemed him a saint, now in death looked on him as a martyr.* Thousands of buildings throughout Christendom show the painted or sculptured form of Martin cutting his cloak in twain at the gate of Amiens: his likeness in a yet nobler act, pleading for the life of Priscillian before the throne of Maximus, would be the most fitting of all ornaments for the apse of the basilica of Trier.

Maximus, the last conspicuous figure of Roman Trier, fell before the arms of Theodosius at Aquileia. Martin, bishop and saint, had, so it was held, foretold his overthrow;† Ausonius, poet and consul, rejoiced over his fate, as became one who had received his consulship at the hands of Gratian.‡ It is from Ausonius, alike in verse and in prose, that we get our last panegyrics on the Treveran colony, the imperial city of the Gauls. It ranks with Rome, Old and New, with Carthage, Alexandria, and Antioch,—a few years later Ravenna could not have been left out of such a list—and what distinguishes it from all is the benefits which it has received at the hands of its princes.§ The city to which the gentle stream of the Mosel brought the commerce of the earth,‖ the stream by whose banks nymphs might still sport over the vine-clad hills,¶ was in his day still safe in peace; it was still the seat and strength of the Empire,** and the Rhine, again a Roman river, was still a boundary which the threatening German feared to pass.†† Yet it must have been but a short interval of quiet which the land had enjoyed. The German was again seen on the left bank of the Rhine in the days of Maximus,* and, before the great Theodosius was well in his grave, Stilicho had again to wage wars of the usual kind, to win victories of the usual kind, to drive back the enemy for a moment, and to deem for a moment that the terror of the Roman name was still enough to guard the defenceless frontier.† And now it would seem that, as the city was no longer the seat of Empire, and as paganism had by this time died out before the new religion, the two forums, the two basilicas, were no longer needed; the forum of Gratian became the ecclesiastical precinct, and his court of justice became the metropolitan church.

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* See the story in the second book of the same history of Sulpicius Severus; cf. the Chronicle of Prosper of Aquitaine, 385 (Migne, p 586). The local version will be found in the Gesta, 20.

† Sulpicius, Vita Mart. 23.

‡ Ausonius, Gratiarum Actio, 10.

§ Ausonius, De Claris Urbibus, 7; De Aquileia.

‖ Ordo Nobilium Urbium, iii.; De Treviris.

¶ De Mosella, 82, 169.

** De Treviris,—

"Treveri æque urbis solium quæ proxima Rheno,
Pacis ut in mediæ gremio secura quiescit,
Imperii fines quod alit, quod vestit et armat."

†† Mosella, 434.

"Accedent vires quas Francia quasque Camaves
Germanique tremant; tunc verus habebere limes."

Under Stilicho, Rome could still win victories, though victories, like most of the victories of the last two hundred years, which simply preserved or won back her dominion, and no longer extended it. Presently a new state of things begins, a state of things to which the events of at least a century and a half have been tending, but which yet, when it actually begins, appals us by its suddenness. A new chapter in the history of Western Europe has begun; we are drawing near to the days of Teutonic conquest, of conquest and occupation as distinguished from mere inroad and havoc. Almost at the same moment that the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain, they were withdrawn from the Rhenish frontier. The one land was left open to the invasion of the Frank; the other was left open to the invasion of the Angle and the Saxon. The nearer enemy, who had the river only, and not the sea, between him and his prey, was naturally the first to march in and take possession. Yet, through the whole history of the fifth century we are struck with the abiding life of the Roman dominion in Gaul. A truer Roman spirit seems still to have lived on in the great Transalpine province than could be found anywhere in Italy itself. In the greater part of northern Gaul, the Frankish conquest was of such a kind that in the course of time the conquerors exchanged their own speech for that of the conquered, and the conquered exchanged their own name for that of the conquerors. But in the lands on the Rhine and the Mosel, the Teutonic conquest was only less complete than it was in our own island. We cannot indeed suppose the same utter driving out of the Roman and Gaulish inhabitants which marked the coming of our own forefathers, and it is certain that the great cities of the Rhine never stood utterly waste like Anderida and Calleva, Deva and Aquæ Solis. Still in these lands the Frankish conquest was so thorough that Roman and Gaulish elements, if they were not at once swept away, at least died out step by step. The land has been for ages a land German in speech and feeling. One cause of the wide difference between the effects of the Frankish conquest in the Rhenish lands and its effects in Gaul in general is doubtless to be found in the fact with which we set out, in the strong German element which had made its way into the land even before the days of Cæsar. From his days to the days of Honorius, the Rhine had been maintained, with more or less of success, less as the barrier between the Gaul and the German, than as the barrier between the conquered German and his independent brother. In the fifth century the artificial barrier was swept away; there was Germany, independent Germany, on both sides of the German river.

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* Greg. Turon. Hist. Franc. ii. 9.

† Claudian, In 1. Cons. Stil. i. 20, 195, 237; ii. 186, 243. One passage is specially remarkable,—

> "Grates Gallus agit quod limite tutus inermi,
> Et metuens hostile nihil nova culmina totis
> Ædificet ripis, et sævum gentibus amnem
> Tibridis in morem domibus prævallet amœnis."

We have no consecutive narrative of the fate of the greatest and wealthiest city of the Gauls. We hear of a repulse which a Vandal king met with before the gates of Trier; but we also have incidental notices which show that the city was thrice or four times stormed and sacked by the

Frankish enemy.* The researches which have been made below the present floor of the metropolitan church show that, in one of the sacks of the city, the woodwork of the church must have been burned. The great central columns cracked and gave way, and the building was left a blackened ruin, with its walls standing, to be repaired in the next age. Still all our notices imply that, if the city was thrice stormed and sacked, it was thrice won back, in one way or another, to the imperial dominion. The exact dates of these various storms and sieges have been variously fixed.† It is enough for our purpose that the colony, the imperial city, must have passed from Roman to Frankish dominion in the course of the fifth century.‡ But, if we have nothing which can be called a history of Trier during the times in which it passed from Roman to Frankish dominion, we have a vivid picture of the darker side of the habits of its people. It is pleasant for any man of Teutonic race to read the contrast which Salvianus draws between the vices of the Roman and the virtues of the barbarian; but we must remember that some deduction has always to be made from pictures of the vices of any age. Yet the orthodox presbyter of the fifth century, who dared to hope that such good people as the Goths might possibly be saved notwithstanding their errors of faith,* is one to whom we are glad to listen, even in his most exaggerated flights of rhetoric. The Romans of Trier look black indeed in his picture beside the virtues of Goths and Vandals. Old and young, high and low, the people of this Christian city were, according to Salvianus, given up to luxury, dissipation, and vice of every kind. Not the most fearful public calamities, not the most visible judgements of God, could move them to reformation or to serious thoughts of any kind. Their city was sacked; their houses were laid waste; some were slaughtered, others were led away into captivity; but, as soon as there was a breathing space, as soon as the storm had passed away for a moment, their hearts went back to the pleasures which alone had filled their minds in the days of their prosperity. As soon as the enemy was gone, they craved of the Emperor, as the one solace, the one healing balm, for the wasted city, that the games of the circus might again begin.† In the wake of the Frank came the Hun, and the city had, according to one account, to bear a blow more fearful than any it had yet undergone, from the hands of the hordes of Attila.‡ Yet still the tie which bound the second Rome to the Empire was not wholly snapped. We see glimpses, even in the middle of the fifth century, which show that the strong arm of Aetius, perhaps the arm of Avitus, was able again to restore a momentary Roman dominion in the Rhenish lands.§ In our last notice of Roman Trier we find the land held by a prince or magistrate, whichever we are to call him, of Frankish name and descent, but under whom we are told that Roman manners and Latin literature still flourished on the banks of the Mosel. The prose in which Sidonius, the verse—the accentual verse—in which Auspicius, extols the merits of the Frankish Arbogast, give us our last glimpse of the city of Constantine and Valentinian before it wholly passed away to become part of the realm of Chlodwig.*

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* The repulse of the Vandal Crochus comes from one of the fragments of Ithacius, preserved by Fredegar (p. 703 of Migne's edition of Gregory of Tours, and Hontheim, i. 420). It sounds as if it was a repetition of the story of an earlier Crochus in Gregory, i. 30. The former takings of Trier by the Franks are distinctly marked by Salvianus, vi. 8: "Non agitur in Treverorum urbe excellentissima, sed quia quadruplici est eversione prostrata"; and again (vi. 13), "Expugnata est quater urbs Galliarum opulentissima."

† See Steininger, 310–317; Marx, i. 75.

‡ A wild legend (Hist. Franc. Ep. 7), seemingly borrowed from the story of the last Valentinian and the wife of Petronius Maximus, transfers the Emperor Avitus to Trier, and attributes the final overthrow of the city to a treasonable invitation sent to the Franks by an injured and insulted husband. It is needless to say that this tale finds no place in the panegyric on Avitus which has come down to us in the verses of his pious son-in-law. Sidonius Apollinaris (Paneg. in Avitum, Carm. vii. 372–392) makes only a few vague references to the great things which Avitus had done, or was going to do, along the Belgian frontier as elsewhere.

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* Salvianus, v. 2.

† For the fearful picture of the wickedness of Trier, and for the horrors of the storm and slaughter which Salvianus had himself seen, see De Gub. Dei, vi. 13, 15.

‡ This Hunnish inroad seems very doubtful. See Steininger, 324.

§ Ibid. p. 1.

We might here come to an end, as from this time Trier ceases to be the head of Gaul, it ceases to be an imperial or royal city. No Emperor reigned at Trier after Maximus. Under Honorius the formal headship of the Gauls was transferred to a region less immediately threatened by the invaders. It was moved from the Mosel to the Rhone, from Trier, the momentary seat of Empire, to Arles, the more abiding seat of kingship. In the division of Gaul among the Merowingian Kings, the head of the Eastern, the Austrasian, realm was no longer Trier, but Metz. But the old memories do not even yet wholly pass away. If Trier lost her Emperors, she kept her Bishops, Bishops who were themselves in the course of ages to grow into sovereign princes, princes who were, when the relations of Rome and Germany had taken altogether another form, to have a voice, along with the other great spiritual and temporal chiefs of the German kingdom, in disposing of the crown which was still the crown of Augustus. Of the long line of the Bishops, Archbishops, and Electors of Trier, we need go on to speak of two only, one in the sixth, one in the eleventh, century. And of these we speak only because they continue the series of the great Roman buildings of Trier, because they are, as far as buildings are concerned, the true successors of Trajan, Constantine, and Gratian. Of these two the former, Nicetius, Bishop from 528 to 566, ends the unbroken list of

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* Sidonius addresses Arbogast in the seventeenth epistle of his Fourth Book. The verses of Auspicius are printed in Hontheim, Historia Diplomatica, i. 19. The count is of course possessed of every virtue, and he is exhorted to show special respect to Bishop Jamblichus (sanctum nostrum papam Jamblichum). A few lines will give an idea of the jingle of the verses.

"Præcelso et spectabili his Arbogasto comiti
Auspicius, qui diligo, salutem plurimam.
Magnas cœlesti Domino rependo corde gratias,
Quod te Tullensi proxime magnum in urbe vidimus.
. . . .
Congratulandum tibi est, O Treverorum civitas,
Quæ tali viro regeris, antiquis comparabili."

Bishops bearing Roman names.* From this time onwards Magneric and Gunderic alternate with Severinus and Numerianus. The point when the Church in any land which had once been Roman ceases to be Roman, when its great offices begin to be objects of ambition to the Teutonic conquerors, is a point which always should be marked. It marks a step in the gradual change by which bishops, from persecuted martyrs, change into princes bearing both swords alike. Nicetius was a man of primitive holiness and primitive boldness in rebuking vice. He suffered banishment for rebuking the offences, ecclesiastical and moral, of the Frankish King Chlotochar and his nobles. He was a zealous asserter of orthodoxy, and in that character he exhorted the Emperor Justinian to keep in the right path, and exhorted the Frankish princess Chlodoswinde, the Queen of the Lombard Alboin, to strive to bring her husband into it. Yet in his day the bishop was already beginning to pass into the baron. Trier, after all its misfortunes, still ranked among the great cities of the earth. But its bishop was no longer purely the bishop of the city. The holy Pope Nicetius was already a territorial lord, and Venantius Fortunatus, the Ausonius of those later days, sang how the Mosel washed, not only the lofty walls of the city, but the castle which the apostolic shepherd had raised on a lofty hill overlooking the river and its fertile shores. The architectural student longs for a sight of this, the first recorded building of a class which later ages were greatly to multiply. But its very site is uncertain.† We must be satisfied with knowing that, on a spot which before his day was a wood, Nicetius fenced in the precincts of his castle with thirty towers, that its walls stretched from the top of the hill to the banks of the river, and that on the highest point of all stood the hall of the Bishop, with its marble columns, from which, in the summer time, he could look down on the ships passing along the river.* But, if Nicetius thus provided for his own defence and his own splendour in the new character which the prelates of his age were beginning to put on, he did not forget his own city and its ecclesiastical buildings, which had so greatly suffered during the fearful storms of the age next before his own. He bestowed great care on their repair or rebuilding, sending for workmen from Italy to help in the work. The works of Nicetius were contemporary with the later buildings of Ravenna, with Saint Vital and Saint Apollinaris at Classis. But Trier has no ecclesiastical building which survives untouched, or nearly so, from the days when art could at once be Christian and classic. Foremost among the churches which felt the restoring hand of Nicetius was the metropolitan church of his city.† As we now see it, the metropolitan church of Trier has the familiar outline of a German minster: there is the double choir with the apse at each end, flanked by towers to the east and west alike. The style of the most prominent parts of the *Dom* itself runs through all the changes from the earlier form of the German Romanesque to the fully-developed Gothic. And the series is crowned by the beautiful *Liebfraukirche*, which cleaves, as it were, to the side of the great minster, and adds greatly to its varied and picturesque outline in the general view. But he who looks carefully at the outer walls will soon see large remains of the original construction of the Roman building; and he who looks carefully within will see signs both of the original Roman construction and of the repairs of Nicetius. The works of the sixth century were works of simple repair. The great columns of the Roman building had given way. But their fragments may be seen, fragments worthy of Rome or Ravenna, lying in the cloister and at the west door of the church. Within, among the puzzling changes of style, the inquirer will see three capitals of ancient, if not strictly classical, workmanship, looking forth, as it were, out of the prison of the now solid wall. These are the work of Nicetius, who, without in any way interfering with the plan of the Roman building, replaced the four great columns and the subordinate pilasters with the best workmanship of his own age. Three centuries after the time of Nicetius another scourge fell upon the city at the hands of the Northmen, by whom the city was sacked in 881.* This sack seems to have caused a second ruin of the church. It again lay desolate for a hundred years and more, till the great recasting which began to give the church its present shape. One of the great columns had given way, and, in the repairs which followed, it was thought needful to build up the other three, and to give a wholly different shape to the building.† This change brings us, by a leap of four hundred years, to the second of the prelates whom we have spoken of as in some sort continuing the Roman history of Trier. We feel that we have got far away, not only from the days of Constantine and Agritius, but from the days of Chlotochar and Nicetius, when the Archbishop of whom we speak is no longer Gaul, Roman, or Frank, but a prince of the elder house of Austria.

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* There is a special life of Nicetius in Gregory of Tours, in his Vitæ Patrum, 17, and there is a shorter sketch of him in the Historia Francorum, x. 29. The letters addressed to him are collected by Hontheim, i. 35–48. His letters to Justinian, whom he addresses as "Dominus semper suus," follow in the same collection.

† See the note of Böcking, in the edition of the poems on the Mosel, by Ausonius and Venantius, in the *Jahrbücher des Vereins von Alterthumsfreunden im Rheinlande*, vii. Bonn, 1845, p. 122. He rejects the old opinion of Brower, which placed it at Bischofstein.

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* Venantius has three poems bearing on Trier and the Mosel, which are printed by Brower and Böcking. He thus describes the Bishop's castle:

"Hæc vir apostolicus Nicetius arva peragrans
Condidit optatum pastor ovile gregi.
Turribus incinxit terdenis undique collem,
Præbuit hæc fabricam, quo nemus ante fuit.

. . . .

Ardua marmoreis suspenditur aula columnis,
Qua super æstivas cernit in amne rates;

. . . .

Turris ab adverso quæ constitit obvia clivo,
Sanctorum locus est, arma tenenda viris."

Of Trier itself he says, in his Hodoporicon,

"Perducor Trevirum qua mœnia celsa patescunt,
Urbs quoque nobilium nobilis atque caput."

† The rebuilding and repairing of the churches come out clearly in Venantius:

"Templa vetusta Dei renovasti in culmine prisco,
Et floret senior, te reparante, domus."

The "senior domus" is of course the metropolitan church. So Gregory of Tours, Hist. Franc. 29. The bringing of workmen from Italy comes out of a letter from Rufus, Bishop of Octodurum.

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* See the passages collected by Waitz, in his preface to the Gesta Treverorum; Pertz, viii. 111.

† See the Continuatio Prima of the Gesta, which now forms a trustworthy history, Pertz, viii. 189.

Poppo, who filled the metropolitan chair of Trier from 1016 to 1047, and who was the first of its bishops to wear the pallium,* has left his mark alike on the minster and on the Black Gate of Trier. In the church, besides building up the great columns, he lengthened the building to the west in a fashion which closely followed Roman forms and Roman construction, but which is still easily to be distinguished from the original building.† In places where Roman remains were abundant, as at Trier and at our own Colchester and Saint Alban's, the fashion of building in close imitation of Roman work, often out of the actual Roman materials, went on till a very late time. In Trier itself there is the so-called *Vertheidigungsthurm*, whose brickwork might lead any one to think that it is of the time of Constantine or Valentinian, but which the form of its windows proclaims to be not earlier than Poppo's day. His design was more fully carried out by his successors in the course of the eleventh and the early part of the twelfth century, to whom we owe the finish of the building to the west after the usual fashion of a great German church, with an apse and western towers. Poppo's own work we might still call Roman; the work of his immediate successors is in the earlier and simpler variety of the German Romanesque. And, in the latter years of the twelfth century, the same addition of an apse and two towers in the richer and lighter style of that day was made to the hitherto untouched east end of the Roman building. The church thus took the common form and outline of a German minster, and all traces of the general effect of the Roman building were swept away. Presently the main body was further recast in the new style. Arches, round and pointed, after the new and lighter type, supplanted the massive brickwork of Nicetius and Poppo. The outer walls of the Roman building were lowered in order to give the church the usual form of a nave and aisles with a clerestory. The Roman windows indeed were left to be blocked by the destroyers of the *Renaissance;* otherwise, as the church stood in the thirteenth century, the traces of its peculiar character and peculiar history had been carefully got rid of. They have now been largely brought to light by the zealous care of the canon whose work we have been so largely following. Any careful observer can now make out for himself what Poppo did to the church of Nicetius. But, without Wilmowsky's careful text and elaborate illustrations, we should never have found out exactly what it was that Nicetius did to the original building of Gratian.

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* See the Bull in Hontheim, i. 352.

† Gest. Trev. viii. 181. This was just before his death in 1047.

But Poppo has left his mark also on another of the great buildings of his city. At his hands the great *Porta Nigra* underwent a strange transformation indeed. By his time the Roman buildings must have been largely hidden by the rising of the soil. Even Nicetius had made the level of his church some feet above the level of Gratian. The arches of the great gateway must have already lost a great part of their original height. Under Poppo's hands the gate ceased to be a gate. The two upper stages of the building became two churches, one above the other, like Assisi or Schwarzrheindorf. The arches themselves were wholly blocked up to make a mighty ascent of steps to the church of Saint Simeon. This saint was a lately deceased recluse, whom Poppo had himself brought from Jerusalem, and whose canonization he had procured,* and who thus supplanted the Roman Mars in the possession of the gate which once defended the second Rome. Under the hands of Poppo and his successors the building received the additions needful for its new purpose, an apse at one end, a tower and spire at the other, till those who first reared it could hardly have known their work in its strange disguise.* At last the lowest fate of all befell it. The upper and the lower church of Saint Simeon were both elaborately *jesuited*, a process which had at least the curious result of bringing all forms of round-arched architecture, the true Roman, the Romanesque, and the modern Italian, into the close neighbourhood of each other.

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* See the documents in Hontheim, i. 373–378.

These are the last events which can be called parts of the history of the Roman Augusta Treverorum, as distinguished from the mediæval city of archiepiscopal Electors. Yet we might almost be inclined to add the changes of the present century as forming part of the same chain. The basilica of Constantine, as we have already said, has become a church; the gate of Mars or of Saint Simeon is a church no longer. The same age which has turned one of the Roman monuments of Trier to modern uses has given up its hold on another. The basilica has become a thing of our own day; the gateway has fallen back into the position of a relic of the remote past. As such, the Black Gate of Trier stands without a rival. Rome itself, *Roma aurea*, has no building of the same kind which can for a moment compare with the mighty portal of *Roma secunda.* Nor can any rival be found for it at Nîmes or Lincoln or Aosta; not the other Gate of Mars at Rheims, not the mightier gates of Verona, can be compared for a moment to the special glory of Roman Trier. The *Porta Nigra* stands by itself as a monument of one of those strange freaks in the history of mankind by which a spot, of comparatively little note before or after, becomes for a short time one of the great centres of the world. In this Trier is like Ravenna. But as Trier held a more important place than Ravenna in later history, the buildings of its imperial days are not so completely undisturbed by the presence of monuments of later times as those of Ravenna.

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* See the charter of Poppo in 1040, given in Hontheim, i. 379. A view of the building after its successive changes is given in Brower, i. 46.

Among the cities of the West to which the power of Rome withdrew from Rome herself, Trier cannot claim the foremost place. But it may fairly claim the second. Ravenna stands as something wholly unique, richer in monuments of her own class than Rome herself. But the colony by the Mosel may fairly be allowed a place in the same group as Rome and Ravenna. Trier is the Ravenna, the Rome, of the lands beyond the Alps.

THE PANEGYRISTS OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

Lord Macaulay, in one of his Essays, says of some moral reflexions of Lord Stanhope's, the truth of which he does not doubt, that they might perhaps have been new in the court of Chedorlaomer. But even in the days of Chedorlaomer, men may have begun to find out that the truth is not always told to princes, especially about matters in which princes themselves are concerned. Perhaps indeed it would not be going too far to say that the sin of flattering princes can hardly fail to be as old as the existence of princes at all. But there are some times and places in which the art of flattery, whether of princes or of others from whom there was anything to be gained by flattering, has been more thoroughly reduced to a system than at other times, and has been practised in a more open and formal way. Perhaps few people think how much of what was once gross flattery lurks in many of the commonest formulas and courtesies of everyday life. Forms which could have sprung only from the most cringing baseness in those who first used them, gradually came to be used as matters of course, without any thought of their meaning, and at last dried up into the merest survivals. A man puts "Sir" at the beginning of a letter, and signs himself "your obedient servant" at the end, without a thought that in the literal sense the beginning of the letter binds him to vassalage, and the end of it to something lower than vassalage. Nowadays each rank has its stereotyped description; its substantive—Majesty, Grace, or Lordship; its adjective, —Gracious, Noble, Honourable, or Reverend. All these are now fixed, and they therefore mean nothing; but they are all traces of times when men vied with one another in crowning a powerful man with the stateliest substantives and the most flattering adjectives that they could think of. Nay, when the old Quakers took up their parable against the use of the second person plural to express a single person, they had more to say for themselves than may seem to us nowadays. We now habitually say "you are" for "thou art"; the thing is done always as a matter of course, without any thought whether the person spoken to be higher or lower in rank than the speaker. It amounts in fact to a grammatical change in the language. For all purposes of ordinary speech, for all purposes but those of prayer and poetry, "you are" has become the second person singular of "I am." But as long as people said "you are" to one class of people, and "thou art" to another, the Quaker had a perfectly good case according to his own principles. The way of speaking against which he protested was one which had really begun as a piece of flattery. To speak to a single man as if he were greater than one man, as if he were two men or more, really came into use as a flattering form of speech. It is a fashion of which there is no trace among the free-spoken republicans of old Greece. No such sacrifices of grammar to adulation were known when the meanest Athenian could not call Periklês anything but Periklês, or Agaristê anything but Agaristê. It was equally unknown in the republican days of Rome, and in those earlier days of the Empire when men did not yet openly confess that the Republic had come to an end. The use of the *pluralis excellentiæ* comes in about the same time as the use of the diadem and the other badges of Eastern sovereignty which proclaimed openly that Rome had ceased to be a commonwealth. The respectful periphrasis is as old as Homer. The fashion of calling the man to whom one speaks one's lord, and oneself his servant or his dog, seems to be immemorial in the East. But it was in the days of the later Emperors that the fashion first began in Europe of speaking to one man as if he were two.

This brings us at once round to the class of writers whom we have immediately before our eyes, the Panegyrists of the fourth century. They form a class by themselves; they show the art of flattery in its most perfect and systematic form. The practice did not begin with them; poets had flattered as soon as there was anything to flatter, and they flattered perhaps more grossly than any prose panegyrist. We do not think that any of the orators of the fourth century pray Constantine to take care in what part of the heavens he seats himself, lest, if he does not hit the exact middle, his weight should send the universe awry. Pliny too addressed a prose panegyric to Trajan, but between Pliny and Trajan there were still some traces of decency. There were differences too in the form of the thing. The Consul of the moment makes a speech in the Senate, and, though his speech is in praise of the Emperor, though he presently turns round and addresses the Emperor in the second person, yet he begins, as Cato the Censor might have done, by addressing the Conscript Fathers. Also of the writings of the age of Trajan, of the writings of the younger Pliny himself, the Panegyric forms but a small part. But in the times of which we speak the Panegyrics really form a large part of the Latin literature of the age, and they are the work of professional rhetoricians who seem to have had nothing to do except to tell the reigning Emperors how far they surpassed everybody who had gone before them. The thing is of a piece with all the innovations of the age of Diocletian. It is the putting forth in its full and naked shape of something which had hitherto been perhaps only half grown, and which certainly was half hidden. We are thinking mainly of the Latin panegyrists, though we must not forget that there were panegyrists in Greek, Eusebius the bishop and Julian the Cæsar, though they at any rate did something besides making panegyrics. But the Greek tongue had for ages been used for mere rhetorical display; and it was indeed in this age that, alike among the Christian writers and the enemies of Christianity, a more solid Greek literature began again to arise. But in the West the voice of the great lawyers had not died out so very long when the earliest Panegyrists began; and Ammianus, as vigorous and independent in his thoughts as he is detestable in his style, is the contemporary of the later Panegyrists. As for their style, we never know exactly what the word "classical" means, or where and why the "classical" period is supposed to end. But at any rate, though it has changed a good deal from that of the days of Augustus or even of the days of Trajan, the style of the Panegyrists is by no means so queer and hard to make out as the style of Cassiodorus or even of Ammianus himself. We are however more concerned with their matter than with their style. It is well known that for a large part of the history of those times, especially for the earlier, the Western, reign of Constantine, we are driven to make use of the Panegyrists as one of our chief sources. Now what is the value of such writers as these as historical authorities? How far can we believe men who are haranguing a prince in praise of himself? Such a form of composition has its peculiar temptations to falsehood, but they are not quite the same temptations as those which belong to some other forms of composition which are at least as little to be trusted. For instance, the panegyrist who, as a rhetorical exercise, extols the prince to his face, is not in exactly the same position as the prince himself, when he puts forth documents of various kinds for the information or the deception either of his own subjects or of other princes. Both will probably lie, but they will not lie in exactly the same way. The panegyrist, at all events in addressing princes some of whom were certainly very far from fools, is not likely to venture upon much in the way of mere invention. He will leave out a great deal, he will colour a great deal, he will exaggerate a great deal, he will pervert his own moral sense to praise a great deal which ought to be blamed; but the main facts which he asserts are pretty sure to have happened much as he states them. A panegyrist may talk of an insignificant skirmish as if it had been a wonderful battle: but he will hardly venture to tell a prince to his face that he won a victory where he really suffered a defeat; because so to do would be no longer panegyric but satire. It is indeed just possible that some very foolish prince might like to be consoled for want of success by mere lying of this kind. But it would not have gone down with men at all on the level of the elder Constantius, of Constantine, Theodosius, or even the Herculian Maximian. We must be on our guard for the things which they are likely to leave out; we must look out for any involuntary admissions on the dark side of the picture. They are above all things worthy of belief, when, as in the case of Constantine's shows in the amphitheatre of Trier, they glorify their patrons for acts which only a flatterer would speak of as other than criminal. In short, for the main facts of the history they are good positive authorities, but to prove a negative they are worth nothing at all.

Another point to be mentioned is that, in the orations addressed to Constantine, and even to Theodosius and Gratian, there is not a word of Christianity. In the case of Constantine we are not surprised at this; the panegyrics are spoken at Trier, not at Byzantium. But Latinus Placatus, in addressing so orthodox a prince as Theodosius, has not a word to say about the faith for which Theodosius was so zealous; he shows as little consciousness as Claudian himself of the great change which had come over the world. On the other hand, besides a few trifling mythological allusions, there is nothing distinctly pagan. The key to this singular state of mind, or at least of speech, one so characteristic of that strange time, is doubtless to be found in the place where this panegyric was spoken. It was spoken in the Old Rome; it was spoken to a Christian emperor in his still pagan capital; it was only by speaking in this colourless kind of way that the orator could avoid giving offence either to the prince or to the great mass of his other hearers. Eumenius, on the other hand, in addressing Constantine, uses a different kind of language, a kind of language which we may suppose would exactly suit the state of Constantine's own mind at one stage of his life, and which we may quote as an example of that influence on paganism itself which was not the least among the effects of Christianity. Eumenius talks about the Immortal Gods, but this would seem to be only in a conventional kind of way; when he really speaks his own mind or adapts himself to the mind of his Imperial hearer, he speaks of "Deus" in the singular, in a style unmistakeably monotheistic, though in no way distinctively Christian. This probably would fairly express the state of Constantine's own mind, when he was still wavering between, if not actually combining, solar worship and Christianity. On the other hand, in a somewhat earlier anonymous panegyric addressed to Maximinian and Constantine, we have the Gods spoken of in a way which reminds us of Elijah and the prophets of Baal. Misfortunes happen to men, not by the will of the Gods, but while the Gods are looking after something else. It is really a case of "when the cat is away the mice play"; only unluckily the Panegyrist does not explain his creed so fully as to let us know what kind of Ahriman plays the part of the mice. The passage runs thus:—

"Siquidem etiam Dii ipsi, quod plerumque humanas res negligant, dum querimur, ignoscunt, quibus, aliud fortasse curantibus grandines ruant, terræ dehiscunt, urbes hauriuntur. Quæ non illis hauriuntur volentibus, sed aut aliorsum aspicientibus, aut fatali rerum cursu urgente videntur accidere."

IV.

THE GOTHS AT RAVENNA.*

"NOBILISSIMA urbium Ravenna," says the Lombard historian Paul the Deacon, in his geographical description of Italy,† while for no other city does he find any higher epithet than those which simply express wealth, "locuples," "ditissima," and "opulentissima." That the like epithet should be bestowed on the city by the early geographer who wrote within its walls,‡ and that later local historians, especially when the glory of Ravenna had passed away, should hardly be able to speak of their city without some rhetorical burst in praise of its antiquity and its greatness,§ is less to be wondered at. Ravenna fills a place in the history of the world which is wholly its own, and which no other city on earth shares with it. Its historical greatness, and the existing monuments which are the records of that greatness, all come within a few centuries, and those are centuries in monuments of which no other spot on earth is so rich. At Ravenna we must not look for either of those classes of monuments, one or other of which commonly form the monumental wealth of other cities. In remains of Roman heathendom, in remains of mediæval Christendom, Ravenna is decidedly poor; she has nothing to set against the walls of Anderida, the amphitheatre of Verona, or the basilica of Trier; she has nothing to set even against the smaller fragments of Roman work which we find at Bourdeaux and Lillebonne, at York and Lincoln. Ravenna has nothing to set against the works of fully-developed mediæval art, whether in the Romanesque of Pisa and Durham, or in the Gothic of Westminster, Rheims, and Köln. She has nothing to set even against those earlier and ruder forms of the Romanesque of her own land which we trace out in Saint Ambrose at Milan and in Saint Michael at Pavia. But Ravenna has, what none of those cities has, a succession of monuments of the true transitional age—the age when the Roman and the Teutonic elements of the modern world were both in being, but when they stood side by side, when neither had as yet absorbed the other, when the mingling of the two had not yet formed a third whole different from either. In other cities we may see the works of heathen Emperors or of mediæval prelates; Ravenna is the only city where we are met at every step by the works of Christian Emperors, Gothic Kings, and Byzantine Exarchs. Of those strange and dark and unhappy centuries in which the old world was shaped into the new, Ravenna has the monuments almost wholly to herself. Even Rome, Old or New, cannot compare with her. We will not venture to compare Saint Vital with Saint Sophia; but from Saint Sophia the ancient worship has passed away; the gorgeous mosaics are hidden by the whitewash of the misbeliever; while from the walls of Saint Vital Justinian and Theodora still look down upon us with all the freshness of thirteen hundred years ago. And neither Rome nor Constantinople can lay claim to that special glory which, in the eyes of any man of Teutonic blood, must set Ravenna above all the cities of the earth. It was the seat of the first settled Teutonic dominion beyond the Alps—the seat of the barbarian conqueror who gave Italy thirty years of such peace and prosperity as she never saw for ages before or after—the seat of the prince who first taught that conscience could not bend to the laws of kings, and who first bade contending creeds and sects dwell in peace and equality side by side. We may pass by the works of the Cæsars of East and West; we may for a moment even forget that Dante found his last resting-place among them. The highest glory of Ravenna is that it can show the home, the church, and the tomb of Theodoric the Goth.

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* [The references to Paul and Agnellus were in 1872 necessarily made to the texts in Muratori. Since then revised texts have appeared in the new series of *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, in the volume of *Scriptores Rerum Langobardicarum et Italicarum*, Hanover, 1878. The new editor, Dr. Holder-Egger, allows Agnellus to use his natural bad Latin, which was reformed in the older edition.]

† Paulus Diaconus, ii. 19; ap. Muratori, i. 433.

‡ Geographus Ravennas, iv. 31. "Ravenna nobilissima, in qua, licet idiota, ego hujus cosmographiæ expositor, Christo adjuvante, genitus sum."

§ See a most gushing outpouring of this sort from a certain Prior Rudolf, in the Spicilegium Ravennatis Historiæ ap. Muratori, vol. i. part. ii. p. 537.

The origin of the city is uncertain. The patriotic local historian of the sixteenth century, Hieronymus Rubeus,* has much to tell us about Noah and Nimrod, about Saturnus and Janus; but he does not seem to attribute the actual foundation of Ravenna to any of those early heroes, Scriptural or mythical. He submits to the judgement of Strabo that both Thessalians and Umbrians had a share in it. The tale in Strabo makes the city a Thessalian foundation. The settlers called in an Umbrian colony for their better defence against their Etruscan enemies, and they afterwards left the city altogether to the new comers.† Jordanes, five centuries later, seems to see in it a settlement of the mysterious Venetians at the head of the gulf.‡ But, leaving any questions as to its origin, it is plain that Ravenna passed into the Roman power along with the rest of Gaul south of the Po, and we find it spoken of as a city of Gaul at a date far later than we should have looked for.§ In all the civil wars, from Sulla to the younger Cæsar, Ravenna constantly plays its part; and it is worth marking that, as if by some foreshadowing of its later destiny, it is more than once spoken of as a place of shelter.* But it was under the younger Cæsar, now Augustus, that Ravenna began to rise to greatness. Under him the city which was to become the rival of Rome, if not strictly entitled to the rank of a Roman colony, at least received a settlement of Roman inhabitants.† He marked it out also as the great station of the Roman fleet in the Hadriatic sea. It is now that we get our first pictures of the city, pictures which show that at Ravenna nature is less unchanging than art. The modern Ravenna is an inland city. A faint shadow of its ancient seafaring life is kept up by the few small vessels which reach it by means of its canals. The neighbouring country is flat, marshy, intersected by ditches or *rhines*, but the general look of the town itself, as distinguished from the architecture of its monuments, has nothing out of the way about it. The only thing which suggests anything treacherous about the soil is that the municipal tower leans a good deal; but this is no very wonderful phænomenon to one who comes from Venice, Bologna, Pisa, or Bristol. But the Ravenna of

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* Historiarum Hieronymi Rubei, libri x., Gothorum atque Longobardorum res gestas, variamque multarum provinciarum et diversorum eventuum, Ravennatum præcipue, et recentium bellorum in Italia et Gallia gestorum historiam complectens. Venetiis MDLXXII.

† Strabo, v. 1. *Καὶ ἡ Ῥαουέννα δὲ Θετταλῶν λέγεται κτίσμα· οὐ φέροντες δὲ τὰς τῶν Τυῤῥηνῶν ὕβρεις ἐδέξαντο ἑκόντες τῶν Ὀμβρίκων τινὰς, οἳ καὶ νῦν ἔχουσι τὴν πολιν· αὐτοὶ δ' ἀνεχώρησαν ἐπ' οἴκου·*

‡ Jordanes, de Rebus Geticis, 29: "Cujus dudum, ut tradunt majores, possessores Eneti, id est laudabiles, dicebantur." Jordanes would seem to have somehow confounded the Ἑνετοί with *αἰνετός* from *αἰνέω*, one of those little touches which are of value in the history of pronunciation.

§ Plutarch, in his Life of Marius (2), says that he saw a statue of Marius *ἐν Ῥαβέννῃ τῆς Γαλατίας*. So Appian (Bell. Civ. ii. 32), recording

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the march of Cæsar, says, *κατέβαινεν ἐπὶ Ῥαβέννης, ἣ συναφής τε ἦν Ἰταλίᾳ, καὶ τῆς Καίσαρος ἀρχῆς τελευταία.* This is, of course, good geography for Cæsar's time, but it is odd to hear Plutarch speaking of Ravenna as he might have spoken of Paris or Rheims or the more distant Bononia.

* A crowd of references might be given. In the earliest, in the war of Sulla (Appian, Bell. Civ. i. 89), we find Ravenna in its maritime character; *Μέτελλος ἐπὶ Ῥάβενναν περιπλέων.* In iii. 97 we find it a place of shelter for Decimus Brutus; and again in v. 33, for Asinius and Ventidius in the war of Perusia. For its importance in the war of the elder Cæsar, see himself, Bell. Civ. i. 5; Suetonius, Julius, 30; Cic. Att. vii. 1.

† Strabo (v. 1) says of Ravenna and Ariminum, *δέδεκται δ' ἐποίκους Ῥωμαίους ἑκατέρα*; but Mr. Bunbury, in the Dictionary of Geography, remarks that Ravenna was not strictly a *colonia*, but a *municipium.* In Cicero's time (pro Balbo, 22) Ravenna is spoken of as a "fœderatus populus," so that the settlement, whatever its exact nature, was doubtless made, as Mr. Bunbury says, under Augustus. The point of the colony is discussed by Rubeus, p. 105.

Strabo's time was a city built in the waters, a city like Venice or Amsterdam, a city built on piles, and where the common means of communication was by the water of its muddy canals, or else by bridges over them.* Yet, planted as the city was in the waters and surrounded by marshes, he pronounces it to be healthy, and attributes its healthiness to the daily ebb and flow of the tide. Procopius, more than five hundred years later, was also struck by the phænomenon of the tide, a phænomenon which doubtless seemed more remarkable to one whose experience must have been wholly Mediterranean than it did to the professed geographer whose researches took in the Ocean as well as the inland sea.† His Gothic contemporary Jordanes also speaks of the marshes of the neighbourhood, and both writers amaze us by bringing Eridanus himself, the King of rivers, into the immediate neighbourhood of Ravenna, and even to the southern side of the city.‡ So does Sidonius Apollinaris in the preceding century, who speaks of the canals in much the same language as Strabo, and complains bitterly of their mud and of the lack of fresh water.* In another place the same writer falls into a vein of bitter satire, and speaks of Ravenna as a city infested by gnats and which has frogs to its citizens, a city where the course of the world is turned bottom upwards, and where, among other things, the walls fall and the towers swim away.† Claudian also marks the phænomenon of the tide, and also places the city at the mouth of the Po.‡ Zôsimos again speaks of the strength of the city, its large population, and its watery position. He repeats the story of its Thessalian origin, and gives it an alias of *Rhênê*, a name which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere, and which we are tempted to connect with the name of *Rhine*, both as the name of the great German river and in its local English use.* All this points to quite a different state of things in the city itself from any that is now to be seen at Ravenna. The streets may be charged with being dreary and grass-grown; but the canals, and with them the mud and the frogs, have passed away from the interior of the city. Both gnats and frogs indeed make their appearance and do their duty in their proper times and places; but so they do in other places, both in Italy and elsewhere. Their music surrounds the tomb of Henry at Speier no less than the tomb of Theodoric at Ravenna. The Ravenna which Byron preferred as a dwelling-place to any other Italian city must now, in its fallen state, present quite a different look from that which, at least to the eye of the Bishop of Clermont, it presented in the days of its greatness.

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* Strabo, v. 1. *ἐν τοῖς ἕλεσι μεγίστη μέν ἐστι Ῥαβέννα, ξυλοπαγὴς ὅλη καὶ δίῤῥυτος, γεφύραις καὶ πορθμίοις ὁδευομένη, δέχεται δ' οὐ μικρὸν τῆς θαλάττης μέρος ἐν ταῖς πλημμυρίσιν, ὥστε καὶ ὑπὸ τούτων καὶ ὑπὸ ποταμῶν εἰσκλυζόμενον τὸ βορβορῶδες πᾶν ἰᾶται τὴν δυσαερίαν.* He goes on to say that the place was so specially healthy that it was chosen for the keeping and exercise of gladiators: *ὥστε ἐνταῦθα τοὺς μονομάχους τρέφειν καὶ γυμνάζειν ἀπέδειξαν οἱ ἡγεμόνες.* He compares the healthiness of Ravenna with that of Alexandria.

† Procopius, Bell. Goth. i. 1: *ἐνταῦθα γίγνεταί τι ἐς ἡμέραν ἑκάστην θαυμάσιον οἷον. ἡ θάλασσα πρωῒ ποιουμένη σχῆμα ποταμοῦ ἡμέρας ὁδὸν εὐζώνῳ ἀνδρὶ ἐς γῆν ἀναβαίνει καὶ πλόϊμον αὐτὴν παρεχομένη ἐν μέσῃ ἠπείρῳ, αὖθις ἀναλύουσα τὸν πορθμὸν, ἀναστρέφει ἀμφὶ δείλην ὀψίαν, καὶ ἐφ' αὐτὴν ξυνάγει τὸ ῥεῦμα.* He comments at length on the phænomenon, at which he seems almost as much amazed as Alexander's sailors were at the mouth of the Indus (Arrian, vi. 19), and says that it extends to the whole coast.

‡ Procopius, Bell. Goth. i. 1: *Πάδος ὁ ποταμός, ὃν καὶ Ἠριδανὸν καλοῦσιν, ἐξ ὀρέων τῶν Κελτικῶν ταύτῃ φερόμενος καὶ ποταμοὶ ἄλλοι ναυσίποροι ξὺν λίμναις τισὶ πανταχόθεν, αὐτὴν περιβάλλοντες ἀμφίῤῥυτον ποιοῦσι τὴν πόλιν.* So Jordanes, 29: "Ab occidente vero habet paludes per quas uno angustissimo introitu, ut porta relicta est. A septentrionali quoque plaga ramus illi ex Pado est, qui fossa vocatur Asconis. A meridie idem ipse Padus, quem solum fluviorum regem dicunt, cognomento Eridanus, ab Augusto imperatore altissima fossa demissus qui septima sui alvei parte mediam influit civitatem."

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* Ep. i. 5. "Ravenna . . . quo loci veterem civitatem novumque portum media via Cæsaris ambigas, utrum connectat an separet. Insuper oppidum duplex, pars interluit Padi, cætera pars alluit. Qui ab alveo principali molium publicarum discerptus objectu, et per easdem derivatis tramitibus exhaustus, sic dividua fluenta partitur ut præbeant mœnibus circumfusa præsidium, infusa commercium. Huc cum peropportuna cuncta mercatui, tum præcipue quod esui competeret, deferebatur. Nisi quod cum sese hinc salsum portis pelagus impingeret, hinc cloacali pulte fossarum discursu lintrium ventilata, et ipse lentati languidus lapsus humoris, nauticis cuspidibus foraminato fundi glutino sordidaretur, in medio undarum sitiebamus. Quia nusquam vel aquæductuum liquor integer vel cisterna defæcabilis, vel fons irriguus, vel puteus inlimis."

† Ep. i. 8. "Te Ravennæ felicius exulantem, auribus Padano culice perfossis municipalium ranarum loquax turba circumsilit, in qua palude indesinenter rerum omnium lege perversa, muri cadunt, aquæ stant; turres fluunt, naves sedent; ægri deambulant, medici jacent; algent balnea, domicilia conflagrant: sitiunt vivi, natant sepulti: vigilant fures, dormiunt potestates: fœnerantur clerici, Syri psallunt: negotiatores militant; milites negotiantur; student pilæ senes, aleæ juvenes, armis eunuchi, literis fœderati." So in his poems, ix. 295, he says:

"Undosæ petiit sitim Ravennæ,"

where Rubeus seems to have read "ulvosæ."

‡ VI. Cons. Honor. 494:—

"Dixit, et antiquæ muros egressa Ravennæ
Signa movet; jamque ora Padi, portusque relinquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Æstuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo,
Nunc redeunte, vehit; nudataque litora fluctu
Deserit, oceani lunaribus æmula damnis."

But though the city itself, and the course of the rivers, have greatly changed, it would seem that, as regards the main line of coast, the physical condition of the land can have changed comparatively little since the days of Theodoric, though it must have changed vastly between the days of Augustus and his days. The port of Augustus was made at a spot which now lies quite away from the sea, and which must have been quite away from the sea in the time of Theodoric. It became the home of the Hadriatic fleet, the "fleet of Ravenna," as is its constant name.† The site of his haven, like that of Peiraieus, was at some distance from the city, with which it was connected by a causeway over the marshes, as it was with the Po by a canal.* A new town arose at the haven, which in after times took the name of Classis, and between Classis and Ravenna yet a third suburb arose, which bore the name of Cæsarea.† The tale of Classis and Cæsarea we shall tell presently. It is now enough to say that both have utterly vanished, and that their only surviving relic is the mighty basilica of Saint Apollinaris *in Classe*, standing sublime amid surrounding desolation. But the basilica is no longer on the sea-shore; another expanse of flat stretches away to the Hadriatic, and where the Imperial fleet of two hundred and forty ships once rode at anchor‡ the famous pine forest has arisen,

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* ii. 10: *Ῥάβενναν, πόλιν ὀχυράν τε καὶ πολυάνθρωπον καὶ τροφῶν ἔχουσαν πλῆθος.* v. 27: *Ῥάβεννα, μητρόπολις δὲ Φλαμινίας, πόλις ἀρχαία, Θεσσαλῶν ἀποικία, Ῥήνη κληθεῖσα διὰ τὸ πανταχόθεν ὕδασι περιῤῥεῖσθαι, καὶ οὐχ, ὡς Ὀλυμπιόδωρος ὁ Θηβαῖος φησι, διὰ τὸ Ῥῶμον, ὃς ἀδελφὸς γέγονε Ῥωμύλῳ, τῆς πόλεως ταύτης οἰκιστὴν γεγονέναι.* [We must not forget the "little Rhine" of Bologna ("parvique Bononia Rheni" of Silius Italicus, viii. 599), now Reno, at no great distance from Ravenna.]

† Tacitus, Ann. iv. 5. "Italiam utroque mari duæ classes, Misenum apud et Ravennam, proximumque Galliæ litus rostratæ naves præsidebant, quas Actiaca victoria captas Augustus in oppidum Forojuliense miserat, valido cum remige." The "classis Ravennas" appears in the Histories, iii. 6, 40, and the "classici Ravennates" in iii. 50.

> "Ravenna's immemorial wood,
> Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er."

But the pine forest is as old as the days of Theodoric,§ and we have the distinct witness of Jordanes that in his day—in the reign of Justinian—the haven was filled up, and the place where it had been was now dry land covered by fertile gardens.* Yet Procopius and Agathias, writers of the same age, still speak of Classis as being frequented by ships of war, just as, a generation earlier, Cassiodorus had spoken of the care of naval affairs as among the chief duties attached to the administration of that city.† The contradiction is perhaps only a seeming one, as well as another apparent contradiction by which Jordanes, though speaking of the Po as flowing into the south of Ravenna, speaks also of Theodoric as crossing that river on his march thither from Verona. Geologists tell us that the *Lagune* of Venice and Comacchio are but vestiges of a greater expanse of mingled land and water of the same kind, which once stretched at once south of Ravenna and north of Venice.‡ The Po has often changed its course; old beds have been forsaken and new beds formed, and the mouths of the river and portions of the *Lagune* have been changed into dry land by the process of silting up. The original Classis was most likely a group of islands like Venice. If so, some of its canals and inlets may well have been filled up, so as to bear out the statement of Jordanes that woods and orchards grew where ships had once ridden at anchor, at a time when ships may

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* Pliny, Nat. Hist. iii. 20. "[Padus] deductus in flumina et fossas inter Ravennam Altinumque per cxx millia passuum, tamen qua largius vomit septem maria dictus facere. Augusta fossa Ravennam trahitur ubi Padusa vocatur."

† We do not remember to have seen either of these names Cæsarea and Classis in what are commonly called classical writers. The clearest account is that of Jordanes, 29. "Trino siquidem urbs ipsa vocabulo gloriatur, trigeminaque positione exsultat. Id est, prima Ravenna, ultima Classis, media Cæsarea inter urbem et mare." So the Ravenna Geographer, iv. 31, after "Ravenna nobilissima" places Cæsarea and Classis. So again v. 1. So Wido, 21, 69. We find the name as early as Procopius and Agathias. In the former (Bell. Goth. ii. 29), after the surrender of Ravenna to Belisarius, we read, *νηῶν στόλον ἐμπλησάμενος σίτου καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπιτηδείων ἐκέλευε κατὰ τάχος ἐς Κλάσσες τὸν λιμένα ἐσπλεῖν· οὕτω γὰρ Ῥωμαῖοι τὸ Ῥαβέννης προάστειον καλοῦσιν, οὗ ὁ λιμήν ἐστιν.* Agathias, who (i. 20) places Narsês there in 552, *παραγίνεται [ὁ Ἀλίγερνος] ἐς Κλάσσεις, οὗ δὴ τὸν Ναρσῆν διατρίβειν ἐπέπυστο· ἵδρυται δὲ τὸ φρούριον ἐν τῇ Ῥαβέννης περιοικίδι.*

‡ Jordanes, 29. "Ad ostia sua amœnissimum portum præbens classem ccxl navium statione Dione referente, tutissima dudum credebatur recipere." This does not seem to come from any of the extant parts of Dion.

§ Jordanes (57) says that Theodoric, in his march against Odoacer, "transacto Pado amne, ad Ravennam regiam urbem castra componit tertio

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fere milliario ab urbe, loco qui appellatur *pineta*." So the Anonymus Valesianus, 718, "patricius Theodericus veniens in *pineta*, fixit fossatum."

[My references to the "Anonymus Valesianus" are to the old edition of Ammianus; Leyden, 1693. A revised text will be found in Gardthausen's edition in Teubner's series, Leipzig, 1875.]

* Jordanes, 29. "Qui nunc, ut Fabius ait, quod aliquando portus fuerat, spatiosissimos hortos ostendit, arboribus plenos; verum de quibus non pendeant vela sed poma."

† Var. vii. 14. In the "Formula Comitivæ Ravennatis" Theodoric addresses his officer "quis nesciat quantam copiam navium leviter procures admonitus?"

‡ We have to thank Mr. T. G. Bonney for several hints on the geology of the matter. See also Mr. Clements Markham's Memoir of the Indian Surveys, pp. 258–260.

still, according to the witness of Procopius and Agathias, have been able to ride in other parts of the same Archipelago. In any case it is plain that, though the chief changes in the aspect of the city itself must belong to a later date, yet the great physical changes in the coast-line must have happened before the end of the fifth century of our æra. They were doubtless in no small measure the cause of the strange elevation which made Ravenna for a while the second city of the earth.

The establishment of Ravenna as a great naval station marks the first epoch in its history after its incorporation in the Roman dominion. Its choice as an Imperial dwelling-place marks the second. In the intermediate time we find several incidental notices of the city. Claudius is said to have strongly fortified it. No Roman walls now remain, but the "Golden Gate," which the local historian assigns to this æra, survived till the sixteenth century.* Martial, in several well-known passages, complains, no less than Sidonius afterwards, of the frogs which at Ravenna hindered slumber; and, in verses which remind us of sayings about our own Old Sarum and Battle Abbey, he tells us that fresh water was there more precious than wine.† The vines of the neighbourhood are mentioned both by Strabo and by Pliny.‡ We read too that the asparagus which grows so plentifully on the hill of Laon was plentiful also on the flats of

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* The "Porta Aurea" is ascribed to Claudius on the authority of inscriptions by Rubeus (pp. 16, 19), who makes him fortify the city.

† Martial, iii. 56:

> "Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennæ,
> Cum possim multo vendere pluris aquam;"

so, iii. 57:

> "Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennæ,
> Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum."

and again, iii. 93—

> "Meliusque ranæ garriunt Ravennates."

‡ Strabo (v. i.) remarks that the vines of Ravenna were fertile and grew quickly, but died soon. *τὸ περὶ τὴν ἄμπελον πάθος θαυμάζειν ἄξιον. φύει μὲν γὰρ αὐτὴν τὰ ἕλη, καὶ ποίει ταχὺ, καὶ πολὺν ἀποδιδοῦσαν καρπόν, φθείρεται δὲ ἐν ἔτεσι τέτρασιν ἢ πέντε*.—Cf. Pliny, Nat. Hist. xiv. 2.

Ravenna,* as if the plant had a special love for half forgotten seats of temporary dominion. In the civil wars of the Empire, no less than in the civil wars of the Commonwealth, the name of Ravenna not uncommonly meets us,† and it seems like a foreshadowing of times to come when we read that it was here that Diocletian assumed the ensigns of his last consulship.‡ The man who organized the Imperial despotism in a systematic and harmonious shape was truly in his own home in that city where, in the whole West, his work was to linger longest. The man at whose bidding the first consistent work of Roman architecture arose in the columns and arches of Spalato, was, persecutor as he might be, no less at home in the city which later generations were to adorn with the long arcades of Saint Agatha and Saint Apollinaris. But Ravenna is not only an Imperial Roman city, the rival of Imperial Rome herself; it has also its ecclesiastical, it has no less its Teutonic aspect. And its history in both these characters goes back to a date almost as early as the first beginnings of its importance. The Teuton appeared within the Roman dominions in different characters at different stages. He came first as a captive, a hostage, an unwilling guest; in after times he came as an ally, an invader, and a conqueror. The history of Ravenna is in this respect an epitome of the history of the whole Empire. She saw Teutonic inmates and visitors of all these classes. It was not unfitting that the city where the Goth was to reign should be in earlier times the place of safe-keeping for less successful champions of the same blood. There the Suevian Maroboduus dragged out eighteen years of captivity.[*] There too dwelled the son of the nobler, Arminius,[†] foreshadowing the days when Alaric appeared before her walls[‡] and when Theodoric reigned within them. This, as it were, fated connexion between Ravenna and men of Teutonic race comes out in a strange way at intervals throughout the whole history of the Empire. At once, for a moment, a Teutonic dominion was actually set up in the city. Marcus had brought colonies of conquered Germans, and had planted them, not only in various provinces, but in Italy itself. Some had their abode at Ravenna; there they rose in arms, and for a moment held the city as their own. How long the insurrection lasted, or how it was put down, we are not told; but it was serious enough to warn the philosophic Emperor that it was better to keep such dangerous guests beyond the bounds of Italy.[§] Somewhat later, we find a Roman Emperor, the special choice of the Senate, making Ravenna the head-quarters where he gathered together an army of German auxiliaries to wage war against a rival Cæsar of Gothic blood. When the news came of the fall of the first Maximin, the prince in whom the Gothic historian glories as the first ruler of Rome of his own race,[||] the senatorial Emperor Maximus or Pupienus dismissed the German army which he had summoned to his standard.[¶]

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* Martial, xiii. 21:

> "Mollis in æquorea quæ crevit spina Ravenna,
> Non erit incultis gratior asparagis."

So Pliny, Nat. Hist. xix. 42.

† Dion. (lxxiii. 17) mentions the taking of Ravenna by Severus. Spartianus (Didius, 6) says, "Severus classem Ravennatem occupat," words which Rubeus (51) misunderstands, saying "ab Juliano Classense oppidum captum." See also Julius Capitolinus, Maximus et Balbinus, 11, 12.

‡ A.D. 304. See Clinton, Fasti Romani, i. 346.

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[*] Tacit. Ann. ii. 63. "Maroboduus quidem Ravennæ habitus, si quando insolescerent Suevi, quasi rediturus in regnum, ostentabatur: sed non excessit Italia per duodeviginti annos; consenuitque, multum imminuta claritate, ob nimiam vivendi cupidinem."

[†] Ibid. i. 58. "Arminii uxor virilis sexus stirpem edidit: educatus Ravennæ puer."

[‡] Zôsimos, v. 37: *Ἀλάριχος . . . ἐντεῦθεν Αἰμιλίαν ἅπασαν παραμείψας καὶ καταλιπὼν τὴν Ῥάβενναν εἰς Ἀρίμινον.*

[§] Dion. lxxi. 11: He mentions the settlement of these German colonists both in the provinces and in Italy, and adds, *καὶ αὐτῶν ἐν Ῥαβέννη τινὲς οἰκοῦντες ἐνεωτέρισαν, ὥστε καὶ τὴν πόλιν κατασχεῖν τολμῆσαι, καὶ διὰ τοῦτ' οὐκέτ' ἐς τὴν Ἰταλίαν οὐδένα τῶν βαρβάρων ἐσήγαγεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοὺς προαφιγμένους ἐξῴκισεν.*

[||] See Jordanes, 15.

[¶] Julius Capitolinus, Maximini Duo, 24. "Maximus quidem . . . apud Ravennam bellum parabat per Germanorum auxilia: qui ubi comperit consensisse exercitum sibi et collegis suis, occisos autem esse Maximinos,

The city was thus, as it were, making ready for its place as the first seat of Teutonic dominion south of the Alps. The ecclesiastical history of Ravenna also goes back to the earliest times to which ecclesiastical history can go back. What germs of fact may lie hidden under the vast mass of legend which is set before us as the history of the early bishops of Ravenna we need not seek to determine. But the mere mass of the stories is striking: the local saints and martyrs of Ravenna would make a martyrology of themselves. And some at least of the tales have a special interest as bearing upon the antiquities of the place. The noblest ecclesiastical monuments of Ravenna bear the names, not of apostles or of other saints famous throughout the whole Church, but of the local worthies of the city itself. Every one who visits Ravenna must wish to know something of the saints who gave their names to the glorious piles of Saint Apollinaris and Saint Vital. The materials for the combined hagiography and architecture of Ravenna are ample and trustworthy. The second volume of Muratori's great collection contains the lives of all the Bishops down to the ninth century, by one Agnellus or Andrew, who wrote at that time.* A number of smaller pieces bearing on Ravennese history are found in the second part of Muratori's first volume. And the whole story is turned into the fluent Latin of the sixteenth century by the patriotic pen of Hieronymus Rubeus. Now the great importance of the local writers, of Agnellus above all, lies in preserving the dates of the buildings, and in showing beyond all doubt that the churches of Ravenna really are works of the fifth and sixth centuries. A series of large buildings of that date is something so wholly unique that at first sight it seems incredible. As far as the days after the Byzantine reconquest are concerned, our doubts pass away when we enter the sanctuary of Saint Vital and look on Justinian and Theodora face to face. But can we venture to

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statim demissis Germanorum auxiliis quæ sibi contra hostem paraverat, Romam laureatas literas misit."

* [See more of him in the Preface by Holder-Egger, in the new edition.]

believe that, in the so-called Saint Apollinaris within the city, we are really looking on the church raised by the great Goth for the Christians of his own sect and nation? Can we feel sure that we have before us what is at once the earliest monument of religious toleration and the earliest trophy of Teutonic dominion? The evidence, which we shall presently look at more in detail, seems quite convincing. If we doubted the received dates, the temptation would be to assign the buildings, not to any time between the sixth century and the ninth, but to some time later than the ninth. But it is plain from Agnellus that many of the buildings were standing, pretty much as they are now, in the ninth century, and that they certainly were not newly built in the ninth century. The general fact of the early date of the Ravennese buildings is thus distinctly proved; and this being established, it seems no great strain upon our faith to believe that the particular dates given by Agnellus and others were drawn by them from trustworthy authority.

The early date to which we can thus trace back the reverence paid to the local saints of Ravenna inclines us to put at least so much of faith in the local hagiology as to believe that it preserves the names of real persons, however much a pious fancy may have disported itself in devising or embellishing their particular actions. Ravenna, a city which claimed to stand next in both ecclesiastical and civil rank to Rome herself, a city which sometimes showed a disposition to dispute the superiority of Rome in either character,* could not fail to trace up her episcopate to the very earliest days of Christianity. We may believe or not as we please that the first Bishop Apollinaris was an immediate disciple of Saint Peter, sent to Ravenna by a special mission from his master, and that he suffered martyrdom under Vespasian, after destroying the temple of Apollo by his prayers.* The reign of Vespasian was not a time fertile in martyrs, though the destroyer of a temple, by whatever means, might have an exceptional claim to martyrdom. But the story carries us into mythology proper; the temple of Apollo is plainly suggested by the name Apollinaris. But the claim of Ravenna to have been evangelized in the earliest days of Christianity has every likelihood in its favour. A maritime city, the head-quarters of one of the great fleets of the Empire, would be visited by strangers from all parts of the world, some of whom would be sure to bring the new teaching with them. And in such a city too the number of martyrs would not unlikely be even proportionately greater than in obscurer places. The proud boast of Ravenna to be specially a city of saints and martyrs may therefore very well have some foundation in fact.† The memory of Apollinaris lives in the two great basilicas, within and without the city, which bear his name, and which, according to rule, disputed with each other the possession of his genuine body.‡ The other name which awakens special interest at Ravenna, that of Saint Vital, also carries us back to very early times. Vitalis, according to the legend, was a Christian soldier of Milan, in the service of Suetonius Paullinus, who in the history of Britain appears as the persecutor of Druids, and in the traditions of Ravenna as the no less remorseless persecutor of Christians. Vitalis exhorts the martyr Ursicinus, a Christian physician, to constancy, and after his death buries his body. For this he was made to share his fate.* The virgin Fusca also met with her martyrdom at Ravenna; but her seat of honour is in the Venetian island of Torcello,† while her Sicilian fellow-sufferer Agatha has left her name to one of the noblest of the Ravenna churches.‡

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* Spicilegium Ravennatis Historiæ, ap. Muratori, vol. i. pt. ii. p. 533. "Inter Christianæ fidei Latinas provincias Ravennatum gloriosa ecclesia, sicut narrant historiæ, secundum a Romana sede obtinuit principatum." Milan however makes the same claim, as may be seen in the legend on the ancient episcopal chair in the church, we think, of Saint Stephen in that city. Rubeus (172) complains bitterly of certain Archbishops of Ravenna who threw off their allegiance to the Roman see altogether, and got their pallium from the Emperor. According to his account (p. 206), some Ravennese writers went so far as to claim for their citizens a contingent right of electing the Pope.

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* Agnellus, ap. Mur. ii. 33. "Templum Apollinis quod ante portam quæ vocatur aurea, juxta amphitheatrum, suis orationibus demolivit." His legend is given at much greater length in the Spicilegium.

† Wido, 20. "Ravenna, in qua idem cosmographiæ expositor hujus, licet indoctus, imus Christi servus exortus sum; quæ scilicet non solum nobilitate, sed et autentu regio inter ceteras olim celsior, nunc Deo volente dignitate ecclesiastica atque pontificali, martyrum in ea coruscantium meritis, famosior, excelsior, excolitur." And again, in 66, "in hac circa potentissima et authentica urbium sita consistit Ravenna, in qua requiescens præsul et martyr Apollinaris." These outbursts of a sober geographer are worth more than the panegyrics of professed hagiographers.

‡ The legends of the invention and translation of Saint Apollinaris will be found in the Spicilegium, pp. 533–553. The supporter of the claims of Apollinaris in Classe breaks forth against his rival namesake within the city (540). "Quum autem monachi prædicti monasterii Sancti Apollinaris Novi figmenta suæ machinationis vellent pro argumento producere," &c.

And now we pass to the time when the ecclesiastical and the Imperial elements in Ravennese history begin to join together in one stream, and when the Teutonic element, no longer in the form of captives or hostages, but in the shape of invaders and conquerors, is looming in no remote distance. In the civil wars of the early reign of Constantine we hear of the strength and populousness of the city, when it gave shelter to the Cæsar Severus, and defied the strength of the elder, the Herculian, Maximian.§ But it was not till a later generation that Ravenna became the permanent seat of the Imperial government. Rome had long ceased to be an Imperial dwelling-place; after the division of the Empire, the great city of Milan, nearer to the threatened northern frontier, had been the usual home of the Emperors of the West. But Milan was no longer deemed a safe dwelling-place; it was unsafe at least for Honorius, whatever it might have been for Valentinian or Theodosius. Alaric was in the land; he had met Stilicho on at least equal terms in the hard-fought fight of Pollentia;* and, while Stilicho was fighting, Honorius was fleeing, as the Goth drew near to the walls of Milan. In Ravenna then, girded by its inaccessible marshes and its impregnable walls, Honorius fixed his dwelling-place; there he slept while Gaul and Spain and Britain fell away, while Stilicho wore out the host of Radagaisus, while Alaric spared and while he sacked the Eternal City, while, in the elevation of the puppet Attalus, he reversed the saying of the earlier days of the Empire, and showed that even now a Roman Emperor might be made in Rome.† In the absence of her master Rome had won back some small fragments of her ancient freedom, and deep questions of peace and war were again discussed in the debates of the Roman Senate.‡ But Ravenna, as the Imperial dwelling-place, became of course the special seat of Imperial crimes. It was there that Honorius—or, we may charitably say, Olympius—did the deed which was well compared to that of a man who should use his left hand to cut off his right. It was at Ravenna that Stilicho, the last deliverer of Rome, whose name her last heathen poet could couple with the names of Camillus and Marius, died the death of a traitor by the hand of Heraclian, the man who was so soon to play a traitor's part himself.* The circumstances of the death of Stilicho connect the course of general history with the ecclesiastical and the architectural history of the city. The privilege of sanctuary was now commonly enjoyed by the Christian churches,† and Stilicho sought shelter from his enemies before the altar of a church in Ravenna. The Bishop surrendered him on a solemn pledge that his life was not in danger; the pledge was broken, and, as soon as Stilicho had passed the consecrated precincts, a warrant for his slaughter was brought forth, and the last hero of Rome died as he had lived.‡

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* Rubeus tells his story (p. 32). He also appears as "fortissimus athleta Christi" in the "Opusculum de situ civitatis Mediolani," Muratori, vol. i. part ii. p. 209.

† The legend of Saint Fusca and her nurse Maura, and how their relics were carried to Torcello by another Vitalis, a devout sailor, will be found in Rubeus, p. 54. He adds, "Nunc honorificentissimo templo ac sepulcro religione summa ab incolis venerantur." The exquisite little church of Santa Fosca, in the form of a Greek cross, and with a surrounding arcade, is still standing at Torcello close to the greater basilica; but the "incolæ" of the desolate island are few.

‡ Rubeus (70) remarks on the "divos Siculos Ravenna in honore plurimum habitos," instancing Saint Agatha, who, he tells us (p. 54), suffered under the same magistrate, Quinctianus by name, as the Ravennese Fusca.

§ Zôsimos, ii. 10: *Σεβήρου συμφυγόντος εἰς τὴν Ῥάβενναν πόλιν ὀχυράν τε καὶ πολυάνθρωπον καὶ τροφῶν ἔχουσαν πλῆθος αὐτῷ τε καὶ τοῖς σὺν αὐτῷ στρατιώταις ἀρκοῦν.* So Aurelius Victor, Cæsars, xi. 7.

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* We must settle how we can the different accounts of the battle of Pollentia as they are collected by Gibbon, ch. 33, vol. v. 193 (Milman). Nothing can be more positive than the words of Cassiodorus, Chron. A. 402, p. 651 (Mommsen): "Polentiæ Stiliconem cum exercitu Romano Gothi victum acie fugaverunt," and the longer account of Jordanes (30), "Omnem pene exercitum Stiliconis in fugam conversum usque ad internecionem dejiciunt." The words of Prosper (Migne, 589) are, "Pollentiæ adversus Gothos vehementer utriusque partis clade pugnatum est."

† Compare the well-known saying of Tacitus, Hist. i. 4: "Evulgato imperii arcano, posse principem alibi quam Romæ fieri."

‡ See the debates in the Senate as recorded by Zôsimos, v. 29, 38.

In an ordinary reading of the history of the time we might pass by the account of the death of Stilicho without any thought beyond those general ones which such a tale must naturally suggest. But when we are studying the local history of Ravenna, we naturally ask which was the church at whose door Stilicho perished, and who was the Bishop who was thus entrapped into being the unwitting cause of his death? There can be little doubt from chronology that the Bishop who figures in this story is no other than Saint Ursus, who fills a high place in Ravennese hagiography, though his admirers find, perhaps not unnaturally, but little to say about the fate of Stilicho.§ The church we may fairly expect to have been the great metropolitan basilica—the firstfruits of repose from the enmity of heathen and heretic—the first-fruits of the special prosperity of Ravenna now that it had become an Imperial dwelling-place. The story of the death of Stilicho thus fairly lands us among the architectural monuments of Ravenna. These are fully described in the work of von Quast on the buildings of Ravenna,* and the mosaics with which most of them are adorned will be found described and engraved in the elder work of Ciampini.† The buildings naturally fall into three chronological classes: those which date from the days of the last Western Emperors before the Gothic occupation, those which belong to the reign of Theodoric, and those which belong to the times after the Byzantine re-conquest to the days of Justinian and of the Exarchs. To these we might add a fourth class, namely, the singular round *campanili*, which have a character of their own quite peculiar to Ravenna, but which in no case seem to date from so early a time as the churches to which they are attached. These last, spread over the fifth and sixth centuries, have much in common with one another, though, as might be expected, the earlier work is more classical, while the latter exhibits distinctly Byzantine features. But one characteristic piece of detail runs through all; the Ravenna architects seem never to have dared to make their arches spring, like those at Spalato, directly from the capital. The stilt between the capital and the arch is universal; it is in most cases adorned with some pious emblem.‡ This is undoubtedly a falling back from the great

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* See the account of the death of Stilicho in Zôsimos, v. 34. He does not give the name of the Bishop, nor does he there mention Heraclian; but he says afterwards (v. 37), Ἡρακλειανῷ παρέδωκε [ν Ὀνώριος] τὴν ἀρχὴν [the government of Africa], *αὐτόχειρι Στελίχωνος ὄντι καὶ ταύτην ἔπαθλον τὴν τιμὴν δεξαμένῳ.* On the revolt of Heraclian himself, see Orosius, vii. *ad finem.*

† See instances in Zôsimos, iv. 40 : *παρὰ Χριστιανῶν τιμώμενον* οἰκοδόμημα, *νομιζόμενον ἄσυλον.* v. 18. *δρομαῖος ἐπὶ τὴν τῶν Χριστιανῶν ἐχώρησεν ἐκκλησίαν ἔχουσαν ἐξ ἐκείνου τὸ ἄσυλον.* So. v. 19, 35, 45.

‡ Zôsimos takes the opportunity of his death to pronounce his panegyric. Orosius, on the other hand, says "justissime occisus est."

§ In Agnellus and the Spicilegium there seems to be no mention of the death of Stilicho, and all that Rubeus (73) chooses to tell us is that "Stilicho et Eucherius filius, cui imperium conflare studebat, Ravennæ, licet alii Romæ asserant, trucidati sunt." It may be worth noting that he

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takes Sâul, the "barbarus et paganus dux" of Orosius, for a Jew, as his name might well suggest. His name occurs in Zôsimos, iv. 57.

* "Die alt-Christlichen Bauwerke von Ravenna vom fünften bis zum neunten Jahrhundert. Historisch geordnet und durch Abbildungen erläutert von Al. Ferdinand von Quast." Berlin, 1842.

† Joannis Ciampini Romani Vetera Monimenta. Romæ, mdccxlvii.

‡ Quast (p. 44) says, "jene kubischen Aufsätze über den Säulenkapitalen sind daher eine glückliche Neuerung zu nennen, obschon deren Durchbildung nicht völlig gelungen ist." Some examples will be seen in his illustrations.

example of Spalato; but we accept it as something characteristic of Ravenna, something which we are not sorry when we meet again at Trieste and at Istrian Parenzo. It gives to the style the interest which belongs to a period of transition; it shows how gradually styles of architecture are wrought out, and how long the traces of earlier forms hang about them, even after they have lost their meaning.

In speaking of the architecture of Ravenna, we must guard against one mistake into which one who has not seen the place might easily fall. The visitor to Ravenna must not go thither expecting to find a city of noble architectural groups, of enriched exteriors and varied outlines. If he sets out in this frame of mind, he will be disappointed. He will find what he is looking for at Verona, at Lucca, above all at Pisa; he will not find it at Ravenna. Most of the noblest buildings of Ravenna make no show whatever outside. They are utterly unornamented; they are crowded up by other buildings; they in no way force themselves on the eye of the passer-by. The famous sepulchral church of Galla Placidia has positively to be hunted for. The sepulchral church of Theodoric himself is as striking without as within; but it stands altogether outside the city, and must be made the object of a special pilgrimage. Saint Agatha and Saint Apollinaris within the city seem almost as if they shrank from the public gaze. Saint Vital itself, though its form makes it a more conspicuous and striking object, in no way does justice without to the glories of its interior. Nor is Ravenna itself, in its houses, streets, and public buildings, a city, like Bologna for instance, where each age has gone on building and adorning to the best of its taste, and has produced a city which is effective as a city, and not merely as the place where a few grand buildings are to be found here and there. To the ordinary tourist we conceive that Ravenna would not be striking.* The general aspect is not remarkable; there is but little of good domestic or civic architecture: the churches, as we have said, hide themselves. The outside of a Ravennese basilica is, in truth, when you can get at it, an unadorned and unattractive pile of brick. If it has any architectural grouping or outline about it, it owes it to the campanile which a later age has added.

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* We were ourselves warned that "la chose la plus intéressante à Ravenne est le Pinet."

But if the churches of Ravenna are thus unattractive without, they are emphatically all glorious within. Their charm is doubtless partly owing to their almost unique antiquity, to the preservation of ancient forms and arrangements which have elsewhere gone out of use; but they must be allowed to have no small share of architectural merit in themselves. They do not rise to the soaring majesty of the mediæval Pointed style—in Ravenna we must avoid the ambiguous word *Gothic*—nor do they rise either to the awful sublimity of the Northern Romanesque or to the solemn stateliness of such a pile as that of Pisa. Yet the eye dwells, not merely with interest, but with genuine artistic delight, on the long unbroken rows of pillars and arches, their marble shafts, their floriated capitals—sometimes the work of the Christian craftsman, sometimes the spoils of heathendom pressed into the service of the sanctuary. There is a charm in the very simplicity of the basilican arrangement: the single nave and aisles, the single apse with seats rising as in an amphitheatre, are as striking in their way as the more complicated parts of the later minster, with its aisles, chapels, and transepts branching away into endless distance. In the basilica, the arcade, the long row of narrow arches resting on monolith columns, is the one architectural feature. And now we see why it is that buildings of this class have so little to show on the outside. The basilica is, in truth, the Greek temple turned inside out; the colonnade, in the one case supporting an entablature, in the other case supporting a row of arches, is the one strictly architectural feature in either building. In the Greek temple this one architectural feature is placed outside, and but little scope is given for the strictly architectural enrichment of the interior.

In the basilica it is placed inside, and but little scope is given for the architectural enrichment of the exterior. The first beginnings of the Romanesque system of external decoration may indeed be seen in the external arcades and flat buttresses of Saint Apollinaris in Classe. But this is one of the latest of the Ravenna churches, and all that it shows is the first faint approach to external decoration; for Italian architects who could give to the outsides of their buildings, their sides, their fronts, their apses, a form worthy of their inside, we must again go to Lucca and Pisa.

The colonnade and its arches form, as we have said, the one architectural feature of the basilican churches; the threefold division of height, the arcade, triforium, and clerestory had not yet been thought of; at least it had not been worked into an artistic form. In the Ravenna churches the windows of the clerestory are simply openings for light; they have not been wrought into anything of artistic character, and the *triforium*-space is almost necessarily left blank. The notion of making it an architectural feature could hardly come in till the practice of vaulting the aisles had begun. The whole plan of these buildings allows a great field for void spaces; it does not, like the mediæval style, fill up every inch of the building with strictly architectural work; but then this defect, as we may call it from a strictly architectural point of view, only gives the more opportunity for the display of art of another kind which forms one of the special glories of Ravenna. The void spaces which are left by the architectural features are filled up by those wonderful mosaic paintings which look down upon us as fresh as they were thirteen hundred years back. There is no form of decoration which is so truly everlasting as this; a stained glass window may be broken, a fresco may peel off, a picture strictly so called is liable to accidents of many kinds, but the mosaics stay for ever, unless some one goes and wilfully chisels them away. And the mosaics have the special merit, that, of all forms of decoration, they alone are not subsidiary; they are not adventitious, but are as essentially part and parcel of the building as the architectural forms themselves. And their effect in their noblest examples is certainly such as to place them among the happiest devices of human skill. The mosaics which fill up the void spaces between the arcades and windows of Saint Apollinaris within the city are as truly in their place, they are as much parts of one perfect whole, as any strictly architectural form. The procession of triumphant virgins on the northern wall of Saint Apollinaris may stand side by side, as a work of its own art, with the work of the kindred art in the angels' choir at Lincoln.

The earliest of this long series of great works which are crowded into the space of two centuries was the church at whose gate it is most likely Stilicho met his doom, the metropolitan church, which always bore the name of its founder Ursus. The descriptions of it show that it was a vast basilica of the usual type; but the work of Ursushas given way to a twofold rebuilding. The existing metropolitan church of Ravenna is a revived classical building of the last century, fitter for a Jesuits' College than for the city of Placidia and Theodoric. Only a few columns and fragments of the ancient building seem to have been used up again; but, if the *duomo* itself is of comparatively little interest, the interest of its subsidiary buildings is of the highest kind. Attached to it is one of the grandest of the peculiar Ravennese campaniles, those round towers of brick of whose date we have no positive notice. As they are never spoken of by Agnellus, we may be sure that they are later than the ninth century; we shall not dispute if any one chooses to assign them to the eleventh or twelfth. The next Bishop but one, Neon, about 430, added the neighbouring baptistery which still remains. The living and moving figures of the Apostles, so unlike the stiff and conventional forms of the later Byzantine art, are still there, still fresh in the imperishable mosaic, after fourteen hundred years.* And this building is hardly less interesting in a strictly architectural point of view, as showing how early its architects had grasped the use of the decorative arcade as a source of internal enrichment. Between the building of the *duomo* and its baptistery came two other notable churches, not in the city itself, but in its two suburbs, of which all traces have now perished. Peter, the successor of Ursus, began, and his successor Neon finished, a church in the suburb of Classis, which bore his own name, and to which a later Peter, Chrysologus, added a baptistery.* Saint Lawrence at Cæsarea, so the story goes, was built by one Lauritius, a chamberlain of Honorius, who built it with a sum of money which his master had entrusted to him for the building of a palace, and the docile Emperor forgave the pious cheat.† This sounds legendary enough; but there is no doubt as to the existence of the building, or as to its barbarous destruction by Pope Pius the Fourth in 1553.‡

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* On the building of the metropolitan church, the "ecclesia Ursiana," by Ursus, see Agnellus ap. Mur. ii. 51. He bears witness to its mosaic enrichments in the words "lapidibus pretiosissimis parietibus circumdedit,

The work of which Honorius was, characteristically enough, believed to be the unconscious founder, leads us to the works of his more active-minded sister, who at Ravenna has been raised almost to the rank of a patron saint. And in

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super totius templi testudinem tessellis variis diversas figuras composuit." In the Life of Neon (58), he tells us that that Bishop "fontes Ursianæ ecclesiæ pulcherrime decoravit musivo et auratis tessellis, apostolorum imagines et nomina cameræ circumpinxit, parietes promiscuis lapidibus cinxit. Nomen ipsius lapideis descriptum est elementis." He goes on to quote the inscription. It is not very easy to settle the exact dates of these bishops: they are discussed in the commentary attached to Agnellus in Muratori, and also by Quast, p. 3. Quast (4) gives the date of from 425 to 430 for the Baptistery; Ciampini (i. 233) gives it as 452. He gives a full representation of the mosaics.

* See Agnellus, i. 56, 58, 79; Quast, 3. According to the Spicilegium (577), it fell down in 801. A glowing description is added: "cui nulla similis fuit in longitudine, latitudine, et altitudine, in quâ ccc altaria fuisse dicuntur."

† This legend is told by Agnellus, i. 64; Rubeus, 76; Quast, 3. This is also told in the Spicilegium, 576, but with the date 430, which is inconsistent with its being built in the reign of Honorius.

‡ Rubeus, 77; it was destroyed twelve years before he wrote.

Galla Placidia we are again brought back to the race whose presence, after all, gives Ravenna its highest interest. Placidia was the wife of the last Constantius, the mother of the last Valentinian; but she did not become either till she had been the wife of the Gothic Ataulf, the mother of the babe who united the blood of the two races. The son of Ataulf and Placidia, the infant Theodosius, had he not been cut off in his cradle, might have reigned over the people of his royal father under the name of his Imperial grandfather.* But of the earlier husband and earlier offspring of Placidia there are no monuments at Ravenna. The church of Saint Lawrence at Milan boasts of the tomb of Ataulf, but his burying-place was also shown at Barcelona, the place of his murder.† The monuments with which Ravenna was enriched by the bounty of Placidia were all monuments of her later, her Roman, marriage. And yet, as her marriage with Constantius is said to have been against her own will,‡ we may deem that her heart was in the grave of the noble Goth, who had learned that it was only by the laws of Rome that the world could be governed.§ At least she retained the loyalty of her former husband's followers, and we now for the first time come to a distinct mention of the presence of Goths within the walls of Ravenna. When the excessive love which reigned between Placidia and her brother was changed into hatred,* her Gothic guards—followers some of them of Constantius, but some of Ataulf—rose in her cause, and Ravenna again, as in the days of Marcus, listened to the clashing of Teutonic weapons.† The cause of quarrel, at once Roman Empress and Gothic Queen, fled to the court of her nephew Theodosius, and her return from the New Rome became the groundwork of one of the most cherished legends of Ravenna. On the death of Honorius, the throne of the West was seized by the usurper John, and Placidia and her son Valentinian were restored by the arms of Theodosius.‡ On her voyage, according to the tale, she was in danger of shipwreck, and vowed a church to Saint John the Evangelist.§ In due time the church arose, built upon piles because of the badness of its foundation, but adorned with all the choicest splendours of the art of Ravenna.‖ It still

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* Olympiodôros, p. 458, ed. Bonn: *'Αδάουλφος, τεχθέντος αὐτῷ ἐκ τῆς Πλακιδίας παιδὸς ᾧ ἐπέθετο κλῆσιν Θεοδόσιον, πλέον ἠσπάζετο τὴν πρὸς 'Ρωμαίους φιλίαν.* He adds that the child was buried in a silver coffin at Barcelona, *ἔν τινι εὐκτηρίῳ*, a *bedehouse*—this would seem to be the heathen Olympiodôros' scornful way of describing a Christian church. Idatius, in his Chronicle (ed. Migne, 877), sees in the marriage of Ataulf and Placidia the fulfilment of the prophecy of Daniel that "the daughter of the King of the South should marry the King of the North."

† Olympiodôros, *u.s.* His epitaph at Barcelona is given by Aschbach, Geschichte der West-Gothen, 107.

‡ Olympiodôros, 464: *Πολλὰ αὐτὴ ἀνανεύουσα.*

§ See the well-known description of his designs given by himself in Orosius (*ad finem*), how he had designed "ut obliterato Romano nomine Romanum omne solum Gothorum imperium et faceret et vocaret, essetque, ut vulgariter loquar, Gothia quod Romania fuisset, fieret nunc Atthaulfus quod quondam Cæsar Augustus." But experience had taught him better, and his object now was to use the Gothic forces for the restoration of the Roman commonwealth. He had found "neque Gothos ullo modo parere legibus posse propter effrenatam barbariam, neque reipublicæ interdici leges oportere sine quibus respublica non est

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respublica." One feels indignant when Agnellus (68) ventures to say that "ipsa Augusta *a quodam Athulpho* relicta est."

* See the stories and the scandals in Olympiodôros, 467. Their *ἄμετρος ἀγάπη* was changed into *τοσαύτη πάλιν ἔχθρα.*

† Ibid. *ὥστε στάσεις μὲν πολλάκις ἐν τῇ* Ῥαβέννῃ *συστῆναι (περιῆν γὰρ κᾳκείνῃ πλῆθος βαρβάρων ἐκ τῆς πρὸς* Ἀδάουλφον *συναφείας, καὶ ἐκ τῆς πρὸς* Κωνστάντιον *συζυγίας), καὶ πληγὰς δὲ προελθεῖν ἐξ ἑκατέρου μέρους.*

‡ The local writers become perfectly mythical about this revolution. Agnellus seems to fancy that Constantius survived Honorius, and one writer in the Spicilegium (567) tells us how "divus Honorius" was murdered at Rome by the citizens, "soror vero ejus Galla Placidia Augusta inter impios cives hac de causa ultra morari recusavit." The Annalist (p. 577) says more truly, "Placidia ab Honorio pellitur Italia." See Cassiodor. Chr. A. 423, p. 652, Mommsen.

§ The legend is given briefly by Agnellus (68), and more fully in the Spicilegium, 567.

‖ Spicilegium, 568. "Augusta sudibus ecclesiæ locum implet, super quos lapidea fundamenta componit; erat enim palustris locus qui suâ mobilitate structuram lapidum non aliter admittebat." He goes on with a glowing description of the building, and seems to imply that the columns were made on purpose, and not taken from other buildings. "Pars stands, a noble basilica of eleven arches, with the peculiar stilts on the capitals wrought with special richness. But it has gone through more changes and additions of later times than is usual in Ravenna. Among them is a campanile, not of the usual round form, but square, and in whose upper stage pointed windows show themselves. Of the other church of Placidia, that of Saint Cross,* but little remains untouched; but the monument to which her name cleaves most closely is her sepulchral chapel, more strictly the church of the Saints Nazarius and Celsus, which still stands in much the same state as at its first building in or near the year 450.† The building, in its meanness without and its gorgeousness within, is eminently characteristic of Ravenna. The entrance has to be searched for in the length of a blank wall of brick, but, when it is found, it opens on one of the most exquisite structures of its class. A small chapel in the form of the Greek cross is roofed with the central dome and the four surrounding semi-domes, where the symbolical figure of the Good Shepherd with His sheep, the emblems of the Evangelists, and other forms of saints and martyrs, still live in the original mosaic.‡ There is here, as throughout these early mosaics, nothing stiff, nothing, except the oft-repeated symbols themselves, which can be called conventional.§ The figure of the Divine Shepherd is surrounded by His flock, a

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[hominum] ad eruenda marmora peregrinos petit montes." Quast (p. 9) remarks on the regularity of the columns and capitals. He gives a very full description.

* Agnellus, 67. Quast, 10.

† Agnellus, 68. "Sepulta est Galla Placidia in monasterio sancti Nazarii, ut aiunt multi, ante altarium infra cancellos qui fuerunt ærei et qui nunc lapidei esse videntur."

‡ The mosaics are described and illustrated at length by Ciampini, i. 224. See Quast, 10.

§ One gets indignant when Manso (Geschichte des Ost-Gothischen Reiches in Italien, 403) talks about "die mehr kunstreichen als künstlerischen, mehr Fleiss als Geist verrathenden Musiv-Arbeiten." He ventures to ask of all the works at Ravenna (396), "Kommt die eigenthümliche und *falsche Richtung des Geschmacks*, die sich in ihnen offenbart, auf die Rechnung der Gothen?"

flock more life-like than their prototypes in the natural world, but which afford a speaking comment on the saying that "My sheep hear My voice and follow Me."* Beneath lies the tomb of Placidia herself, the sarcophagus where she was placed sitting, like Charles the Great, in the robes of Empire, and beside her are the smaller tombs of her Roman husband Constantius and her Roman son Valentinian.† Of all the Cæsars of East and West till the Imperial sceptre passed away into Northern hands, they alone lie in glory, every one in his own house. For the tombs of worthier and mightier Emperors, heathen and Christian, we should seek as vainly in Ravenna or in either Rome as we should seek at Winchester, at Waltham, or at Evesham for the tombs of the noblest heroes of our own land. The surpassing interest of these monuments must not blind us to the worthlessness of those whom they commemorate. We must not forget that the last Valentinian, the last Emperor of the blood of Theodosius and of his own greater namesake, died, after an inglorious reign, the victim of his own base passions. And his mother too, surrounded as she is with a halo of local glory, stands branded in the page of history as a mother who sacrificed her son to the strengthening of her own power. It is with an honest pride that Cassiodorus compares her rule with that of the next Queen-mother who reigned in Ravenna, and puts the jealous weakness of the Roman Placidia in strong contrast with the just and vigorous rule of the Gothic

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* Ciampini, i. 228.

† Spicilegium, 576. "Placidia Augusta * * * * construxit * * * * capellam, in qua ejus et filiorum suorum Valentiniani et Honoriæ solemnissimis et eminentissimis sepulcris corpora requiescunt." But in Archbishop Reynold's (1303) account in p. 574, we read "tria videntur Augusta mausolea. Horum in maximo corpus Placidiæ per cavum inspicitur in sede regali residens. In duobus reliquis elegantibus nimis requiescunt corpora Augustorum, altero Constantii viri Placidiae, altero Placidi Valentiniani eorum filii." Rubeus, in his description (p. 89), does not mention the occupants of the other tombs. Some seem to attribute one of them to Honorius, perhaps from a confusion with Honoria. The moral is much the same in either case. On the burial of Placidia herself, see Quast, 13.

Amalasontha.* Still the faults of Placidia and Valentinian are not greater than those of many other princes in whose honour stately tombs and temples have been reared. The crimes of the later days of Valentinian were not wrought at Ravenna; for them, as if to a more congenial field, he had gone back to the ancient capital of the Empire.† And the faults and weaknesses of the rule either of Valentinian or of his mother may well have been forgiven in a city which received at his hands the formal ratification of its position as, both in ecclesiastical and civil rank, second only to Rome itself.‡ The Bishop of Ravenna had fourteen suffragans placed under his metropolitan jurisdiction, and, by a foreshadowing of the disputes of the eleventh century, he received his pallium from the Imperial hand.§ Valentinian or his mother built the stately palace of Laureta within the walls of the city ;|| and there he received his Byzantine bride Eudoxia,¶ who was in after times to avenge his death and

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* Cassiodorus, Var. xi. 1. "Placidiam mundi opione celebratam, aliquorum prosapia gloriosam, purpurato filio studuisse percepimus. Cujus dum remisse administrat imperium, indecenter cognoscitur imminutum. Nurum denique sibi amissione Illyrici comparavit, factaque est conjunctio regnantis divisio dolenda provinciis. Militem quoque nimia quiete dissoluit. Pertulit a matre protectus quæ vix pati potuit destitutus. Sub hac autem domina, quæ tot reges habuit quot parentes, (juvante Deo) noster exercitus terret externos, qui provida dispositione libratus, nec assiduis bellis atteritur, nec iterum longa pace mollitur."

† The two great crimes of Valentinian, the murder of Aetius and the rape of the wife of Maximus, were done at Rome. See Procopius, Bell. Vand. i. 4; Idatius, p. 884, Migne; Prosper, ibid. 603; Cassiod. Chron. A 451. The story of Maximus' wife seems to come from Procopius only, but of the murder of Aetius there is no doubt.

‡ Agnellus, 67. "Idem Augustus * * * jussit ac decrevit ut absque Roma, Ravenna esset caput Italiæ."

§ Ibid. 67. "Iste [Johannes 'Αγγελόπτης] primus ab Augusto pallium ex candida lana accepit, ut mos est Romanorum pontifici, super duplo idem induere, quo usus est ipse et successores sui usque in præsentem diem."

|| Ibid. "Celsam Valentinianus illo in tempore Ravennam tenebat arcem, regalemque aulam struere jussit in loco qui dicitur ad Laureta * * * et in ipsa domo regia multo tempore commoratus est."

¶ Ibid. 62. "Facta est domina Eudoxia Augusta Ravennæ." Jordanes her own unwilling marriage by calling in the Vandal to deal with Rome as the Goth had never dealt with her.* He enlarged the borders of the city; he surrounded it with new walls, and strengthened his walls with bars of iron.† But, amid all its prosperity, Ravenna was not free from military outbreaks, and even its holy places were, in the days of Placidia no less than in those of her brother, not always clean from the stain of illustrious blood.‡

Besides the works of Placidia herself, three other buildings of what in Ravenna we may call the Placidian age call for some notice. One is the chapel in the archiepiscopal palace, a small building of the same type as the sepulchral church of the Empress, showing the four arms and the cupola none the less effectively because of their diminutive scale. This chapel, the work of Peter Chrysologos, built probably between 430 and 450, we have sometimes been tempted to identify with the building called Tricolon or Tricolis, which seems to have been matter of some dispute among the antiquaries of Ravenna.§ In the room by which this chapel is entered a

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(de Succ. Regn. i. 239) makes him go to Constantinople to fetch her, as James the Sixth went to Denmark.

* Procopius, Bell. Vand. i. 4.

† Agnellus, 67. "Mœnibus decoravit et vectes ferreos infra viscera muri claudere jussit * * * qui etiam istius muri civitatis multum adauxit. Cingebatur autem antea quasi unum ex oppidis, et quod priscis temporibus angustiosa erat idem Augustus ingentem fecit."

‡ Idatii Chron. (ed. Migne, 879): "Felix qui dicebatur patricius Ravennæ tumultu occiditur militari." Agnellus, 62: "In diebus ejus occisus est Felix patricius ad gradus ecclesiæ Ursianæ mense Maii." This was the year of the coming of Eudoxia.

§ The building is described by Quast, 16. The Tricolon is spoken of by Agnellus, 79, when he says that Peter Chrysologos "fundavit domum infra episcopium Ravennæ sedis quæ dicitur Tricoli, eo quod tria cola contineat, quæ ædificia nimis ingeniosa inferius structa est." Rubeus, 88: "Tricollim agressus est, quod ædificium ad trium collium simulacrum exstructum sacerdotibus Ursiani templi stationem tutam assiduamque præbebat. Id a successoribus admirabili ædificatione absolutum, nunc non extat." Muratori's commentator on Agnellus altogether casts aside this interpretation, but he does not tell us what the Tricolon really was. The name would not badly express the aspect of the chapel with its four number of inscriptions are brought together which have been found in various parts of the city. The heathen inscriptions are not many, and they have their fellows in countless other places; but it is only in Ravenna that we are likely to find either the epitaph of a chamberlain of Theodoric or a Greek inscription in honour of an Exarch for whom the Italian army wept.*

The other works of the same Bishop Peter Chrysologos, or his age, are the two basilicas of Saint Agatha and Saint Peter, of which the latter, standing hard by the tomb of Dante, has changed its original dedication for the more modern name of Saint Francis.† Saint Agatha has a noble range of eleven arches, with capitals of all kinds, the columns evidently being the spoils of earlier buildings. But the blank space between the arcade and the clerestory sadly cries for mosaics. In the western part of this building is the only appearance which ever led us to doubt for a moment as to the antiquity of the Ravenna churches. On the stilt above one of the most western columns is a legend bearing the date of 1494. The arch belonging to this column evidently cuts through an earlier arch of Roman brick; but the late legend need not lead us to believe that the column itself is of so late a date; the inscription is probably much of a piece with the process by which many of the early tombs in the churches of Ravenna have been seized and turned to the use of persons who lived ages after. At all events, here is distinct proof that the church of Saint Agatha was built on the site, and partly out of the materials, of an earlier building. Saint

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limbs, as seen out of any one of the four. Yet such a name for a chapel —or indeed for any other building—is passing strange, and we throw out the suggestion without putting much faith in it.

* We must trust to our own memory for this inscription; but we remember the words *τὸ στράτευμα τῶν Ἰταλῶν ἐδάκρυσεν*, or something very like them. [I cannot find it in Boeckh's Corpus Inscriptionum.]

† Rubeus, 92. "D. Petri templo, cum nunc incolatur ab Franciscanis, D. Francisci titulus est. Antea tamen sacerdotes non cucullati, certis constitutis proventibus, rem ibi divinam faciebant." See Quast, 16.

Agatha has been provided with one of the ordinary round campaniles; that added to Saint Peter or Saint Francis is square. The church itself is another basilica of the same type, but with more regularity in its Ionic capitals.* The church of Saint John Baptist, a building of the same date, has lost its ancient character, but one of the best of the round campaniles has been added to it.

Between the days of Placidia and those of Theodoric there seem to be no architectural monuments in Ravenna. The five-and-twenty years of confusion—broken only by the short and glorious career of Majorian—which passed between the death of Valentinian the Third and the dominion of Odoacer were not a time at all fitted for great works of this kind. And in that intermediate time, just as in the last days of Valentinian himself, Rome is more conspicuous—in misfortune at least, in days when misfortune makes up the whole history—than Ravenna. It is, as we have seen, Rome and not Ravenna which was the scene of the crimes and the death of Valentinian and of the vengeance of his widow; and, alike in history and in that form of legend which has a groundwork in history, it was Rome and not Ravenna which was the subject of the memorable embassy which turned back the wrath of Attila. Honorius was at Ravenna while Alaric threatened and took Rome; but Valentinian, strange to say, was in Rome itself when the more fearful Hun drew nigh. In history his wrath was turned away by the wise intercession of Pope Leo the Great and of two temporal magistrates.† In legend, or at least in art, the guardian Apostles themselves appeared to denounce the doom of the heathen who should do wrong to their city. In history there is nothing to show that Attila, in the course of the invasion which overthrew Aquileia and in a manner founded Venice, ever drew near to Ravenna at all. But a city so nearly equal to Rome in spiritual and temporal dignity could not tamely resign to Rome the reputation of being the sole champion of Italy. The Bishop of Ravenna, John, who had been honoured with an angelic vision,* could not lag behind even the great name of Leo. That the invasion of Attila happened, not in the episcopate of John, but in that of his successor Peter Chrysologos, would be but a slight hindrance in the way of a legend-maker. Attila drew near and threatened the city with destruction. The Bishop went forth in episcopal dress, accompanied by a choir of priests and singers. He craved the mercy of Attila for his children. The barbarian, who knew not the relation of spiritual parentage, asked how one man could be the father of all the people of Ravenna.† But his heart was touched; the prayer of the angel-seer was granted; Attila rode into Ravenna as a friend, and went away, without harming the city or its inhabitants, among the thanksgivings and acclamations of the people whom he had spared.‡

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* See Quast, 16.

† See the mission of Leo, Abienus, and Trigetius in the Chronicle of Prosper, Migne, 603.

The Hun appears at Ravenna in legend only; history passes on from Placidia and Valentinian to a man of another race, who next held what local pride does not scruple to call the "kingdom of Ravenna."§ With Odoacer—call him what we will, King or Patrician, anything except "King of Italy" ||—the event at last comes to which so many earlier events have been pointing, and Ravenna becomes

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* See the legend in Agnellus, 68. He gets from it his Greek title of Ἀγγελόπτης.

† [Yet the sons of Attila himself were "pene populus," according to Jordanes, c. 50.]

‡ See Agnellus, 65, 66.

§ Ibid. 66. "Odoacrem qui illo tempore regnum Ravennæ obtinebat."

|| We can find no authority whatever for the common statement that either Odoacer or Theodoric ever called himself King of Italy. It is curious to see how our authorities seem to avoid the particular form of words, "Rex Italiæ." In the Anonymus Valesianus, 717, we read, "Odoacer deposito Augustulo de imperio factus est Rex"; and presently, "Odoacer qui postea regnavit Italiæ." So Jordanes (Regn. Succ. p. 240), "Quia tunc Odoacer regnum Italiæ occupasset." In Jordanes de Rebus Geticis, he appears as "Tyrannus." In the minute account in Malchos (255), there is not a word of kingship; Odoacer is a Patrician appointed by the Emperor Zeno. This was doubtless his formal rank in the eyes of the Romans; to his own followers he would be King.

the seat of a Teutonic dominion in Italy. The abolition of the separate Empire in the West, the re-union, as men fondly deemed, of the whole Empire under the Augustus of the New Rome, was in form the work of a vote of the Senate of the Old Rome, accepted with some reluctance by the now sole Emperor.* In fact it was brought about beneath the walls of Ravenna by the hands of Odoacer and his barbarian followers. The last Romulus Augustus was within the walls of the city when Odoacer came, slew his father Orestes at Placentia and his uncle Paulus by the pine-forest, and then sent away the harmless and beautiful youth to dwell in peace in Campania.† The new King or Patrician built himself a palace and further strengthened the walls of the city; ‡ but the full glory of Ravenna was not to be in his day. The rule of Odoacer, a time of rest no doubt after the storms of the last days of the separate Western Empire, was but a foreshadowing of the more illustrious rule of his destroyer. Now comes the time which, above all other times, makes Ravenna really illustrious among the cities of the earth. She had seen Teutonic captives and hostages, Teutonic mercenaries and Teutonic colonists; she had at last come to be a seat of Teutonic dominion; and now the weaker dominion of Odoacer was to be exchanged for the more lasting rule of Theodoric. Legend has attached the name of the great Goth to another Italian city. Verona was indeed honoured by his presence and adorned with his works; but the true home of Dietrich of Bern was not at the southern Bern,§ but at Ravenna.

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* See the story at length in Malchos, *u.s.*

† Anon. Val. 716. "Superveniente Odoacre cum gente Scyrorum, occidit Orestem patricium in Placentia, et fratrem ejus Paulum ad Pineta foris Classem Ravennæ. Ingrediens autem Ravennam, deposuit Augustulum de regno, cujus infantiæ misertus, concessit ei sanguinem: et quia pulcher erat, tamen donavit ei reditum sex millia solidos, et misit eum intra Campaniam cum parentibus suis libere vivere."

‡ See Spicilegium, 575, 576. Amongst other things, he made a new canal from the sea by the Pinetum as a defence against Theodoric.

§ He appears, as is well known, in the Niebelungen-Lied (28) as "von Berne der Herre Dieterich." In Tschudi's Chronicon Helveticum

The form of the first Gothic lord of Italy stands forth, alike in his personal character and in his relations to the age around him, as one of the marvels and riddles of history; he stands out in his age like Charles the Great in his, but with this difference, that Charles had forerunners and successors, while Theodoric stands wholly alone. An early life of turbulence and intrigue, in which the ferocity of the barbarian is blended with the subtlety of the Byzantine courtier, is followed by a reign of thirty years of peace, justice, and toleration, to which no parallel can be found for ages on either side of it. And yet that glorious and happy reign, a time such as Italy never saw before or after from the age of the Antonines to our own, was both ushered in and ended with crimes worthy of the darkest days of Imperial power. Theodoric began with the treacherous slaughter of Odoacer; he ended with the, to say the least, unjust execution of Boetius and Symmachus. The former crime seems hardly to have shocked his own age. Procopius says in a marked way that Theodoric's crime against Boetius and Symmachus was his only crime.* In those days of dark deeds, when human life was so little recked of, the murder of a rival, of a partner in a treaty which it was impossible to keep, may have been looked on as one of those deeds which are forced on those who seek to rise to empire. It is strange that of the life of Theodoric we know at once so much and so little. His system of government lives in the books of Cassiodorus, but of his actions we have no trustworthy consecutive account. By a strange caprice, there is preserved to us a minute account of the earlier stages of his history, of the shiftings to and fro between Theodoric and his namesake the son of Triarius, shiftings

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(i. 19), Pope Leo the Ninth goes "gen Verona, das ist Dietrichs-Bern in Lamparten."

* He records (Bell. Goth. i. 1) the deaths of Boetius and Symmachus, and adds, *ἀποκλαύσας δὲ καὶ περιαλγήσας τῇ συμφορᾷ οὐ πολλῷ ὕστερον ἐτελεύτησεν, ἀδίκημα τοῦτο πρῶτον καὶ τελευταῖον ἐς τοὺς ὑπηκόους τοὺς αὐτοῦ δράσας.*

which it is hard to understand and impossible to remember.* But his deeds as master of Italy—though master of Italy is a weak name to express a dominion which reached from Illyricum to Spain—have to be put together from the most meagre and fragmentary sources. But his character, his whole position, is far too great, far too strange, to be discussed in an incidental way, in a corner of a notice of the city in which he ruled. It is enough that he made Ravenna the seat of a rule such as the world never saw again for ages; and it is something that, if Ravenna was the scene of the crime which began his reign, it was not the scene of the crime which ended it. But Ravenna is the centre of the whole history of his Italian career, from the day when the Patrician Theodoric † crossed the Alps with the Imperial commission to deliver Italy from the once Patrician but now Tyrant Odoacer. After the varied successes of their warfare in northern Italy, Ravenna becomes the beginning, as it became the lasting seat of his dominion. The camp pitched by the pine-forest,‡ the three years' siege,§ the taking of Classis,‖ the making of a treaty by which the two rivals were to reign together, led to the slaughter of the weaker rival by the hand of the stronger. Odoacer died in the palace of Ravenna,[*] and Theodoric, having done wrong for that cause for which conquerors hold that wrong may be done,[†] could now sit down and rule in peace and righteousness the land which he had won by warfare and murder. Such contradictions do not stand alone; the beginnings of our own Cnut are a close parallel to the beginnings of Theodoric; but for a parallel to the deaths of Symmachus and Boetius we must look, not to any act of the great Dane, but to the death of Waltheof at the bidding of the Norman.

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* The whole wearisome story may be found in the history of Malchos, of the surviving parts of which it takes up the greater part.

† The Anonymous writer seems throughout to take a pleasure in speaking of Theodoric in a pointed way as "patricius." In Jordanes (57) he is "consul ordinarius," and afterwards "Gothorum Romanorumque regnator." Procopius marks his position with great accuracy: *αὐτὸς ἔσχε τὸν Γότθων τε καὶ Ἰταλιωτῶν κράτος, καὶ βασιλέως μὲν τοῦ Ῥωμαίων οὔτε τοῦ σχήματος οὔτε τοῦ ὀνόματος ἐπιβατεῦσαι ἠξίωσεν, ἀλλὰ ῥὴξ τε διεβίω καλούμενος (οὕτω γὰρ σφῶν τοὺς ἡγεμόνας οἱ βάρβαροι καλεῖν νενομίκασι), τῶν μέντοι κατηκόων τῶν αὐτοῦ προύστη ξύμπαντα περιβαλλόμενος ὅσα τῷ φύσει βασιλεῖ ἥρμοσται.* Presently he is *λόγῳ μὲν τύραννος, ἔργῳ δὲ βασιλεὺς ἀληθής.*

‡ See the references in p. 154.

§ Jordanes, 57; Anon. Vales. 718. The writer in the Spicilegium, 506, extends the period to seven years.

‖ Agnellus, 67. "Post quatuor menses est civitate Classe ingressus. Post hæc autem vir beatissimus Johannes archiepiscopus aperuit portas civitatis," etc. He is wrong as to his particular bishop, but the agency of a Bishop of Ravenna is witnessed by Procopius; *ὑπὸ διαλλακτῇ τῷ Ῥαβέννης ἱερεῖ ἐς λόγους ἀλλήλοις ξυνίασιν.*

And now Theodoric reigned in Ravenna; the Goth reigned over the Roman; the Arian reigned over the Catholic. And, under the dominion of the barbarian and the heretic, Catholic Italy enjoyed one generation of peace and, if she so willed, of happiness. Under the first Valentinian the world had seen for a moment the establishment of perfect religious equality; under Theodoric the same boon was given to men for a longer time. Christians and pagans had in earlier reigns been constrained to dwell side by side in peace, so long as neither party was strong enough to oppress the other. Theodoric achieved the harder task of making Christians of contending sects dwell together, if not in true love and charity, yet at least in the possession of equal civil rights and of equal freedom of worship. We read ecclesiastical history so wholly from the Orthodox side that it is not easy to put ourselves into the position of the heretic. We must remember that, in the eyes of Theodoric, in the eyes of his Gothic army, they were the Orthodox, the Catholics, the children of the true Church and the true faith; it was their adversaries who were the heretics, the teachers of a new doctrine, the renders of the seamless mantle. Their fathers and kinsmen had learned the Gospel from the lips of Ulfilas; they had in their hands his precious gift, the book over every syllable of which we dwell with reverence, the first-fruits of the written speech of our own race, the Scriptures in the noble tongue of the free Goth. To them, we must force ourselves to remember, the name of Athanasius would sound as the name of Arius sounds to us; Ariminum, not Nikaia, would be the place where the true Gospel had been set forth in all its purity. Hitherto Catholic princes had persecuted their Arian subjects, Arian princes had persecuted their Catholic subjects. Theodoric left to the Catholics their churches, their ecclesiastical property, the legal privileges of their clergy.* Instead of a spoiler, he was himself a benefactor; when he visited the Eternal City, his offerings to her holy places were as lavish as those of any Catholic Emperor could have been.† All that he claimed for himself and his conquering followers was freely to enjoy the same liberty which he left undisturbed to others. Nor was this mere accident or mere policy. The principle of toleration stands distinctly set forth in his own words or in those of his great minister.‡ The monuments of that wise and lofty toleration yet live among the noblest of the stately buildings of Ravenna. Local tradition tells us of the churches which Theodoric built for his own sect, but which, under the Orthodox rule of Justinian, were hallowed afresh for Catholic worship.§

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[*] For the details of the death of Odoacer by Theodoric's own hands, see the article of Mommsen, Hermes, vi. 332, on the newly discovered fragment of John of Antioch, where all the authorities on the subject are brought together.

[†] Eurip. Phoin. 534:

εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρὴ, τυραννίδος πέρι
κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν· τἄλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεών.

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* Cassiodorus, Var. iv. 20. "Si desideramus locum beneficiis invenire, ut titulos possimus nostræ pietatis, erigere, quanto magis aliena beneficia intacta volumus defendi, qui propria cupimus sponte largiri." Cf. 17 and 18, in which we find the germ of benefit of clergy. The Anonymus (719) says, "Nihil contra religionem Catholicam tentans."

† Anon. Val. 720. "Ambulavit rex Theodoricus Romam et occurrit B. Petro devotissimus ac si Catholicus." He goes on to record his bounty in various ways.

‡ See above, p. 50.

§ Agnellus, 113, "Iste beatissimus [his namesake the Archbishop Agnellus] omnes Gothorum ecclesias reconciliavit quæ Gothorum temporibus vel regis Theodorici constructæ sunt, quæ Ariana perfidia et

Foremost among these is the great basilica of Saint Martin, which in later times received the name of the patron of the city, and which still, though older than its namesake without the walls, is distinguished as Sant' Apollinare *Nuovo* from the other Sant' Apollinare *in Classe.** The fabric itself, its magnificent rows of pillars and arches, rich with more of distinctively classical detail than any other building in Ravenna, remains untouched from the days of the Gothic and Arian rule. And it is with a strange thrill that we walk along so glorious a monument, at once the first recorded temple reared for the worship of our own race and the first church reared as the living witness of the great saying of its founder, that no man can be made to believe against his will. But the feature which makes the new Saint Apollinaris one of the wonders of the world dates from the later days of Catholic occupation. It is not to Theodoric that we owe the wonderful series of mosaics above the arches, the noblest examples of that imperishable art to be found even in Ravenna. The saints of either sex march in living procession on the northern and the southern wall. But the bishops and doctors and confessors on the southern side are left in darkness, while the sun lights up the long series of triumphant virgins bearing their gifts, the three Kings—not yet of Köln, perhaps not yet of Milan—at their head, living and breathing forms, hastening with eager strides to bring their oblations to the Babe in the arms of

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hæreticorum secta, doctrina, et credulitate tenebantur." He goes on with the list.

* The identity of S. Apollinare Nuovo with Theodoric's church of Saint Martin is plain from the description of Agnellus (113): "Reconciliavit * * * ecclesiam S. Martini confessoris, quam Theodoricus rex fundavit, quæ vocatur *cœlum aureum*, tribunal et utrasque parietes de imaginibus martyrum virginumque incedentium tessellis decoravit." He adds: "in tribunali vero, si diligenter inquisieritis, supra fenestras invenietis ex lapideis literis exaratum ita; Theodoricus rex hanc ecclesiam a fundamentis in nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi fecit." Cf. Spicilegium, 535, 576; Rubeus, 107, 151, according to whom the name was changed only two hundred years before his own time. Quast, 19.

the Virgin mother. And the city itself and its haven are, as it were, themselves canonized along with the saints on either side. The male saints come forth from Ravenna itself, marked as a royal dwelling-place by the legend of PALATIVM. The virgins came forth from Classis, and the haven and its ships are shown as it was when it received the fleets of Belisarius and Narsês.* This church was the greatest ecclesiastical work of Theodoric, the church which, built close to the royal dwelling, was doubtless meant as the royal chapel, the immediate place for the royal devotions. But it did not stand alone. Other buildings from the same hand remain, as the smaller church of Saint Theodore, designed probably as the cathedral of his own sect, and a baptistery, where the sons of the Goths were received, if not into the Church of Athanasius, at least into the Church of Ulfilas.† Of the genuineness of these buildings we have no doubt. The local narratives have been disputed on the ground that the more general writers of history, while recording the architectural works of Theodoric of other kinds, are wholly silent about churches.‡ But the building of Arian churches is necessarily implied in the state of things under Theodoric. The Arians must have had places of worship, and it is certain that the Catholics were not disturbed in the possession of theirs. And when we read the writ in which the King orders workers in mosaic to be sent from Rome for the decoration of a basilica which he is building at Ravenna,* we can hardly help at least hoping that the reference may be to the noble pile of Saint Martin's.

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* The mosaics are elaborately described by Agnellus (119), just as they are now. "Ex Ravenna egrediuntur martyres parte virorum ad Christum euntes; ex Classe virgines procedunt ad sanctam Virginem virginum procedentes, et magi antecedentes munera offerentes." See Quast, 19. They are fully illustrated by Ciampini, ii. 89.

† This baptistery, known as Saint Mary in Cosmedin, is attributed to Theodoric by Rubeus (52). See Quast, 18; Ciampini, ii. 77, where the splendid mosaic is given. The church of Saint Theodore, now called Santo Spirito, appears among the reconciled churches in Agnellus, 113. It is probably the "ecclesia Gothica" of the Spicilegium. Quast suggests that this, being near the baptistery, was the Arian cathedral. There was more than one Gothic "episcopium." See Agnellus, 105. He preserves the name of the Arian bishop Unimundus.

‡ Manso, Geschichte des Ost-Gothischen Reiches, 401. "In jedem Fall ist es bemerkenswerth, dass Cassiodor und Valesius Ungenannter, die so viele weltliche von dem Könige theils aufgeführte, theils hergestellte Gebäude nahmhaft machen, keine einzige Kirche nennen."

But Theodoric, the special builder and adorner of cities,† who so deeply admired the wonders of ancient art and gave himself so diligently to their preservation,‡ did not adorn his capital with ecclesiastical buildings only. For the brutal sports of the amphitheatre he had no taste; there is something specially striking in the lofty language in which his minister wonders at and rebukes the pleasure which his Roman subjects, though man was no longer slaughtered by his fellow-man, still found in the deadly combats of man and beast.§ Yet he condescended to the tastes which he did not share, and an amphitheatre formed one of his royal gifts, if not to Ravenna under his own eye, yet at least to the more distant Pavia.‖ At Ravenna a more useful work relieved the city from some of the jeers which earlier generations had cast against it, and, after Theodoric's rebuilding of the aqueduct of Trajan, there was no longer a lack of fresh water in the city.* And one small monument of his other public works still remains in the open arcade in the market-place, on the rich capital of one of whose columns we still read the monogram of the great King.† Not far off stands the column of far different work which reminds us that there was a time when Ravenna was one of the endless subject cities which

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* Cassiodorus, Var. i. 6. "In Ravennate urbe basilicæ Herculis amplum opus aggressi."

† Anon. Val. 721. "Erat amator fabricarum et restaurator civitatum."

‡ See, among other places, the "Formula ad Præfectum Urbis de architecto faciendo" in Cassiodorus, Var. vii. 15." Here comes the famous passage: "Quid dicamus columnarum junceam proceritatem? moles illas sublimissimas fabricarum, quasi quibusdam erectis hastilibus contineri et substantiæ qualitate concavis canalibus excavatas, ut magis ipsas æstimes fuisse transfusas; alias cæris judices factum, quod metallis durissimis videas expolitum: marmorum juncturas, venas dicas esse genitales: ubi dum falluntur oculi, laus probatur crevisse miraculis." Many strange fancies have been built on this passage; but what people have failed to remark is that, whatever may be the architectural peculiarities which Cassiodorus wishes to point out, they are to be looked for, not in any buildings of the time of Theodoric, but in the earlier buildings which Theodoric was anxious to preserve.

§ See the whole of the letter to Maximus (Var. v. 41). It is throughout a rebuke of all sports of this kind, yet he winds up, "Sed vobis, quibus necesse est talia populis exhibere, largitate manus fundite præmia, ut hæc miseris faciatis esse votiva. Alioqui violenta compulsio est solemnia dona subtrahere et mortes detestabiles imperare."

‖ Anon. Val. 721. "Item Ticinum palatium, thermas, *amphitheatrum*, et alios muros civitatis fecit."

> "Looked to the winged lion's marble piles."‡

The neighbourhood of the two is not inappropriate. Next to the Goth, in Ravennese memory, may fairly come the Venetian. The rule of the wise oligarchy, with all its faults, was better than that of exarchs, tyrants, popes, or Austrians.

But in Ravenna the memory of Theodoric cleaves still more closely to the two buildings which are his special and personal memorials, his home in life and his home in death. Among the choicest ornaments of his capital were his palace and his tomb. He forsook the elder palaces of Placidia and Valentinian; the halls of Laureta were perhaps haunted by the shade of Odoacer.§ Like Holyrood, like the Escurial, like the dwelling of the Norman Dukes at Fécamp, like our own seats of royalty at Westminster and Windsor, so too at Ravenna church and palace rose in near neighbourhood, and the royal house of Theodoric stood hard by the noblest of his ecclesiastical buildings. But, if in life he dwelled, as a Roman prince, in the midst of his people, in death he seemed to fall back on that elder feeling of the Goth which looked on the walls of a city as a prison. The mighty rotunda where the body of Theodoric once slept stands without the city, in peaceful and solitary grandeur. He is no longer there; the tombs of Catholic Cæsars were safe under the rule of the barbarian and the heretic; but Catholic zeal, when it again had the power, could not endure that the bones of the Arian should rest in a holy place, even of his own rearing.* The forms of the Apostles which once surrounded the building are there no longer; the heretic had no right to put himself, in life or in death, under the guardianship of that glorious company. But the mighty stones, and that mightiest stone of all, the cupola wrought out of one block, fit for the grave of one of the giants of Hellenic or Teutonic lore,† still stand, to bear witness to all who ask "what mean ye by these stones?" that one of the greatest of the sons of men once lay beneath its canopy. Perhaps the empty chamber which once held all that was mortal of Theodoric speaks yet more eloquently in its utter desolation and silence than if the tomb, the statue, and the epitaph were there.

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* Anon. Val. 721. "Aquæductum Ravennæ restauravit quem princeps Trajanus fecerat, et post multa tempora aquam introduxit." He did the like at Verona.

† Quast (26) accepts this capital; "Gewiss ist es, dass sich an einigen derselben das unverkennbare Monogramm des Königs befindet." We confess that it flashed across our mind that it might be the monogram of some later artist.

‡ Ravenna became Venetian in 1441; it was taken by Pope Julius the Second in 1509.

§ As to this and the other palaces of Ravenna, see Quast, p. 20.

From the tomb of Theodoric we go back to his palace. Here, alone among all the buildings of Ravenna, we must confess to some doubt whether the existing building is so early as the date commonly given to it. That Theodoric built a palace, that he built it on a site close to his great basilica, that the building which still bears his name is a fragment of the palace which occupied this site, is beyond all doubt.* But it does not follow that what now stands is actually the work of Theodoric. We have no such evidence as we have in the case of the churches. The mosaic in Saint Apollinaris undoubtedly represents a palace on this site, and a palace of Theodoric's building; but then it represents the main front, which the present building certainly is not.† In a palace which was successively the dwelling of Gothic kings, Byzantine exarchs, and Lombard kings, there could hardly fail to be unrecorded changes and rebuildings in the three hundred years between Theodoric and Charles the Great. Later than his time it cannot be. In Ravenna the Teutonic Patrician and Emperor appears in a less friendly light than the earlier Teutonic Patrician and King. Charles had his own Ravenna far away beyond the Alps; he had his own house and his own church to build in his own German city. For the minster at Aachen Saint Vital supplied a model for imitation; the palace of Aachen found its actual material in the palace of Ravenna. By licence of several Popes Charles carried off the marble columns of the house of Theodoric to adorn his Northern capital.‡ Parts therefore of the

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* Anon. Val. 724. "Se autem vivo facit sibi monumentum ex lapide quadrato, miræ magnitudinis opus, et saxum ingentem quem superponeret, inquisivit." Agnellus, 67. "Sepultus est in mausoleum quod ipse ædificare jussit extra portas Artemetoris [Anthenonis, Spicilegium, 577] quod usque hodie vocamus ad Farum [factum], ubi est Monasterium S. Mariæ [rotundæ], quæ dicitur ad memoriam Regis Theuderici. Sed, ut mihi videtur esse, sepulcro projectus est, et ipsa urna, ubi jacuit, ex lapide porphyretico valde mirabilis, ante ipsius monasterii aditum posita est." We do not understand the objections of Manso (400, 401).

† We owe this idea to Quast (24). "Unwillkürlich denkt man an die grossen Steine nordischer Hünengräber, unter denen die germanischen Fürsten beerdigt wurden."

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* Agnellus, 123. "Palatium quod ipse ædificavit in Tribunale Triclinii, quod vocatur ad mare super portam, et in fronte regiæ, quæ dicitur ad Calchi istius civitatis, ubi prima porta palatii fuit in loco, qui vocatur Sicrestum, ubi ecclesia Salvatoris esse videtur."

† See the argument in Quast, 22. The front shown in the mosaic has far more of distinctively Ravennese character than the existing part. Two basilicas, a baptistery, and seemingly Saint Vital, are shown in the distance.

‡ Einhard (Vita Karoli, i. 26), in recording the building of the church at Aachen, mentions the use of columns brought from Ravenna and Rome ("quum columnas et marmora aliunde habere non posset, Roma atque Ravenna devehenda curavit"). The Saxon Poet (439–440) mentions the building of the minster and of the palace at Ingelheim, and adds—

> "Ad quæ marmoreas præstabat Roma columnas,
> Quasdam præcipuas pulcra Ravenna dedit."

Some of the Ingelheim columns, after serving for the palaces of Theodoric palace may well be later than Theodoric; they can hardly be later than Desiderius. But, when we compare the remains of the palace with the architecture of the tomb and of the churches, it is very hard to believe that the two are of the same date. The tomb and the basilica are Roman; the palace is Romanesque.* The small decorative arcades show the feeling of an age later than that of Theodoric, and they show nothing of the distinctive character of Ravennese columns and arches. It is harder still to believe that the great round-arched doorway of the palace can be the work of the same founder as the purely Roman doorway of the tomb, square-headed, without so much as a tympanum. The palace doorway is unlike almost anything else. It is something half-way between a Roman doorway and a doorway of any of the fully developed Romanesque types, Norman or Italian. It looks more like a type of which the Primitive Romanesque examples in England—such, for instance, as the tower-arch of Saint Benet at Cambridge—might be a rude imitation. The building seems to us to have more in common with the towers than with any other of the buildings of Ravenna. It is not Roman to be the work of a Gothic king; it is not Byzantine to be the work of an Eastern exarch; it is Romanesque, in an early and perhaps unique form, such as we might conceive to be the work of Liudprand or Astolf.

In this fragment then, a fragment of surpassing interest

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and Charles, are said to have been used up a third—perhaps a fourth—time in the *Ruprechtsbau* at Heidelberg.

In the Codex Karolinus (Ep. 89) Pope Hadrian allows Charles to take away columns and mosaics from the palace at Ravenna; "tam marmores quamque mosivo cæterisque exemplis de eodem palatio vobis concedimus abstollendum." There is nothing to show that any of the churches were despoiled of their columns.

* This is what Quast (25, 26) means, when he says of the palace: "Die byzantinische Bauweise, doch mit eigenthümlich germanischer Vermischung, ist im Pallaste des Theodorich vorherrschend." He sees also in the tomb "eine erste Einwirkung des germanischen Lebens auf die Kunst," meaning, we suppose, the small arcades which have perished.

in the history of architecture, we see a memorial rather than an actual portion of the dwelling-place of Theodoric. His house has vanished; his tomb is rifled; his church, looked on as an unholy place, has been consecrated anew; nor does Ravenna now contain any memorial of the bodily form of her greatest inhabitant. We see the form of Justinian in the mosaics, not only of Saint Vital, but of Theodoric's Saint Martin; but Theodoric himself is nowhere to be seen. And yet his city did not lack representations of him, either in metal or in yet more enduring mosaic. On the pediment of his palace his form was once seen wrought in the variegated stones, standing as a warrior in his harness, armed with spear and shield.* The two great cities of his dominion stood on either side of him. The armed form of Rome sheltered herself under the protection of his shield. Ravenna, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, was shown hastening towards the arm which wielded the Gothic spear.† Hard by, before the palace, the King was seen in the yet more living shape of gilded brass, mounted on his horse, again with the shield covering his left shoulder, and with the uplifted spear raised in his right hand.‡ The local historian, in an imperfect passage, laments how the mosaic figure on the pediment perished in some civil brawl.§ And he tells us how, eight-and-thirty years before he wrote, Charles King of the Franks, having subdued all kingdoms and having received the Roman Empire from Pope Leo, passed through Ravenna on his homeward journey. He wondered at the gilded statue, the like of which he had never seen, and he bore it off to Aachen, as he had already borne off the marble columns.* No effigy of Theodoric was left at Ravenna; but in his other city, in his southern Bern, we may see him, as he appeared to Catholic eyes of the twelfth century, carved on the façade of Saint Zeno's minster, in something like the character of the wild huntsman, hastening to the doom to which a holy hermit —so the tale ran—saw him consigned before his bodily eyes.†

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* Agnellus, 123. "In pinnaculo ipsius loci fuit Theodorici effigies, mire tessellis ornata, dextera manu lanceam tenentis, sinistra clypeum lorica indutus."

† Ibid. "Circa clypeum Roma tessellis ornata adstabat cum hasta et galea; unde vero telum tenens fuit, Ravenna tessellis figurata pedem dexterum super mare, sinistrum super terram, ad Regem properans."

‡ The text is here imperfect, but somewhere or other in the neighbourhood of the palace there was "equus ex ære auro fulvo perfusus, ascensorque ejus Theodoricus rex scutum sinistro gerebat humero, dextero vero brachio erecto lanceam tenens." Agnellus has a great deal more to say about the horse which, according to some versions, was made for the Emperor Zeno. [There is the same gap in the text in the new edition.]

§ Ibid. "Misera undique invidiam passa cives inter se maximo zelo."

And now we come to the last days of Ravenna as the seat of Gothic dominion. The great siege of the city by Belisarius was the last scene of the first act of the Gothic war. It was there that Witigis made his last stand for independence and royalty. It was there that the Gothic host, worn out and desponding, yielded the impregnable city, less to the arms than to the fortune, to the star, of Belisarius.‡ It was there that the women of the North, who had deemed that the men who could conquer Goths must be men like the Gods of their old mythology, looked with wonder and contempt on the puny forms of their Roman conquerors.§ It was there that Witigis was kept in ward in the palace of Theodoric;* thence he was led to the throne of Justinian, to sink again to that rank of Patrician which Theodoric himself had once borne.† It was from Ravenna that Belisarius sent his magnanimous refusal to betray his faith, when he was prayed to become the King of the Goths rather than the servant of Justinian.‡ The city where Witigis laid aside his crown never again saw a Gothic king as its inhabitant. During the second stage of the war, the war with Totila and Teias, Rome was over again lost and won; but Ravenna was untouched; while the war was still raging, her prelates could find time to hallow again the church of Theodoric, and to complete the mighty piles of Saint Vital and Saint Apollinaris in Classe. Both were the work of the genius of one architect, Julian the silversmith.§ But he showed that he could work in two widely different styles, and could produce buildings altogether varying in their design. Saint Apollinaris, in actual date the younger of the two, follows the older type of the buildings of Ravenna; it is a basilica of the same class as the churches of Placidia and Theodoric. And a glorious building it is, standing alone in its desolation, with its round tower and its adjoining conventual buildings, the only relics of the busy suburb which grew up around the haven of Augustus. Begun by Ursicinus about 534, while Theodatus still reigned, before the Consul Belisarius had set foot in Sicily, the church was consecrated in 549, by his successor Maximian, a subject of the restored Roman dominion.* Saint Vital was begun at an earlier time—almost at the moment when Theodoric was borne to his tomb without the walls. Begun under the Bishop Ecclesius, the predecessor of Ursicinus, it was consecrated in 547, while Rome was being taken and re-taken by the arms of Belisarius and Totila. As in the earlier days of Alaric, warfare might ravage Italy, while Ravenna remained at peace. It was perhaps fitting that the only one among the great churches of Ravenna which shows signs of a distinct Byzantine influence in its architecture should not be fully finished and hallowed till the forms of Justinian and Theodora could be wrought on its walls as the sovereigns of the city in which it rose. But it must not be thought that Saint Vital was in any sense a copy of the great work of Justinian. Saint Sophia is repeated in Saint Mark at Venice, and Saint Mark at Venice is repeated in Saint Front at Périgueux, but Saint Sophia is not repeated at Ravenna. Saint Vital is actually the earlier building, earlier in its beginning, earlier in the date of its final consecration. The ground-plans of the two buildings are utterly unlike, and, if Saint Vital directly imitated any particular building in the New Rome, it was not the great Saint Sophia, but the lesser, the church more accurately known as that of the Saints Sergius and Bacchus. But Saint Vital is none the less Byzantine—Byzantine in its utter departure from the ground-plan of the other churches of Ravenna, Byzantine in its predominant cupola, especially Byzantine in the forms of its capitals, which altogether depart from the earlier and more classical forms which prevail in the other churches of the city. It stands by itself in Ravenna; it stands almost by itself in all Western Europe; its form grew naturally out of earlier applications of the cupola, and yet, as it stands, it has all the impress of the direct creation of a single master mind. There are other round and polygonal churches in the West, both earlier and later than Saint Vital; but it would be hard to find for it any immediate parent, and it would be hard to find for it any immediate offspring, except its one child at Aachen.*

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* Agnellus, 123. "Quum Karolus rex Francorum omnia subjugâsset regna, et Romanorum percepisset a Leone III. papa imperium . . . revertens in Franciam, Ravennam ingressus, videns pulcherrimam imaginem, quam nusquam similem, ut ipse testatus est, vidit, in Franciam deportare fecit, atque in suo eam firmavit palatio qui Aquisgranis vocatur." In the Spicilegium (577) there is a somewhat different version. "Hic equum æreum qui erat in Ravenna abstulit, ut in Franciam poneret, qui tamen Papiæ visitur."

† Hist. Misc. ap. Muratori, i. 103. "Cujus animum solitarius quidam apud Liparam insulam vir magnæ virtutis aspexit inter Joannem papam et Symmachum patricium deduci, et in ollam Vulcani, quæ ei loco proxima est, demergi."

‡ Procopius, Bell. Goth. ii. 29: *ἐμοὶ δὲ τότε διασκοπουμένῳ τὴν ἐς Ῥάβενναν εἴσοδον τοῦ Ῥωμαίων στρατοῦ ἐννοία τις ἐγένετο ἀνθρώπων μέν ἢ ἀνδρεία ἢ πλήθει ἢ τῇ ἄλλῃ ἀρετῇ ὡς ἥκιστα περαίνεσθαι τα πρασσόμενα, εἶναι δέ τι δαιμόνιον, ὅπερ αὐτῶν ἀεὶ στρέφον τὰς διανοίας ἐνταῦθα ἄγει οὗ δὴ κωλύμη τοῖς περαιουμένοις οὐδεμία ἔσται.*

§ Ibid. They went so far as to spit in the face of their husbands.

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* Procopius, Bell. Goth. ii. 29. *Βελισάριος δὲ Οὐίτιγιν μὲν οὐ ξὺν ἀτιμίᾳ ἐς φυλακῇ εἶχε . . . μετὰ δὲ τὰ ἐν παλατίῳ χρήματα ἔλαβεν, ἅπερ διακομίζειν βασιλεῖ ἔμελλε.*

† Jordanes (60). "Justinianus imperator per fidelissimum consulem vicit Belisarium et perductum Witigim Constantinopolim patricii honore donavit."

‡ Procop. Bell. Goth. ii. 29.

§ Agnellus (101) records the chief events of the war under the episcopate of Ursicinus, who sat from 534 to 538. He then goes on, "Jussit et ammonuit hic sanctus vir ut ecclesia B. Apollinaris ab Juliano argentario fundata, et consummata fuisset. Qui jussa mox adimplens, Deo volente, structa ab eo sancto est viro in lapidibus Italiæ partibus pretiosis. Nulla ecclesia similis isti."

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* Quast, 34, quotes the inscription, "Beati Apollinaris sacerdotis basilicam mandato beatissimi Ursicini episcopi a fundamentis Julianus argentarius ædificavit, ornavit, ac dedicavit, consecrante vero beato Maximiano episcopo die nonarum Maii, Indictione xii. octies P. C. Basilii Jun." The Annals in the Spicilegium characteristically enough attribute both this church and Saint Vital to Justinian. A splendid panegyric on the building will be found in the Spicilegium, 535.

We have now done with the Goths at Ravenna. Now comes the rule of the Exarchs, which an inscription in the church of Classis speaks of as times in which Italy won back the peace and freedom which she had lost under the Gothic Kings.† Then came the Lombard assault, the fall and desolation of Classis,‡ the siege of the city itself, and its fall, the exact moment of which the local history, otherwise so rich in detail, cannot bring itself to tell us.§ Then comes the visit and the plunder of the Great Charles, but feebly atoned for by his gifts in his last will, and by the list of cities in which Ravenna still holds her place above Milan and next after Rome.* Ravenna now loses herself in the common mass of Italian cities; she has her commonwealth, she has her tyrants, but neither under her commonwealth nor under her tyrants does she stand alongside of Milan and Florence, nor has the city which was once mistress of the Hadriatic any share in the sea-faring glories of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa. The true glory of Ravenna is to have been the city of the Goth. A long chain of events, connecting her in a strange way with the Northern nations, had paved the way for his coming, and Honorius and Placidia did but make ready a city for Theodoric to reign in. Of the later holders of Imperial power, the Byzantine could but finish what the Goth had begun; the Frank and the Swabian † could but plunder what the Goth had built. One tomb there is indeed within Ravenna, not to be likened in outward majesty to the rotunda of Theodoric, the tomb where Dante still sleeps, while the dust of Theodoric is scattered to the winds. No fitter resting-place could be found for him than the last dwelling-place of the last Cæsars of his own Italy. The poet who called on the Teutonic

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* The building of Saint Vital is recorded by Agnellus, 95, in the episcopate of Ecclesius, 524 to 534. "In tempore ipsius ecclesia B. Vitalis martyris à Juliano argentario constructa est. Nulla in Italia ecclesia similis est in ædificiis et in mechanicis operibus. Expensas vero in prædicti martyris Vitalis ecclesia, sicut in elogio sanctæ recordationis et memoriæ Juliani fundatoris invenimus, xxvi. millia aureorum expensa sunt solidorum." The consecration by Maximian is witnessed by his mosaic in the building itself. On Saint Vital generally see Quast, 28. In Rubeus, 126, there is a wild legend which he refutes, which makes Justinian the founder, and in which ideas are plainly borrowed from the real history of Justinian the Second.

† We must trust our memory for the inscription. We distinctly remember the words "Pax et libertas."

‡ Paul. Diac. iii. 13. "Faroald primus Spoletanorum dux cum Langobardorum exercitu Classem invadens, opulentam urbem, spoliatam cunctis divitiis, nudam reliquit." Presently (iii. 19) we read how the "Ravennatium milites . . . exstructa classe Langobardos qui Classe urbem tenebant. . . . pepulerunt." In vi. 44: "Faroaldus Spoletanorum ductor Classem Ravennatium civitatem invasit, sed jussu regis Liutprandi eadem Romanis reddita est." Lastly, in vi. 49: "Rex Liutprandus Ravennam obsedit, Classem invasit atque destruxit." There are many references to the desolate state of Classis in the legends in the Spicilegium.

§ Rubeus (193) gives the exact date as 752, but the local chroniclers, and even the Lombard Paul, are silent. The nearest approach to a date seems to be that in Anastasius ap. Muratori iii., Pt. i. p. 167, where Pope Stephen the Third prays "pro perditis ovibus, scilicet pro universo

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exercitu Ravennæ atque cuncto istius Italiæ provinciæ populo, quos diabolica fraude ipse impius deceperat [al. decerpserat] rex [Aistulfus] et possidebat."

* Einhard, Vita Karoli, 33. "Nomina metropoleorum, ad quas eadem elemosina sive largitio facienda est, hæc sunt; Roma, Ravenna, Mediolanum," &c.

† The doings of Frederick the Second were far worse than those of Charles the Great. Spicilegium, 578. "A.D. mccxlii. Fecit imperator Fredericus asportari de ecclesia sancti Vitalis Ravennæ duas columnas de onichillo et puteale domini archiepiscopi et alios lapides quos voluit de Ravenna apud Ariminum, deinde in Siciliam apud Panormum. Insuper omnes lapides, et lastras marmoreas de porta aurea quæcumque inventæ sunt, ad calcinariam, ac ex eis facta est calcina pro castris imperatoris ædificatis in muro circa murum Ravennæ."

King not to forsake the garden of his Empire * could have been nowhere laid in more fitting soil than within the walls of the city where an earlier Teutonic King had indeed made Italy for a moment the garden of the world.

* See the passage in Dante, Purgatorio vi., beginning

"O Alberto Tedesco,"

and ending

"Per cupidigia di costà distretti
Che 'l giardin dell' Imperio sia deserto."

[When this essay was written in 1872, I had not read the two works of Pallmann and Dahn, *Die Geschichte der Völkerwanderung* (Gotha and Weimar, 1863-1864) and *Die Könige der Germanen* (München and Würzburg, 1861-1871). Dahn's work contains a full examination of the whole career of Theodoric, which might well have suggested to me some new points of view, but which happily does not oblige me to change anything. I cannot say that I have made out much from Pallmann's topographical account of Ravenna at the end of his first volume; he had never been there. But he is most full and instructive, as on many other points, so specially on the position of Odoacer (vol. i. pp. 347–377), or, as he is now to be written, Odowakar—an Englishman, remembering what his own Beowulf has suffered, is tempted to use his native *w*. Pallmann brings out strongly his position as chosen king of the mercenaries, while not leaving out the Roman side of him as Patrician. He is "rex gentium" in Jordanes (46); *ῥὴξ τῶν βαρβάρων* in John of Antioch (better known as John Malalas), p. 383, ed. Bonn (cf. Procop. Bell. Goth. i. 1). Pallmann (i. 353) quotes one case where he is called "Italiæ rex," namely by Victor Vitensis, Historia Persecutionis Wandalicæ, i. 4. But there is no sign that he called himself so, which is my point in p. 153. Dahn calls Theodoric "König von Italien"; but he quotes no authority for the title.]

V.

RACE AND LANGUAGE.*

It is no very great time since the readers of the English newspapers were, perhaps a little amused, perhaps a little startled, at the story of a deputation of Hungarian students going to Constantinople to present a sword of honour to an Ottoman general. The address and the answer enlarged on the ancient kindred of Turks and Magyars, on the long alienation of the dissevered kinsfolk, on the return of both in these later times to a remembrance of the ancient kindred and to the friendly feelings to which such kindred gave birth. The discourse has a strange sound when we remember the reigns of Sigismund and Wladislaus, when we think of the dark days of Nikopolis and Varna, when we think of Huniades encamped at the foot of Hæmus, and of Belgrade beating back Mahomet the Conqueror from her gates. The Magyar and the Ottoman embracing with the joy of reunited kinsfolk is a sight which certainly no man would have looked forward to in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. At an earlier time the ceremony might have seemed a degree less wonderful. If a man whose ideas are drawn wholly from the modern map should sit down to study the writings of Constantine Porphyrogennêtos, he would perhaps be startled at finding Turks and Franks spoken of as neighbours, at finding *Turcia* and *Francia*—we must not translate Τουρκία and Φραγγία by *Turkey* and *France*—spoken of as border-lands. A little study will perhaps show him that the change lies almost wholly in the names and not in the boundaries. The lands are there still, and the frontier between them has shifted much less than one might have looked for in nine hundred years. Nor has there been any great change in the population of the two countries. The Turks and the Franks of the Imperial geographer are there still, in the lands which he calls Turcia and Francia; only we no longer speak of them as Turks and Franks. The Turks of Constantine are Magyars; the Franks of Constantine are Germans. The Magyar students may not unlikely have turned over the Imperial pages, and they may have seen how their forefathers stand described there. We can hardly fancy that the Ottoman general is likely to have given much time to lore of such a kind. Yet the Ottoman answer was as brim full of ethnological and antiquarian sympathy as the Magyar address. It is hardly to be believed that a Turk, left to himself, would by his own efforts have found out the primæval kindred between Turk and Magyar. He might remember that Magyar exiles had found a safe shelter on Ottoman territory; he might look deep enough into the politics of the present moment to see that the rule of Turk and Magyar alike is threatened by the growth of Slavonic national life. But the idea that Magyar and Turk owe each other any love or any duty, directly on the ground of primæval kindred, is certainly not likely to have presented itself to the untutored Ottoman mind. In short it sounds, as some one said at the time, rather like the dream of a professor who has run wild with an ethnological craze, than like the serious thought of a practical man of any nation. Yet the Magyar students seem to have meant their address quite seriously. And the Turkish general, if he did not take it seriously, at least thought it wise to shape his answer as if he did. As a piece of practical politics, it sounds like Frederick Barbarossa threatening to avenge the defeat of Crassus upon Saladin, or like the

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* [I have worked into this essay part of the materials of another, "The Geographical Aspect of the Eastern Question," from the Fortnightly Review, January 1877, and this process has involved the farther working in of a good deal of fresh matter.]

French of the revolutionary wars making the Pope Pius of those days answerable for the wrongs of Vercingetorix. The thing sounds like comedy, almost like conscious comedy. But it is a kind of comedy which may become tragedy, if the idea from which it springs get so deeply rooted in men's minds as to lead to any practical consequences. As long as talk of this kind does not get beyond the world of hot-headed students, it may pass for a craze. It would be more than a craze, if it should be so widely taken up on either side that the statesmen on either side find it expedient to profess to take it up also.

To allege the real or supposed primæval kindred between Magyars and Ottomans as a ground for political action, or at least for political sympathy, in the affairs of the present moment, is an extreme case—some may be inclined to call it a *reductio ad absurdum*—of a whole range of doctrines and sentiments which have in modern days gained a great power over men's minds. They have gained so great a power that those who may regret their influence cannot afford to despise it. To make any practical inference from the primæval kindred of Magyar and Turk is indeed pushing the doctrine of race, and of sympathies arising from race, as far as it well can be pushed. Without plunging into any very deep mysteries, without committing ourselves to any dangerous theories in the darker regions of ethnological inquiry, we may perhaps be allowed at starting to doubt whether there is any real primæval kindred between the Ottoman and the Finnish Magyar. It is for those who have gone specially deep into the antiquities of the non-Aryan races to say whether there is or is not. At all events, as far as the great facts of history go, the kindred is of the vaguest and most shadowy kind. It comes to little more than the fact that Magyars and Ottomans are alike non-Aryan invaders who have made their way into Europe within recorded times, and that both have, rightly or wrongly, been called by the name of Turks. These do seem rather slender grounds on which to build up a fabric of national sympathy between two nations, when several centuries of living practical history all pull the other way. It is hard to believe that the kindred of Turk and Magyar was thought of when a Turkish Pasha ruled at Buda. Doubtless Hungarian Protestants often deemed, and not unreasonably deemed, that the contemptuous toleration of the Moslem Sultan was a lighter yoke than the persecution of the Catholic Emperor. But it was hardly on grounds of primæval kindred that they made the choice. The ethnological dialogue held at Constantinople does indeed sound like ethnological theory run mad. But it is the very wildness of the thing which gives it its importance. The doctrine of race, and of sympathies springing from race, must have taken very firm hold indeed of men's minds before it could be carried out in a shape which we are tempted to call so grotesque as this.

The plain fact is that the new lines of scientific and historical inquiry which have been opened in modern times have had a distinct and deep effect upon the politics of the age. The fact may be estimated in many ways, but its existence as a fact cannot be denied. Not in a merely scientific or literary point of view, but in one strictly practical, the world is not the same world as it was when men had not yet dreamed of the kindred between Sanscrit, Greek, and English, when it was looked on as something of a paradox to hint that there was a distinction between Celtic and Teutonic tongues and nations. Ethnological and philological researches—I do not forget the distinction between the two, but for the present I must group them together—have opened the way for new national sympathies, new national antipathies, such as would have been unintelligible a hundred years ago. A hundred years ago a man's political likes and dislikes seldom went beyond the range which was suggested by the place of his birth or immediate descent. Such birth or descent made him a member of this or that political community, a subject of this or that prince, a citizen—perhaps a subject—of this or that commonwealth. The political community of which he was a member had its traditional alliances and traditional enmities, and by those alliances and enmities the likes and dislikes of the members of that community were guided. But those traditional alliances and enmities were seldom determined by theories about language or race. The people of this or that place might be discontented under a foreign government; but, as a rule, they were discontented only if subjection to that foreign government brought with it personal oppression, or at least political degradation. Regard or disregard of some purely local privilege or local feeling went for more than the fact of a government being native or foreign. What we now call the sentiment of nationality did not go for much; what we call the sentiment of race went for nothing at all. Only a few men here and there would have understood the feelings which have led to those two great events of our own time, the political reunion of the German and Italian nations after their long political dissolution. Not a soul would have understood the feelings which have allowed Panslavism to be a great practical agent in the affairs of Europe, and which have made talk about "the Latin race," if not practical, at least possible. Least of all, would it have been possible to give any touch of political importance to what would have then seemed so wild a dream as a primæval kindred between Magyar and Ottoman.

That feelings such as these, and the practical consequences which have flowed from them, are distinctly due to scientific and historical teaching there can, I think, be no doubt. Religious sympathy and purely national sympathy are both feelings of much simpler growth, which need no deep knowledge nor any special teaching. The cry which resounded through Christendom when the Holy City was taken by the Mussulmans, the cry which resounded through Islam when the same city was taken by the Christians, the spirit which armed England to support French Huguenots and which armed Spain to support French Leaguers, all spring from motives which lie on the surface. Nor need we seek for any explanation but such as lies on the surface for the natural wish for closer union which arose among Germans or Italians who found themselves parted off by purely dynastic arrangements from men who were their countrymen in everything else. Such a feeling has to strive with the counter-feeling which springs from local jealousies and local dislikes; but it is a perfectly simple feeling, which needs no subtle research either to arouse or to understand it. So, if we draw our illustrations from the events of our own time, there is nothing but what is perfectly simple in the feeling which calls Russia, as the most powerful of Orthodox states, to the help of her Orthodox brethren everywhere, and which calls the members of the Orthodox Church everywhere to look to Russia as their protector. The feeling may have to strive against a crowd of purely political considerations, and by those purely political considerations it may be outweighed. But the feeling is in itself altogether simple and natural. So again, the people of Montenegro and of the neighbouring lands in Herzegovina and by the *Bocche* of Cattaro feel themselves countrymen in every sense but the political accident which keeps them asunder. They are drawn together by a tie which every one can understand, by the same tie which would draw together the people of three adjoining English counties, if any strange political accident should part them asunder in like manner. The feeling here is that of nationality in the strictest sense, nationality in a purely local or geographical sense. It would exist all the same if Panslavism had never been heard of; it might exist though those who feel it had never heard of the Slavonic race at all. It is altogether another thing when we come to the doctrine of race, and of sympathies founded on race, in the wider sense. Here we have a feeling which professes to bind together, and which as a matter of fact has had a real effect in binding together, men whose kindred to one another is not so obvious at first sight as the kindred of Germans, Italians, or Serbs who are kept asunder by nothing but a purely artificial political boundary. It is a feeling at whose bidding the call to union goes forth to men whose dwellings are geographically far apart, to men who may have had no direct dealings with one another for years or for ages, to men whose languages, though the scholar may at once see that they are closely akin, may not be so closely akin as to be mutually intelligible for common purposes. A hundred years back the Servian might have cried for help to the Russian on the ground of common Orthodox faith; he would hardly have called for help on the ground of common Slavonic speech and origin. If he had done so, it would have been rather by way of grasping at any chance, however desperate or far-fetched, than as putting forward a serious and well understood claim which he might expect to find accepted and acted on by large masses of men. He might have received help, either out of genuine sympathy springing from community of faith or from the baser thought that he could be made use of as a convenient political tool. He would have got but little help purely on the ground of a community of blood and speech which had had no practical result for ages. When Russia in earlier days interfered between the Turk and his Christian subjects, there is no sign of any sympathy felt or possessed for Slaves as Slaves. Russia dealt with Montenegro, not, as far as one can see, out of any Slavonic brotherhood, but because an independent Orthodox state at enmity with the Turk could not fail to be an useful ally. The earlier dealings of Russia with the subject nations were far more busy among the Greeks than among the Slaves. In fact, till quite lately, all the Orthodox subjects of the Turk were in most European eyes looked on as alike Greeks. The Orthodox Church has been commonly known as the Greek Church; and it has often been very hard to make people understand that the vast mass of the members of that so-called Greek Church are not Greek in any other sense. In truth we may doubt whether, till comparatively lately, the subject nations themselves were fully alive to the differences of race and speech among them. A man must in all times and places know whether he speaks the same language as another man; but he does not always go on to put his consciousness of difference into the shape of a sharply drawn formula. Still less does he always make the difference the ground of any practical course of action. The Englishman in the first days of the Norman Conquest felt the hardships of foreign rule, and he knew that those hardships were owing to foreign rule. But he had not learned to put his sense of hardship into any formula about an oppressed nationality. So, when the policy of the Turk found that the subtle intellect of the Greek could be made use of as an instrument of dominion over the other subject nations, the Bulgarian felt the hardship of the state of things in which, as it was proverbially said, his body was in bondage to the Turk and his soul in bondage to the Greek. But we may suspect that this neatly turned proverb dates only from the awakening of a distinctly national Bulgarian feeling in modern times. The Turk was felt to be an intruder and an enemy, because his rule was that of an open oppressor belonging to another creed. The Greek, on the other hand, though his spiritual dominion brought undoubted practical evils with it, was not felt to be an intruder and an enemy in the same sense. His quicker intellect and superior refinement made him a model. The Bulgarian imitated the Greek tongue and Greek manners; he was willing in other lands to be himself looked on as a Greek. It is only in quite modern times, under the direct influence of the preaching of the doctrine of race, that a hard and fast line has been drawn between Greeks and Bulgarians. That doctrine has cut two ways. It has given both nations, Greek and Bulgarian alike, a renewed national life, national strength, national hopes, such as neither of them had felt for ages. In so doing, it has done one of the best and most hopeful works of the age. But in so doing, it has created one of the most dangerous of immediate political difficulties. In calling two nations into a renewed being, it has arrayed them in enmity against each other, and that in the face of a common enemy in whose presence all lesser differences and jealousies ought to be hushed into silence.

There is then a distinct doctrine of race, and of sympathies founded on race, distinct from the feeling of community of religion, and distinct from the feeling of nationality in the narrower sense. It is not so simple or easy a feeling as either of those two. It does not in the same way lie on the surface; it is not in the same way grounded on obvious facts which are plain to every man's understanding. The doctrine of race is essentially an artificial doctrine, a learned doctrine. It is an inference from facts which the mass of mankind could never have found out for themselves, facts which, without a distinctly learned teaching, could never be brought home to them in any intelligible shape. Now what is the value of such a doctrine? Does it follow that, because it is confessedly artificial, because it springs, not from a spontaneous impulse, but from a learned teaching, it is therefore necessarily foolish, mischievous, perhaps unnatural? It may perhaps be safer to hold that, like many other doctrines, many other sentiments, it is neither universally good nor universally bad, neither inherently wise nor inherently foolish. It may be safer to hold that it may, like other doctrines and sentiments, have a range within which it may work for good, while in some other range it may work for evil. It may in short be a doctrine which is neither to be rashly accepted nor rashly cast aside, but one which may need to be guided, regulated, modified, according to time, place, and circumstance. I am not now called on so much to estimate the practical good and evil of the doctrine as to work out what the doctrine itself is, and to try to explain some difficulties about it. But I must emphatically say that nothing can be more shallow, nothing more foolish, nothing more purely sentimental, than the talk of those who think that they can simply laugh down or shriek down any doctrine or sentiment which they themselves do not understand. A belief or a feeling which has a practical effect on the conduct of great masses of men, sometimes on the conduct of whole nations, may be very false and very mischievous; but it is in every case a great and serious fact, to be looked gravely in the face. Men who sit at their ease and think that all wisdom is confined to themselves and their own clique may think themselves vastly superior to the great emotions which stir our times, as they would doubtless have thought themselves vastly superior to the emotions which stirred the first Saracens or the first Crusaders. But the emotions are there all the same, and they do their work all the same. The most highly educated man in the most highly educated society cannot sneer them out of being.

But it is time to pass to the more strictly scientific aspect of the subject. The doctrine of race, in its popular form, is the direct offspring of the study of scientific philology; and yet it is just now, in its popular form at least, somewhat under the ban of scientific philologers. There is nothing very wonderful in this. It is in fact the natural course of things which might almost have been reckoned on beforehand. When the popular mind gets hold of a truth, it seldom gets hold of it with strict scientific precision. It commonly gets hold of one side of the truth; it puts forth that side of the truth only. It puts that side forth in a form which may not be in itself distorted or exaggerated, but which practically becomes distorted and exaggerated, because other sides of the same truth are not brought into their due relation with it. The popular idea thus takes a shape which is naturally offensive to men of strict precision, and which men of strict scientific precision have naturally, and from their own point of view quite rightly, risen up to rebuke. Yet it may often happen that, while the scientific statement is the only true one for scientific purposes, the popular version may also have a kind of practical truth for the somewhat rough and ready purposes of a popular version. In our present case scientific philologers are beginning to complain, with perfect truth and perfect justice from their own point of view, that the popular doctrine of race confounds race and language. They tell us, and they do right to tell us, that language is no certain test of race, that men who speak the same tongue are not therefore necessarily men of the same blood. And they tell us further that, from whatever quarter the alleged popular confusion came, it certainly did not come from any teaching of scientific philologers.

The truth of all this cannot be called in question. We have too many instances in recorded history of nations laying aside the use of one language and taking to the use of another, for any one who cares for accuracy to set down language as any sure test of race. In fact the studies of the philologer and those of the ethnologer strictly so called are quite distinct, and they deal with two wholly different sets of phænomena. The science of the ethnologer is strictly a physical science. He has to deal with purely physical phænomena; his business lies with the different varieties of the human body, and specially, to take that branch of his inquiries which most impresses the unlearned, with the various conformations of the human skull. His researches differ in nothing from those of the zoologist or the palæontologist, except that he has to deal with the physical phænomena of man, while they deal with the physical phænomena of other animals. He groups the different races of man, exactly as the others group the genera and species of living or extinct mammals or reptiles. The student of ethnology as a physical science may indeed strengthen his conclusions by evidence of other kinds, evidence from arms, ornaments, pottery, modes of burial. But all these are secondary; the primary ground of classification is the physical conformation of man himself. As to language, the ethnological method, left to itself, can find out nothing whatever. The science of the ethnologer then is primilarly physical; it is historical only in that secondary sense in which palæontology, and geology itself, may fairly be called historical. It arranges the varieties of mankind according to a strictly physical classification; what the language of each variety may have been, it leaves to the professors of another branch of study to find out.

The science of the philologer, on the other hand, is strictly historical. There is doubtless a secondary sense in which purely philological science may be fairly called physical, just as there is a secondary sense in which pure ethnology may be called historical. That is to say, philology has to deal with physical phænomena, so far as it has to deal with the physical aspect of the sounds of which human language is made up. Its primary business, like the primary business of any other historical science, is to deal with phænomena which do not depend on physical laws, but which do depend on the human will. The science of language is, in this respect, like the science of human institutions or of human beliefs. Its subject-matter is not, like that of pure ethnology, what man is, but, like that of any other historical science, what man does. It is plain that no man's will can have any direct influence on the shape of his skull. I say no direct influence, because it is not for me to rule how far habits, places of abode, modes of life, a thousand things which do come under the control of the human will, may indirectly affect the physical conformation of a man himself or of his descendants. Some observers have made the remark that men of civilized nations who live in a degraded social state do actually approach to the physical type of inferior races. However this may be, it is quite certain that, as no man can by taking thought add a cubit to his stature, so no man can by taking thought make his skull brachykephalic or dolichokephalic. But the language which a man speaks does depend upon his will; he can by taking thought make his speech Romance or Teutonic. No doubt he has in most cases practically no choice in the matter. The language which he speaks is practically determined for him by fashion, habit, early teaching, a crowd of things over which he has practically no control. But still the control is not physical and inevitable, as it is in the case of the shape of his skull. If we say that he cannot help speaking in a particular way, that is, that he cannot help speaking a particular language, this simply means that his circumstances are such that no other way of speaking presents itself to his mind. And in many cases, he has a real choice between two or more ways of speaking, that is, between two or more languages. Every word that a man speaks is the result of a real, though doubtless unconscious, act of his free will. We are apt to speak of gradual changes in language, as in institutions or anything else, as if they were the result of a physical law, acting upon beings who had no choice in the matter. Yet every change of the kind is simply the aggregate of various acts of the will on the part of all concerned. Every change in speech, every introduction of a new sound or a new word, was really the result of an act of the will of some one or other. The choice may have been unconscious; circumstances may have been such as practically to give him but one choice; *still* he did choose; he spoke in one way, when there was no physical hindrance to his speaking in another way, when there was no physical compulsion to speak at all. The Gauls need not have changed their own language for Latin; the change was not the result of a physical necessity, but of a number of acts of the will on the part of this and that Gaul. Moral causes directed their choice, and determined that Gaul should become a Latin-speaking land. But whether the skulls of the Gauls should be long or short, whether their hair should be black or yellow, those were points over which the Gauls themselves had no direct control whatever.

The study of men's skulls then is a study which is strictly physical, a study of facts over which the will of man has no direct control. The study of men's languages is strictly an historical study, a study of facts over which the will of man has a direct control. It follows therefore from the very nature of the two studies that language cannot be an absolutely certain test of physical descent. A man cannot, under any circumstances, choose his own skull; he may, under some circumstances, choose his own language. He must keep the skull which has been given him by his parents; he cannot, by any process of taking thought, determine what kind of skull he will hand on to his own children. But he may give up the use of the language which he has learned from his parents, and he may determine what language he will teach to his children. The physical characteristics of a race are unchangeable, or are changed only by influences over which the race itself has no direct control. The language which the race speaks may be changed, either by a conscious act of the will or by that power of fashion which is in truth the aggregate of countless unconscious acts of the will. And, as the very nature of the case thus shows that language is no sure test of race, so the facts of recorded history equally prove the same truth. Both individuals and whole nations do in fact often exchange the language of their forefathers for some other language. A man settles in a foreign country. He learns the language of that country; sometimes he forgets the use of his own language. His children may perhaps speak both tongues; if they speak one tongue only, it will be the tongue of the country where they live. In a generation or two all trace of foreign origin will have passed away. Here then language is no test of race. If the great-grandchildren speak the language of their great-grandfathers, it will simply be as they may speak any other foreign language. Here are men who by speech belong to one nation, by actual descent to another. If they lose the physical characteristics of the race to which the original settler belonged, it will be due to intermarriage, to climate, to some cause altogether independent of language. Every nation will have some adopted children of this kind, more or fewer, men who belong to it by speech, but who do not belong to it by race. And what happens in the case of individuals happens in the case of whole nations. The pages of history are crowded with cases in which nations have cast aside the tongue of their forefathers, and have taken instead the tongue of some other people. Greek in the East, Latin in the West, became the familiar speech of millions who had not a drop of Greek or Italian blood in their veins. The same has been the case in later times with Arabic, Persian, Spanish, German, English. Each of those tongues has become the familiar speech of vast regions where the mass of the people are not Arabian, Spanish, or English, otherwise than by adoption. The Briton of Cornwall has, slowly but in the end thoroughly, adopted the speech of England. In the American continent full-blooded Indians preside over commonwealths which speak the tongue of Cortes and Pizarro. In the lands to which all eyes are now turned, the Greek, who has been busily assimilating strangers ever since he first planted his colonies in Asia and Sicily, goes on busily assimilating his Albanian neighbours. And between renegades, Janissaries, and mothers of all nations, the blood of many a Turk must be physically anything rather than Turkish. The inherent nature of the case, and the witness of recorded history, join together to prove that language is no certain test of race, and that the scientific philologers are doing good service to accuracy of expression and accuracy of thought by emphatically calling attention to the fact that language is no such test.

But, on the other hand, it is quite possible that the truth to which our attention is just now most fittingly called may, if put forth too broadly and without certain qualifications, lead to error quite as great as the error at which it is aimed. I do not suppose that any one ever thought that language was, necessarily and in all cases, an absolute and certain test. If anybody does think so, he has put himself altogether out of court by shutting his eyes to the most manifest facts of the case. But there can be no doubt that many people have given too much importance to language as a test of race. Though they have not wholly forgotten the facts which tell the other way, they have not brought them out with enough prominence. But I can also believe that many people have written and spoken on the subject in a way which cannot be justified from a strictly scientific point of view, but which may have been fully justified from the point of view of the writers and speakers themselves. It may often happen that a way of speaking may not be scientifically accurate, but may yet be quite near enough to the truth for the purposes of the matter in hand. It may, for some practical or even historical purpose, be really more true than the statement which is scientifically more exact. Language is no certain test of race; but if a man, struck by this wholesome warning, should run off into the belief that language and race have absolutely nothing to do with one another, he had better have gone without the warning. For in such a case the last error would be worse than the first. The natural instinct of mankind connects race and language. It does not assume that language is an infallible test of race; but it does assume that language and race have something to do with one another. It assumes that, though language is not an accurately scientific test of race, yet it is a rough and ready test which does for many practical purposes. To make something more of an exact definition, one might say that, though language is not a test of race, it is, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, a presumption of race—that, though it is not a test of race, yet it is a test of something which, for many practical purposes, is the same as race.

Professor Max Müller warned us long ago that we must not speak of a Celtic skull. Mr. Sayce has more lately warned us that we must not infer from community of Aryan speech that there is any kindred in blood between this or that Englishman and this or that Hindoo. And both warnings are scientifically true. Yet any one who begins his studies on these matters with Professor Müller's famous Oxford Essay will practically come to another way of looking at things. He will fill his mind with a vivid picture of the great Aryan family, as yet one, dwelling in one place, speaking one tongue, having already taken the first steps towards settled society, recognizing the domestic relations, possessing the first rudiments of government and religion, and calling all these first elements of culture by names of which traces still abide here and there among the many nations of the common stock. He will go on to draw pictures equally vivid of the several branches of the family parting off from the primæval home. One great branch he will see going to the south-east, to become the forefathers of the vast, yet isolated, colony in the Asiatic lands of Persia and India. He watches the remaining mass sending off wave after wave, to become the forefathers of the nations of historical Europe. He traces out how each branch starts with its own share of the common stock—how the language, the creed, the institutions, once common to all, grow up into different, yet kindred, shapes, among the many parted branches which grew up, each with an independent life and strength of its own. This is what our instructors set before us as the true origin of nations and their languages. And, in drawing out the picture, we cannot avoid, our teachers themselves do not avoid, the use of words which imply that the strictly family relation, the relation of community of blood, is at the root of the whole matter. We cannot help talking about the family and its branches, about parents, children, brothers, sisters, cousins. The nomenclature of natural kindred exactly fits the case; it fits it so exactly that no other nomenclature could enable us to set forth the case with any clearness. Yet we cannot be absolutely certain that there was any real community of blood in the whole story. We really know nothing of the origin of language or the origin of society. We may make a thousand ingenious guesses; but we cannot prove any of them. It may be that the group which came together, and which formed the primæval society which spoke the primæval Aryan tongue, were not brought together by community of blood, but by some other cause which threw them in one another's way. If we accept the Hebrew genealogies, they need not have had any community of blood nearer than common descent from Adam and Noah. That is, they need not have been all children of Shem, of Ham, or of Japheth; some children of Shem, some of Ham, and some of Japheth, may have been led by some cause to settle together. Or if we believe in independent creations of men, or in the developement of men out of mollusks, the whole of the original society need not have been descendants of the same man or the same mollusk. In short, there is no theory of the origin of man which requires us to believe that the primæval Aryans were a natural family; they may have been more like an accidental party of fellow-travellers. And if we accept them as a natural family, it does not follow that the various branches which grew into separate races and nations, speaking separate, though kindred, languages, were necessarily marked off by more immediate kindred. It may be that there is no nearer kindred in blood between this or that Persian, this or that Greek, this or that Teuton, than the general kindred of all Aryans. For, when this or that party marched off from the common home, it does not follow that those who marched off together were necessarily immediate brothers or cousins. The party which grew into Hindoos or into Teutons may not have been made up exclusively of one set of near kinsfolk. Some of the children of the same parents or forefathers may have marched one way, while others marched another way, or stayed behind. We may, if we please, indulge our fancy by conceiving that there may actually be family distinctions older than distinctions of nation and race. It may be that the Gothic *Amali* and the Roman *Æmilii*—I throw out the idea as a mere illustration—were branches of a family which had taken a name before the division of Teuton and Italian. Some of the members of that family may have joined the band of which came the Goths, while other members joined the band of which came the Romans. There is no difference but the length of time to distinguish such a supposed case from the case of an English family, one branch of which settled in the seventeenth century at Boston in Massachusetts, while another branch stayed behind at Boston in Holland. Mr. Sayce says truly that the use of a kindred language does not prove that the Englishman and the Hindoo are really akin in race; for, as he adds, many Hindoos are men of non-Aryan race who have simply learned to speak tongues of Sanscrit origin. He might have gone on to say, with equal truth, that there is no positive certainty that there was any community in blood among the original Aryan group itself, and that, if we admit such community of blood in the original Aryan group, it does not follow that there is any further special kindred between Hindoo and Hindoo or between Englishman and Englishman. The original group may not have been a family, but an artificial union. And, if it was a family, those of its members who marched together east or west or north or south may have had no tie of kindred beyond the common cousinship of all.

Now the tendency of this kind of argument is to lead to something a good deal more startling than the doctrine that language is no certain test of race. Its tendency is to go on further, and to show that race is no certain test of community of blood. And this comes pretty nearly to saying that there is no such thing as race at all. For our whole conception of race starts from the idea of community of blood. If the word "race" does not mean community of blood, it is hard to see what it does mean. Yet it is certain that there can be no positive proof of real community of blood, even among those groups of mankind which we instinctively speak of as families and races. It is not merely that the blood has been mingled in after times; there is no positive proof that there was any community of blood in the beginning. No living Englishman can prove with absolute certainty that he comes in the male line of any of the Teutonic settlers in Britain in the fifth or sixth centuries. I say in the male line, because any one who is descended from any English king can prove such descent, though he can prove it only through a long and complicated web of female successions. But we may be sure that in no other case can such a pedigree be proved by the kind of proof which lawyers would require to make out the title to an estate or a peerage. The actual forefathers of the modern Englishman may chance to have been, not true-born Angles or Saxons, but Britons, Scots, in later days Frenchmen, Flemings, men of any other nation who learned to speak English and took to themselves English names. But supposing that a man could make out such a pedigree, supposing that he could prove that he came in the male line of some follower of Hengest or Cerdic, he would be no nearer to proving original community of blood either in the particular Teutonic race or in the general Aryan family. If direct evidence is demanded, we must give up the whole doctrine of families and races, as far as we take language, manners, institutions, anything but physical conformation, as the distinguishing marks of races and families. That is to say, if we wish never to use any word of whose accuracy we cannot be perfectly certain, we must leave off speaking of races and families at all from any but the purely physical side. We must content ourselves with saying that certain groups of mankind have a common history, that they have languages, creeds, and institutions in common, but that we have no evidence whatever to show how they came to have languages, creeds, and institutions in common. We cannot say for certain what was the tie which brought the members of the original group together, any more than we can name the exact time and the exact place when and where they came together.

We may thus seem to be landed in a howling wilderness of scientific uncertainty. The result of pushing our inquiries so far may seem to be to show that we really know nothing at all. But in truth the uncertainty is no greater than the uncertainty which attends all inquiries in the historical sciences. Though a historical fact may be recorded in the most trustworthy documents, though it may have happened in our own times, though we may have seen it happen with our own eyes, yet we cannot have the same certainty about it as the mathematician has about the proposition which he proves to absolute demonstration. We cannot have even that lower degree of certainty which the geologist has with regard to the order of succession between this and that *stratum*. For in all historical inquiries we are dealing with facts which themselves come within the control of human will and human caprice, and the evidence for which depends on the trustworthiness of human informants, who may either purposely deceive or unwittingly mislead. A man may lie; he may err. The triangles and the rocks can neither lie nor err. I may with my own eyes see a certain man do a certain act; he may tell me himself, or some one else may tell me, that he is the same man who did some other act; but as to his statement I cannot have absolute certainty, and no one but myself can have absolute certainty as to the statement which I make as to the facts which I saw with my own eyes. Historical evidence may range through every degree, from the barest likelihood to that undoubted moral certainty on which every man acts without hesitation in practical affairs. But it cannot get beyond this last standard. If then we are ever to use words like race, family, or even nation, to denote groups of mankind marked off by any kind of historical, as distinguished from physical, characteristics, we must be content to use those words, as we use many other words, without being able to prove that our use of them is accurate, as mathematicians judge of accuracy. I cannot be quite sure that William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey, though I have strong reasons for believing that he did so. And I have strong reasons for believing many facts about race and language about which I am much further from being quite sure than I am about William's landing at Pevensey. In short, in all these matters, we must be satisfied to let presumption very largely take the place of actual proof; and, if we only let presumption in, most of our difficulties at once fly away.

Language is no certain test of race; but it is a presumption of race. Community of race, as we commonly understand race, is no certain proof of original community of blood; but it is a presumption of original community of blood. The presumption amounts to moral proof, if only we do not insist on proving such physical community of blood as would satisfy a genealogist. It amounts to moral proof, if all that we seek is to establish a relation in which the community of blood is the leading idea, and in which, where natural community of blood does not exist, its place is supplied by something which by a legal fiction is looked upon as its equivalent.

If then we do not ask for scientific, for what we may call physical, accuracy, but if we are satisfied with the kind of proof which is all that we can ever get in the historical sciences—if we are satisfied to speak in a way which is true for popular and practical purposes—then we may say that language has a great deal to do with race, as race is commonly understood, and that race has a great deal to do with community of blood. If we once admit the Roman doctrine of adoption, our whole course is clear. The natural family is the starting point of everything; but we must give the natural family the power of artificially enlarging itself by admitting adoptive members. A group of mankind is thus formed, in which it does not follow that all the members have any natural community of blood, but in which community of blood is the starting point, in which those who are connected by natural community of blood form the original body within whose circle the artificial members are admitted. A group of mankind thus formed is something quite different from a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. Three or four brothers by blood, with a fourth or fifth man whom they agree to look on as filling in everything the same place as a brother by blood, form a group which is quite unlike an union of four or five men, none of whom is bound by any tie of blood to any of the others. In the latter kind of union the notion of kindred does not come in at all. In the former kind the notion of kindred is the groundwork of everything; it determines the character of every relation and every action, even though the kindred between some members of the society and others may be owing to a legal fiction and not to natural descent. All that we know of the growth of tribes, races, nations, leads us to believe that they grew in this way. Natural kindred was the groundwork, the leading and determining idea; but, by one of those legal fictions which have had such an influence on all institutions, adoption was in certain cases allowed to count as natural kindred.*

The usage of all languages shows that community of blood was the leading idea in forming the greater and smaller groups of mankind. Words like *φῦλον*, *γένος*, *gens*, *natio*, *kin*, all point to the natural family as the origin of all society. The family in the narrower sense, the children of one father in one house, grew into a more extended family, the *gens*. Such were the Alkmaiônidai, the Julii, or the Scyldingas, the real or artificial descendants of a real or supposed forefather. The nature of the *gens* has been set forth often enough. If it is a mistake to fancy that every Julius or Cornelius was the natural kinsman of every other Julius or Cornelius, it is equally a mistake to think that the *gens Julia* or *Cornelia* was in its origin a mere artificial association into which the idea of natural kindred did not enter. It is indeed possible that really artificial *gentes*, groups of men of whom it might chance that none were natural kinsmen, were formed in later times after the model of the original *gentes*. Still such imitation would bear witness to the original conception of the *gens*. It would be the doctrine of adoption turned the other way; instead of a father adopting a son, a number of men would agree to adopt a common father. The family then grew into the *gens*; the union of *gentes* formed the state, the political community, which in its first form was commonly a tribe. Then came the nation, formed of an union of tribes. Kindred, real or artificial, is the one basis on which all society and all government has grown up.

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* I am here applying to this particular purpose a line of thought which both myself and others have often applied to other purposes. See above all Sir Henry Maine's Lecture "on Kinship as the Basis of Society" in the Lectures on the Early History of Institutions; I would refer also to my own lecture on "the State" in "Comparative Politics."

Now it is plain that, as soon as we admit the doctrine of artificial kindred, that is as soon as we allow the exercise of the law of adoption, physical purity of race is at an end. Adoption treats a man as if he were the son of a certain father; it cannot really make him the son of that father. If a brachykephalic father adopts a dolichokephalic son, the legal act cannot change the shape of the adopted son's skull. I will not undertake to say whether, not indeed the rite of adoption, but the influences and circumstances which would spring from it, might not, in the course of generations, affect even the skull of the man who entered a certain *gens*, tribe, or nation by artificial adoption only. If by any chance the adopted son spoke a different language from the adopted father, the rite of adoption itself would not of itself change his language. But it would bring him under influences which would make him adopt the language of his new *gens* by a conscious act of the will, and which would make his children adopt it by the same unconscious act of the will by which each child adopts the language of his parents. The adopted son, still more the son of the adopted son, became, in speech, in feelings, in worship, in everything but physical descent, one with the *gens* into which he was adopted. He became one of that *gens* for all practical, political, historical, purposes. It is only the physiologist who could deny his right to his new position. The nature of the process is well expressed by a phrase of our own law. When the nation—the word itself keeps about it the remembrance of birth as the groundwork of everything—adopts a new citizen, that is a new child of the state, he is said to be *naturalized*. That is, a legal process puts him in the same position, and gives him the same rights, as a man who is a citizen and a son by birth. It is assumed that the rights of citizenship come by nature, that is by birth. The stranger is admitted to them only by a kind of artificial birth; he is naturalized by law; his children are in a generation or two naturalized in fact. There is now no practical distinction between the Englishman whose forefathers landed with William, or even between the Englishman whose forefathers sought shelter from Alva or from Lewis the Fourteenth, and the Englishman whose forefathers landed with Hengest. It is for the physiologist to say whether any difference can be traced in their several skulls; for all practical purposes, historical or political, all distinction between these several classes has passed away.

We may in short say that the law of adoption runs through everything, and that it may be practised on every scale. What adoption is at the hands of the family, naturalization is at the hands of the state. And the same process extends itself from adopted or naturalized individuals to large classes of men, indeed to whole nations. When the process takes place on this scale, we may best call it assimilation. Thus Rome assimilated the continental nations of Western Europe to that degree that, allowing for a few survivals here and there, not only Italy, but Gaul and Spain, became Roman. The people of those lands, admitted step by step to the Roman franchise, adopted the name and tongue of Romans. It must soon have been hard to distinguish the Roman colonist in Gaul or Spain from the native Gaul or Spaniard who had, as far as in him lay, put on the guise of a Roman. This process of assimilation has gone on everywhere and at all times. When two nations come in this way into close contact with one another, it depends on a crowd of circumstances which shall assimilate the other, or whether they shall remain distinct without assimilation either way. Sometimes the conquerors assimilate their subjects; sometimes they are assimilated by their subjects; sometimes conquerors and subjects remain distinct for ever. When assimilation either way does take place, the direction which it takes in each particular case will depend, partly on their respective numbers, partly on their degrees of civilization. A small number of less civilized conquerors will easily be lost among a greater number of more civilized subjects, and that even though they give their name to the land and people which they conquer. The modern Frenchman represents, not the conquering Frank, but the conquered Gaul, or, as he called himself, the conquered Roman. The modern Bulgarian represents, not the Finnish conqueror, but the conquered Slave. The modern Russian represents, not the Scandinavian ruler, but the Slave who sent for the Scandinavian to rule over him. And so we might go on with endless other cases. The point is that the process of adoption, naturalization, assimilation, has gone on everywhere. No nation can boast of absolute purity of blood, though no doubt some nations come much nearer to it than others. When I speak of purity of blood, I leave out of sight the darker questions which I have already raised with regard to the groups of mankind in days before recorded history. I assume great groups like Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, as having what we may call a real corporate existence, however we may hold that that corporate existence began. My present point is that no existing nation is, in the physiologist's sense of purity, purely Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, or anything else. All races have assimilated a greater or less amount of foreign elements. Taking this standard, one which comes more nearly within the range of our actual knowledge than the possibilities of unrecorded times, we may again say that, from the purely scientific or physiological point of view, not only is language no test of race, but that, at all events among the great nations of the world, there is no such thing as purity of race at all.

But, while we admit this truth, while we even insist upon it from the strictly scientific point of view, we must be allowed to look at it with different eyes from a more practical standing point. This is the standing point, whether of history which is the politics of the past, or of politics which are the history of the present. From this point of view, we may say unhesitatingly that there are such things as races and nations, and that to the grouping of those races and nations language is the best guide. We cannot undertake to define with any philosophical precision the exact distinction between race and race, between nation and nation. Nor can we undertake to define with the like precision in what way the distinctions between race and race, between nation and nation, began. But all analogy leads us to believe that tribes, nations, races, were all formed according to the original model of the family, the family which starts from the idea of the community of blood, but which allows artificial adoption to be its legal equivalent. In all cases of adoption, naturalization, assimilation, whether of individuals or of large classes of men, the adopted person or class is adopted into an existing community. Their adoption undoubtedly influences the community into which they are adopted. It at once destroys any claim on the part of that community to purity of blood, and it influences the adopting community in many ways, physical and moral. A family, a tribe, or a nation, which has largely recruited itself by adopted members cannot be the same as one which has never practised adoption at all, but all whose members come of the original stock. But the influence which the adopting community exercises upon its adopted members is far greater than any influence which they exercise upon it. It cannot change their blood; it cannot give them new natural forefathers; but it may do everything short of this; it may make them, in speech, in feeling, in thought, and in habit, genuine members of the community which has artificially made them its own. While there is not in any nation, in any race, any such thing as strict purity of blood, yet there is in each nation, in each race, a dominant element—or rather something more than an element—something which is the true essence of the race or nation, something which sets its standard and determines its character, something which draws to itself and assimilates to itself all other elements. It so works that all other elements are not co-equal elements with itself, but mere infusions poured into an already existing body. Doubtless these infusions do in some measure influence the body which assimilates them; but the influence which they exercise is as nothing compared to the influence which they undergo. We may say that they modify the character of the body into which they are assimilated; they do not affect its personality. Thus, assuming the great groups of mankind as primary facts, the origin of which lies beyond our certain knowledge, we may speak of families and races, of the great Aryan family and of the races into which it parted, as groups which have a real, practical, existence, as groups founded on the ruling primæval idea of kindred, even though in many cases the kindred may not be by natural descent, but only by law of adoption. The Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, races of man are real living and abiding groups, the distinction between which we must accept among the primary facts of history. And they go on as living and abiding groups, even though we know that each of them has assimilated many adopted members, sometimes from other branches of the Aryan family, sometimes from races of men alien to the whole Aryan stock. These races which, in a strictly physiological point of view, have no existence at all, have a real existence from the more practical point of view of history and politics. The Bulgarian calls to the Russian for help, and the Russian answers to his call for help, on the ground of their being alike members of the one Slavonic race. It may be that, if we could trace out the actual pedigree of this or that Bulgarian, of this or that Russian, we might either find that there was no real kindred between them, or we might find that there was a real kindred, but a kindred which must be traced up to another stock than that of the Slave. In point of actual blood, instead of both being Slaves, it may be that one of them comes, it may be that both of them come, of a stock which is not Slavonic or even Aryan. The Bulgarian may chance to be a Bulgarian in a truer sense than he thinks for; he may come of the blood of those original Finnish conquerors who gave the Bulgarian name to the Slaves among whom they were merged. And if this or that Bulgarian may chance to come of the stock of Finnish conquerors assimilated by their Slavonic subjects, this or that Russian may chance to come of the stock of Finnish subjects assimilated by their Slavonic conquerors. It may then so happen that the cry for help goes up and is answered on a ground of kindred which in the eye of the physiologist has no existence. Or it may happen that the kindred is real in a way which neither the suppliant nor his helper thinks of. But in either case, for the practical purposes of human life, the plea is a good plea; the kindred on which it is founded is a real kindred. It is good by the law of adoption. It is good by the law the force of which we all admit whenever we count a man as an Englishman whose forefathers, two generations or twenty generations back, came to our shores as strangers. For all practical purposes, for all the purposes which guide men's actions, public or private, the Russian and the Bulgarian, kinsmen so long parted, perhaps in very truth no natural kinsmen at all, are members of the same race, bound together by the common sentiment of race. They belong to the same race, exactly as an Englishman whose forefathers came into Britain fourteen hundred years back, and an Englishman whose forefathers came only one or two hundred years back, are alike members of the same nation, bound together by a tie of common nationality.

And now, having ruled that races and nations, though largely formed by the working of an artificial law, are still real and living things, groups in which the idea of kindred is the idea around which everything has grown, how are we to define our races and our nations? How are we to mark them off one from the other? Bearing in mind the cautions and qualifications which have been already given, bearing in mind large classes of exceptions which will presently be spoken of, I say unhesitatingly that for practical purposes there is one test, and one only, and that that test is language. It is hardly needful to show that races and nations cannot be defined by the merely political arrangements which group men under various governments. For some purposes of ordinary language, for some purposes of ordinary politics, we are tempted, sometimes driven, to take this standard. And in some parts of the world, in our own Western Europe for instance, nations and governments do, in a rough way, fairly answer to one another. And, in any case, political divisions are not without their influence on the formation of national divisions, while national divisions ought to have the greatest influence on political divisions. That is to say, *primâ facie* a nation and a government should coincide. I say only *primâ facie;* for this is assuredly no inflexible rule; there are often good reasons why it should be otherwise; only, whenever it is otherwise, there should be some good reason forthcoming. It might even be true that in no case did a government and a nation exactly coincide, and yet it would none the less be the rule that a government and a nation should coincide. That is to say, so far as a nation and a government coincide, we accept it as the natural state of things, and ask no question as to the cause. So far as they do not coincide, we mark the case as exceptional, by asking what is the cause. And by saying that a government and a nation should coincide we mean that, as far as possible, the boundaries of governments should be so laid out as to agree with the boundaries of nations. That is, we assume the nation as something already existing, something primary, to which the secondary arrangements of government should, as far as possible, conform. How then do we define the nation, which is, if there is no especial reason to the contrary, to fix the limits of a government? Primarily, I say, as a rule, but a rule subject to exceptions—as a *primâ facie* standard, subject to special reasons to the contrary—we define the nation by language. We may at least apply the test negatively. It would be unsafe to rule that all speakers of the same language must have a common nationality; but we may safely say that, where there is not community of language, there is no common nationality in the highest sense. It is true that without community of language there may be an artificial nationality, a nationality which may be good for all political purposes, and which may engender a common national feeling. Still this is not quite the same thing as that fuller national unity which is felt where there is community of language. In fact mankind instinctively takes language as the badge of nationality. We so far take it as the badge, that we instinctively assume community of language as a nation as the rule, and we set down anything that departs from that rule as an exception. The first idea suggested by the word Frenchman or German or any other national name, is that he is a man who speaks French or German as his mother-tongue. We take for granted, in the absence of anything to make us think otherwise, that a Frenchman is a speaker of French and that a speaker of French is a Frenchman. Where in any case it is otherwise, we mark that case as an exception, and we ask the special cause. Again, the rule is none the less the rule nor the exceptions the exceptions, because the exceptions may easily outnumber the instances which conform to the rule. The rule is still the rule, because we take the instances which conform to it as a matter of course, while in every case which does not conform to it we ask for the explanation. All the larger countries of Europe provide us with exceptions; but we treat them all as exceptions. We do not ask why a native of France speaks French. But when a native of France speaks as his mother-tongue some other tongue than French, when French, or something which popularly passes for French, is spoken as his mother-tongue by some one who is not a native of France, we at once ask the reason. And the reason will be found in each case in some special historical cause which withdraws that case from the operation of the general law. A very good reason can be given why French, or something which popularly passes for French, is spoken in parts of Belgium and Switzerland whose inhabitants are certainly not Frenchmen. But the reason has to be given, and it may fairly be asked.

In the like sort, if we turn to our own country, whenever within the bounds of Great Britain, we find any tongue spoken other than English we at once ask the reason and we learn the special historic cause. In a part of France and a part of Great Britain we find tongues spoken which differ alike from English and from French, but which are strongly akin to one another. We find that these are the survivals of a group of tongues once common to Gaul and Britain, but which the settlement of other nations, the introduction and the growth of other tongues, have brought down to the level of survivals. So again we find islands which both speech and geographical position seem to mark as French, but which are dependencies, and loyal dependencies, of the English crown. We soon learn the cause of the phænomenon which seems so strange. Those islands are the remains of a state and a people which adopted the French tongue, but which, while it remained one, did not become a part of the French state. That people brought England by force of arms under the rule of their own sovereigns. The greater part of that people were afterwards conquered by France, and gradually became French in feeling as well as in language. But a remnant clave to their connexion with the land which their forefathers had conquered, and that remnant, while keeping the French tongue, never became French in feeling. This last case, that of the Norman Islands, is a specially instructive one. Normandy and England were politically connected, while language and geography pointed rather to an union between Normandy and France. In the case of continental Normandy, where the geographical tie was strongest, language and geography together could carry the day, and the continental Norman became a Frenchman. In the islands, where the geographical tie was less strong, political traditions and manifest interest carried the day against language and a weaker geographical tie. The insular Norman did not become a Frenchman. But neither did he become an Englishman. He alone remained Norman, keeping his own tongue and his own laws, but attached to the English crown by a tie at once of tradition and of advantage. Between states of the relative size of England and the Norman Islands, the relation naturally becomes a relation of dependence on the part of the smaller members of the union. But it is well to remember that our forefathers never conquered the forefathers of the men of the Norman Islands, but that their forefathers did once conquer ours.

These instances, and countless others, bear out the position that, while community of language is the most obvious sign of common nationality, while it is the main element, or something more than an element, in the formation of nationality, the rule is open to exceptions of all kinds, and that the influence of language is at all times liable to be overruled by other influences. But all the exceptions confirm the rule, because we specially remark those cases which contradict the rule, and we do not specially remark those cases which do not conform to it.

In the cases which we have just spoken of, the growth of the nation as marked out by language, and the growth of the exceptions to the rule of language, have both come through the gradual, unconscious, working of historical causes. Union under the same government, or separation under separate governments, have been among the foremost of those historical causes. The French nation consists of the people of all that extent of continuous territory which has been brought under the rule of the French Kings. But the working of the cause has been gradual and unconscious. There was no moment when any one deliberately proposed to form a French nation by joining together all the separate duchies and counties which spoke the French tongue. Since the French nation has been formed, men have proposed to annex this or that land on the ground that its people spoke the French tongue, or perhaps only some tongue akin to the French tongue. But the formation of the French nation itself was the work of historical causes, the work doubtless of a settled policy acting through many generations, but not the work of any conscious theory about races and languages. It is a special mark of our time, a special mark of the influence which doctrines about race and language have had on men's minds, that we have seen great nations united by processes in which theories of race and language really have had much to do with bringing about their union. If statesmen have not been themselves moved by such theories, they have at least found that it suited their purpose to make use of such theories as a means of working on the minds of others. In the reunion of the severed German and Italian nations, the conscious feeling of nationality, and the acceptance of a common language as the outward badge of nationality, had no small share. Poets sang of language as the badge of national union; statesmen made it the badge, so far as political considerations did not lead them to do anything else. The revived kingdom of Italy is very far from taking in all the speakers of the Italian tongue. Lugano, Trent, Aquileia—to take places which are clearly Italian, and not to bring in places of more doubtful nationality, like the cities of Istria and Dalmatia—form no part of the Italian political body, and Corsica is not under the same rule as the other two great neighbouring islands. But the fact that all these places do not belong to the Italian body at once suggests the twofold question, why they do not belong to it, and whether they ought not to belong to it. History easily answers the first question; it may perhaps also answer the second question in a way which will say Yes as regards one place and No as regards another. Ticino must not lose her higher freedom; Trieste must remain the needful mouth for southern Germany; Dalmatia must not be cut off from the Slavonic mainland; Corsica would seem to have sacrificed national feeling to personal hero-worship. But it is certainly hard to see why Trent and Aquileia should be kept apart from the Italian body. On the other hand, the revived Italian kingdom contains very little which is not Italian in speech. It is perhaps by a somewhat elastic view of language that the dialect of Piedmont and the dialect of Sicily are classed under one head; still, as a matter of fact, they have a single classical standard, and they are universally accepted as varieties of the same tongue. But it is only in a few Alpine valleys that languages are spoken which, whether Romance or Teutonic, are in any case not Italian. The reunion of Italy in short took in all that was Italian, save when some political cause hindered the rule of language from being followed. Of anything not Italian by speech so little has been taken in that the non-Italian parts of Italy, Burgundian Aosta and the Seven German Communes —if these last still keep their Teutonic language,—fall under the rule that there are some things too small for laws to pay heed to.

But it must not be forgotten that all this simply means that in the lands of which we have just been speaking the process of adoption has been carried out on the largest scale. Nations, with languages as their rough practical test, have been formed; but they have been formed with very little regard to physical purity of blood. In short, throughout Western Europe assimilation has been the rule. That is to say, in any of the great divisions of Western Europe, though the land may have been settled and conquered over and over again, yet the mass of the people of the land have been drawn to some one national type. Either some one among the races inhabiting the land has taught the others to put on its likeness, or else a new national type has arisen which has elements drawn from several of those races. Thus the modern Frenchman may be defined as produced by the union of blood which is mainly Celtic with a speech which is mainly Latin, and with a historical polity which is mainly Teutonic. That is, he is neither Gaul, Roman, nor Frank, but a fourth type which has drawn important elements from all three. Within modern France this new national type has so far assimilated all others as to make everything else merely exceptional. The Fleming of one corner, the Basque of another, even the far more important Breton of a third corner, have all in this way become mere exceptions to the general type of the country. If we pass into our own islands, we shall find that the same process has been at work. If we look to Great Britain only, we shall find that, though the means have not been the same, yet the end has been gained hardly less thoroughly than in France. For all real political purposes, for everything which concerns a nation in the face of other nations, Great Britain is as thoroughly united as France is. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, feel themselves one people in the general affairs of the world. A secession of Scotland or Wales is as unlikely as a secession of Normandy or Languedoc. The part of the island which is not thoroughly assimilated in language, that part which still speaks Welsh or Gaelic, is larger in proportion than the non-French part of modern France. But however much either the northern or the western Briton may, in a fit of antiquarian politics, declaim against the Saxon, for all practical political purposes he and the Saxon are one. The distinction between the southern and the northern English—for the men of Lothian and Fife must allow me to call them by this last name—is, speaking politically and without ethnological or linguistic precision, much as if France and Aquitaine had been two kingdoms united on equal terms, instead of Aquitaine being merged in France. When we cross into Ireland, we indeed find another state of things, and one which comes nearer to some of the phænomena which we shall come to in other parts of the world. Ireland is, most unhappily, not so firmly united to Great Britain as the different parts of Great Britain are to one another. Still even here the division arises quite as much from geographical and historical causes as from distinctions of race strictly so called. If Ireland had had no wrongs, still two great islands can never be so thoroughly united as a continuous territory can be. On the other hand, in point of language, the discontented part of the United Kingdom is much less strongly marked off than that fraction of the contented part which is not thoroughly assimilated. Irish is certainly not the language of Ireland in at all the same degree in which Welsh is the language of Wales. The Saxon has commonly to be denounced in the Saxon tongue.

In some other parts of Western Europe, as in the Spanish and Scandinavian peninsulas, the coincidence of language and nationality is stronger than it is in France, Britain, or even Italy. No one speaks Spanish except in Spain or in the colonies of Spain. And within Spain the proportion of those who do not speak Spanish, namely the Basque remnant, is smaller than the non-assimilated element in Britain and France. Here two things are to be marked. First, the modern Spanish nation has been formed, like the French, by a great process of assimilation; secondly, the actual national arrangements of the Spanish peninsula are wholly due to historical causes, we might almost say historical accidents, and those of very recent date. Spain and Portugal are separate kingdoms, and we look on their inhabitants as forming separate nations. But this is simply because a Queen of Castile in the fifteenth century married a King of Aragon. Had Isabel married a King of Portugal, we should now talk of Spain and Aragon as we now talk of Spain and Portugal, and we should count Portugal for part of Spain. In language, in history, in everything else, Aragon was really more distinct from Castile than Portugal was. The King of Castile was already often spoken of as King of Spain, and Portugal would have merged in the Spanish kingdom at last as easily as Aragon did. In Scandinavia, on the other hand, there must have been less assimilation than anywhere else. In the present kingdoms of Norway and Sweden, there must be a nearer approach to actual purity of blood than in any other part of Europe. One cannot fancy that much Finnish blood has been assimilated, and there have been no conquests or settlements later than that of the Northmen themselves.

When we pass into central Europe we shall find a somewhat different state of things. The distinctions of race seem to be more lasting. While the national unity of the German Empire is greater than that of either France or Great Britain, it has not only subjects of other languages, but actually discontented subjects, in three corners, on its French, its Danish, and its Polish frontiers. We ask the reason, and it will be at once answered that the discontent of all three is the result of recent conquest, in two cases of very recent conquest indeed. But this is one of the very points to be marked; the strong national unity of the German Empire has been largely the result of assimilation; and these three parts, where recent conquest has not yet been followed by assimilation, are chiefly important because, in all three cases, the discontented territory is geographically continuous with a territory of its own speech outside the Empire. This does not prove that assimilation can never take place; but it will undoubtedly make the process longer and harder.

So again, wherever German-speaking people dwell outside the bounds of the revived German state, as well as when that revived German state contains other than German-speaking people, we ask the reason and we can find it. Political reasons forbade the immediate annexation of Austria, Tyrol, and Salzburg. Combined political and geographical reasons, and, if we look a little deeper, ethnological reasons too, forbade the annexation of Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia. Some reason or other will, it may be hoped, always be found to hinder the annexation of lands which, like Zürich and Bern, have reached a higher political level. Outlying brethren in Transsilvania or at Saratof again come under the rule "De minimis non curat lex." In all these cases the rule that nationality and language should go together, yields to unavoidable circumstances. But on the other hand, where French or Danish or Slavonic or Lithuanian is spoken within the bounds of the new Empire, the principle that language is the badge of nationality, that without community of language nationality is imperfect, shows itself in another shape. One main object of modern policy is to bring these exceptional districts under the general rule by spreading the German language in them. Everywhere in short, wherever a power is supposed to be founded on nationality, the common feeling of mankind instinctively takes language as the test of nationality. We assume language as the test of a nation, without going into any minute questions as to the physical purity of blood in that nation. A continuous territory, living under the same government and speaking the same tongue, forms a nation for all practical purposes. If some of its inhabitants do not belong to the original stock by blood, they at least belong to it by adoption.

The question may now fairly be asked, What is the case in those parts of the world where people who are confessedly of different races and languages inhabit a continuous territory and live under the same government? How do we define nationality in such cases as these? The answer will be very different in different cases, according to the means by which the different national elements in such a territory have been brought together. They may form what I have already called an artificial nation, united by an act of its own free will. Or it may be simply a case where distinct nations, distinct in everything which can be looked on as forming a nation, except the possession of an independent government, are brought together, by whatever causes, under a common ruler. The former case is very distinctly an exception which proves the rule, and the latter is, though in quite another way, an exception which proves the rule also. Both cases may need somewhat more in the way of definition. We will begin with the first, the case of a nation which has been formed out of elements which differ in language, but which still have been brought together so as to form an artificial nation. In the growth of the chief nations of Western Europe, the principle which was consciously or unconsciously followed has been that the nation should be marked out by language, and the use of any tongue other than the dominant tongue of the nation should be at least exceptional. But there is one nation in Europe, one which has a full right to be called a nation in a political sense, which has been formed on the directly opposite principle. The Swiss Confederation has been formed by the union of certain detached fragments of the German, Italian, and Burgundian nations. It may indeed be said that the process has been in some sort a process of adoption, that the Italian and Burgundian elements have been incorporated into an already existing German body, that, as those elements were once subjects or dependents or protected allies, the case is one of clients or freedmen who have been admitted to the full privileges of the *gens*. This is undoubtedly true, and it is equally true of a large part of the German element itself. Throughout the Confederation, allies and subjects have been raised to the rank of confederates. But the former position of the component elements does not matter for our purpose. As a matter of fact, the foreign dependencies have all been admitted into the Confederation on equal terms. German is undoubtedly the language of a great majority of the Confederation; but the two recognized Romance languages are each the speech, not of a mere fragment or survival, like Welsh in Britain or Breton in France, but of a large minority forming a visible element in the general body. The three languages are all of them alike recognized as national languages, though, as if to keep up the universal rule that there should be some exceptions to all rules, a fourth language still lives on within the bounds of the Confederation, which is not admitted to the rights of the other three, but is left in the state of a fragment or a survival.* Is such an artificial body of this to be called a nation? It is plainly not a nation by blood or by speech. It can hardly be called a nation by adoption. For, if we choose to say that the three elements have all agreed to adopt one another as brethren, yet it has been adoption without assimilation. Yet surely the Swiss Confederation is a nation. It is not a mere power, in which various nations are brought together, whether willingly or unwillingly, under a common ruler, but without any further tie of union. For all political purposes, the Swiss Confederation is a nation, a nation capable of as strong and true national feeling as any other nation. Yet it is a nation purely artificial, one in no way defined by blood or speech. It thus proves the rule in two ways. We at once feel that this artificially formed nation, which has no common language, but each of whose elements speaks a language common to itself with some other nation, is something different from those nations which are defined by an universal or at least a predominant language. We mark it as an exception, as something different from other cases. And when we see how nearly this artificial nation comes, in every point but that of language, to the likeness of those nations which are defined by language, we see that it is the nation defined by language which sets the standard, and after the model of which the artificial nation forms itself. The case of the Swiss Confederation and its claim to rank as a nation would be like the case of those *gentes*, if any such there were, which did not spring even from the expansion of an original family, but which were artificially formed in imitation of those which did, and which, instead of a real or traditional forefather, chose for themselves an adopted one.

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* While the Swiss Confederation recognizes German, French, and Italian as all alike national languages, the independent Romance language which is still used in some parts of the Canton of Graubünden, that which is known specially as *Romansch*, is not recognized. It is left in the same

In the Swiss Confederation then we have a case of a nation formed by an artificial process, but which still is undoubtedly a nation in the face of other nations. We now come to the other class, in which nationality and language

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position in which Welsh and Gaelic are left in Great Britain, in which Basque, Breton, Provençal, Walloon, and Flemish are left within the borders of that French kingdom which has grown so as to take them all in.

keep the connexion which they have elsewhere, but in which nations do not even in the roughest way answer to governments. We have only to go into the Eastern lands of Europe to find a state of things in which the notion of nationality, as marked out by language and national feeling, has altogether parted company from the notion of political government. It must be remembered that this state of things is not confined to the nations which are or have lately been under the yoke of the Turk. It extends also to the nations or fragments of nations which make up the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In all the lands held by these two powers we come across phænomena of geography, race, and language, which stand out in marked contrast with anything to which we are used in Western Europe. We may perhaps better understand what those phænomena are, if we suppose a state of things which sounds absurd in the West, but which has its exact parallel in many parts of the East. Let us suppose that in a journey through England we came successively to districts, towns, or villages, where we found, one after another, first, Britons speaking Welsh; then Romans speaking Latin; then Saxons or Angles speaking an older form of our own tongue; then Scandinavians speaking Danish; then Normans speaking Old-French; lastly perhaps a settlement of Flemings, Huguenots, or Palatines, still remaining a distinct people and speaking their own tongue. Or let us suppose a journey through Northern France, in which we found at different stages, the original Gaul, the Roman, the Frank, the Saxon of Bayeux, the Dane of Coutances, each remaining a distinct people, each of them keeping the tongue which they first brought with them into the land. Let us suppose further that, in many of these cases, a religious distinction was added to a national distinction. Let us conceive one village Roman Catholic, another Anglican, others Nonconformist of various types, even if we do not call up any remnants of the worshippers of Jupiter or of Woden. All this seems absurd in any Western country, and absurd enough it is. But the absurdity of the West is the living reality of the East. There we may still find all the chief races which have ever occupied the country, still remaining distinct, still keeping separate tongues, and those for the most part, their own original tongues. Within the present and late European dominions of the Turk, the original races, those whom we find there at the first beginnings of history, are all there still, and two of them keep their original tongues. They form three distinct nations. First of all there are the Greeks. We have not here to deal with them as the representatives of that branch of the Roman Empire which adopted their speech, but simply as one of the original elements in the population of the Eastern peninsula. Known almost down to our own day by their historical name of Romans, they have now fallen back on the name of Hellênes. And to that name they have a perfectly good claim. If the modern Greeks are not all true Hellênes, they are an aggregate of adopted Hellênes gathered round and assimilated to a true Hellenic kernel. Here we see the oldest recorded inhabitants of a large part of the land, abiding, and abiding in a very different case from the remnants of the Celt and the Iberian in Western Europe. The Greeks are no survival of a nation; they are a true and living nation, a nation whose importance is quite out of its proportion to its extent in mere numbers. They still abide, the predominant race in their own ancient and again independent land, the predominant race in those provinces of the continental Turkish dominion which formed part of their ancient land, the predominant race through all the shores and islands of the Ægæan and of part of the Euxine also. In near neighbourhood to the Greeks still live another race of equal antiquity, the Skipetar or Albanians. These, as I believe is no longer doubted, represent the ancient Illyrians. The exact degree of their ethnical kindred with the Greeks is a scientific question which need not here be considered; but the facts that they are more largely intermingled with the Greeks than any of the other neighbouring nations, that they show a special power of identifying themselves with the Greeks, a power, so to speak, of becoming Greeks and making part of the artificial Greek nation, are matters of practical history. It must never be forgotten that, among the worthies of the Greek War of Independence, some of the noblest were not of Hellenic but Albanian blood. The Orthodox Albanian easily turns into a Greek; and the Mahometan Albanian is something which is broadly distinguished from a Turk. He has, as he well may have, a strong national feeling, and that national feeling has sometimes got the better of religious divisions. If Albania is among the most backward parts of the peninsula, still it is, by all accounts, the part where there is most hope of men of different religions joining together against the common enemy.

Here then are two ancient races, the Greeks and another race, not indeed so advanced, so important, or so widely spread, but a race which equally keeps a real national being. There is also a third ancient race which survives as a distinct people, though they have for ages adopted a foreign language. These are the Vlachs or Roumans, the surviving representatives of the great race, call it Thracian or any other, which at the beginning of history, held the great inland mass of the Eastern peninsula, with the Illyrians to the west of them and the Greeks to the south. Every one knows that, in the modern principality of Roumania and in the adjoining parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, there is to be seen that phænomenon so unique in the East, a people who not only, as the Greeks did till lately, still keep the Roman name, but who speak neither Greek nor Turkish, neither Slave nor Skipetar, but a dialect of Latin, a tongue akin, not to the tongues of any of their neighbours, but to the tongues of Gaul, Italy, and Spain. And any one who has given any real attention to this matter knows that the same race is to be found, scattered here and there, if in some parts only as wandering shepherds, in the Slavonic, Albanian, and Greek lands south of the Danube. The assumption has commonly been that this outlying Romance people owe their Romance character to the Roman colonization of Dacia under Trajan.

In this view, the modern Roumans would be the descendants of Trajan's colonists and of Dacians who had learned of them to adopt the speech and manners of Rome. But when we remember that Dacia was the first Roman province to be given up—that the modern Roumania was for ages the highway of every barbarian tribe on its way from the East to the West—that the land has been conquered and settled and forsaken over and over again—it would be passing strange if this should be the one land, and its people the one race, to keep the Latin tongue when it has been forgotten in all the neighbouring countries. In fact this idea has been completely dispersed by modern research. The establishment of the Roumans in Dacia is of comparatively recent date, beginning only in the thirteenth century. The Roumans of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transsilvania, are isolated from the scattered Rouman remnant on Pindos and elsewhere. They represent that part of the inhabitants of the peninsula which became Latin, while the Greeks remained Greek, and the Illyrians remained barbarian. Their lands, Mœsia, Thrace specially so called, and Dacia, were added to the Empire at various times from Augustus to Trajan. That they should gradually adopt the Latin language is in no sort wonderful. Their position with regard to Rome was exactly the same as that of Gaul and Spain. Where Greek civilization had been firmly established, Latin could nowhere displace it. Where Greek civilization was unknown, Latin overcame the barbarian tongue. It would naturally do so in this part of the East exactly as it did in the West.*

Here then we have in the South-eastern peninsula three nations which have all lived on to all appearances from the very beginnings of European history, three distinct nations, speaking three distinct languages. We have nothing answering to this in the West. It needs no proof that the speakers of Celtic and Basque in Gaul and in Spain do not hold the same position in Western Europe which the

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* On Rouman history I have followed Roesler's *Romänische Studien* and Jireček's *Geschichte der Bulgaren.*

Greeks, Albanians, and Roumans do in Eastern Europe. In the East the most ancient inhabitants of the land are still there, not as scraps or survivals, not as fragments of nations lingering on in corners, but as nations in the strictest sense, nations whose national being forms an element in every modern and political question. They all have their memories, their grievances, and their hopes; and their memories, their grievances, and their hopes are all of a practical and political kind. Highlanders, Welshmen, Bretons, French Basques, whatever we say of the Spanish brethren, have doubtless memories, but they have hardly political grievances or hopes. Ireland may have political grievances; it certainly has political hopes; but they are not exactly of the same kind as the grievances or hopes of the Greek, the Albanian, and the Rouman. Let Home Rule succeed to the extent of setting up an independent king and parliament of Ireland, yet the language and civilization of that king and parliament would still be English. Ireland would form an English state, politically hostile, it may be, to Great Britain, but still an English state. No Greek, Albanian, or Rouman state would be in the same way either Turkish or Austrian.

On these primitive and abiding races came, as on other parts of Europe, the Roman conquest. That conquest planted Latin colonies on the Dalmatian coast, where the Latin tongue still remains in its Italian variety as the speech of literature and city life; it Romanized one great part of the earlier inhabitants; it had the great political effect of all, that of planting the Roman power in a Greek city, and thereby creating a state, and in the end a nation, which was Roman on one side, and Greek on the other. Then came the Wandering of the Nations, on which, as regards men of our own race, we need not dwell. The Goths marched at will through the Eastern Empire; but no Teutonic settlement was ever made within its bounds, no lasting Teutonic settlement was ever made even on its border. The part of the Teuton in the West was played, far less perfectly indeed, by the Slave in the East. He is there what the Teuton is here, the great representative of what we may call the modern European races, those whose part in history began after the establishment of the Rouman power. The differences between the position of the two races are chiefly these. The Slave in the East has præ-Roman races standing alongside of him in a way in which the Teuton has not in the West. On the Greeks and Albanians he has had but little influence; on the Rouman and his language his influence has been far greater, but hardly so great as the influence of the Teuton on the Romance nations and languages of Western Europe. The Slave too stands alongside of races which have come in since his own coming, in a way in which the Teuton in the West is still further from doing. That is to say, besides Greeks, Albanians, and Roumans, he stands alongside of Bulgarians, Magyars, and Turks, who have nothing to answer to them in the West. The Slave, in the time of his coming, in the nature of his settlement, answers roughly to the Teuton; his position is what that of the Teuton would be, if Western Europe had been brought under the power of an alien race at some time later than his own settlement. The Slaves undoubtedly form the greatest element in the population of the Eastern peninsula, and they once reached more widely still. Taking the Slavonic name in its widest meaning, they occupy all the lands from the Danube and its great tributaries southward to the strictly Greek border. The exceptions are where earlier races remain, Greek or Italian on the coast-line, Albanian in the mountains. The Slaves hold the heart of the peninsula, and they hold more than the peninsula itself. The Slave lives equally on both sides of what is or was the frontier of the Austrian and Ottoman Empires; indeed, but for another set of causes which have affected Eastern Europe, the Slave might have reached uninterruptedly from the Baltic to the Ægæan.

This last set of causes are those which specially distinguish the histories of Eastern and of Western Europe, a set of causes which, though exactly twelve hundred years old,* are still fresh and living, and which are the special causes which have aggravated the special difficulties of the last five hundred years. In Western Europe, though we have had plenty of political conquests, we have had no national migrations since the days of the Teutonic settlements—at least, if we may extend these last so as to take in the Scandinavian settlements in Britain and Gaul. The Teuton has pressed to the East at the expense of the Slave and the Old-Prussian: the borders between the Romance and the Teutonic nations in the West have fluctuated; but no third set of nations has come in, strange alike to the Roman and the Teuton and to the whole Aryan family. As the Huns of Attila showed themselves in Western Europe as passing ravagers, so did the Magyars at a later day; so did the Ottoman Turks in a day later still, when they besieged Vienna and laid waste the Venetian mainland. But all these Turanian invaders appeared in Western Europe simply as passing invaders; in Eastern Europe their part has been widely different. Besides the temporary dominion of Avars, Patzinaks, Chazars, Cumans, and a crowd of others, three bodies of more abiding settlers, the Bulgarians, the Magyars, and the Mongol conquerors of Russia, have come in by one path; a fourth, the Ottoman Turks, have come in by another path. Among all these invasions we have one case of thorough assimilation, and only one. The original Finnish Bulgarians have, like Western conquerors, been lost among Slavonic subjects and neighbours. The geographical function of the Magyar has been to keep the two great groups of Slavonic nations apart. To his coming, more than to any other cause, we may attribute the great historical gap which separates the Slave of the Baltic from his southern kinsfolk. The work of the Ottoman Turk we all know. These latter settlers remain alongside of the Slave, just as the Slave remains alongside of the earlier settlers. The Slavonized Bulgarians are the only instance of assimilation such as we are used to in the West. All the other races, old and new, from the Albanian to the Ottoman, are still there, each keeping its national being and its national speech. And in one part of the ancient Dacia we must add quite a distinct element, the element of Teutonic occupation in a form unlike any in which we see it in the West, in the shape of the Saxons of Transsilvania.

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* It should be remembered that, as the year 1879 saw the beginning of the liberated Bulgarian state, the year 679 saw the beginning of the first Bulgarian kingdom south of the Danube.

We have thus worked out our point in detail. While in each Western country some one of the various races which have settled in it has, speaking roughly, assimilated the others, in the lands which are left under the rule of the Turk, or which have been lately delivered from his rule, all the races that have ever settled in the country still abide side by side. So when we pass into the lands which form the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, we find that that composite dominion is just as much opposed as the dominion of the Turk is to those ideas of nationality towards which Western Europe has been long feeling its way. We have seen by the example of Switzerland that it is possible to make an artificial nation out of fragments which have split off from three several nations. But the Austro-Hungarian monarchy is not a nation, not even an artificial nation of this kind. Its elements are not bound together in the same way as the three elements of the Swiss Confederation. It does indeed contain one whole nation in the form of the Magyars; we might say that it contains two, if we reckon the Czechs for a distinct nation. Of its other elements, we may for the moment set aside those parts of Germany which are so strangely united with the crowns of Hungary and Dalmatia. In those parts of the monarchy which come within the more strictly Eastern lands, the *Roman* and the *Rouman*—we may so distinguish the Romance-speaking inhabitants of Dalmatia and the Romance-speaking inhabitants of Transsilvania—the Slave of the north and of the south, the Magyar conqueror, the Saxon immigrant, all abide as distinct races. That the Ottoman is not to be added to our list in Hungary, while he is to be added in lands further south, is simply because he has been driven out of Hungary, while he is allowed to abide in lands further south. No point is more important to insist on now than the fact that the Ottoman once held the greater part of Hungary by exactly the same right, the right of the strongest, as that by which he still holds Macedonia and Epeiros. It is simply the result of a century of warfare, from Sobieski to Joseph the Second, which fixed the boundary which only yesterday seemed eternal to diplomatists, but which now seems to have vanished. That boundary has advanced and gone back over and over again. As Buda once was Turkish, Belgrade has more than once been Austrian. The whole of the south-eastern lands, Austrian, Turkish, and independent, from the Carpathian Mountains southward, present the same characteristic of permanence and distinctness among the several races which occupy them. The several races may lie, here in large continuous masses, there in small detached settlements; but there they all are in their distinctness. There is among them plenty of living and active national feeling; but, while in the West political arrangements for the most part follow the great lines of national feeling, in the East the only way in which national feeling can show itself is by protesting, whether in arms or otherwise, against existing political arrangements. Save the Magyars alone, the ruling race in the Hungarian kingdom, there is no case in those lands in which the whole continuous territory inhabited by speakers of the same tongue is placed under a separate national government of its own. And, even in this case, the identity between nation and government is imperfect in two ways. It is imperfect, because, after all, though Hungary has a separate national government in internal matters, yet it is not the Hungarian kingdom, but the Austro-Hungarian monarchy of which it forms a part, which counts as a power among the other powers of Europe. And the national character of the Hungarian government is equally imperfect from the other side. It is national as regards the Magyar; it is not national as regards the Slave, the Saxon, and the Rouman. Since the liberation of part of Bulgaria, no whole European nation is under the rule of the Turk. No one nation of the south-east peninsula forms a single national government. One fragment of a nation is free under a national government, another fragment is ruled by civilized strangers, a third is trampled down by barbarians. The existing states of Greece, Roumania, and Servia are far from taking in the whole of the Greek, Rouman, and Servian nations. In all these lands, Austrian, Turkish, and independent, there is no difficulty in marking off the several nations; only in no case do the nations answer to any existing political power.

In all these cases, where nationality and government are altogether divorced, language becomes yet more distinctly the test of nationality than it is in Western lands where nationality and goverment do to some extent coincide. And when nationality and language do not coincide in the East, it is owing to another cause of which also we know nothing in the West. In many cases religion takes the place of nationality; or rather the ideas of religion and nationality can hardly be distinguished. In the West a man's nationality is in no way affected by the religion which he professes, or even by his change from one religion to another. In the East it is otherwise. The Christian renegade who embraces Islam becomes for most practical purposes a Turk. Even if, as in Crete and Bosnia, he keeps his Greek or Slavonic language, he remains Greek or Slave only in a secondary sense. For the first principle of the Mahometan religion, the lordship of the true believer over the infidel, cuts off the possibility of any true national fellowship between the true believer and the infidel. Even the Greek or Armenian who embraces the Latin creed goes far towards parting with his nationality as well as with his religion. For the adoption of the Latin creed implies what is in some sort the adoption of a new allegiance, the accepting of the authority of the Roman Bishop. In the Armenian indeed we are come very near to the phænomena of the further East, where names like Parsee and Hindoo, names in themselves as strictly ethnical as Englishman or Frenchman, have come to express distinctions in which religion and nationality are absolutely the same thing. Of this whole class of phænomena the Jew is of course the crowning example. But we speak of these matters here only as bringing in an element in the definition of nationality to which we are unused in the West. But it quite comes within our present subject to give one definition from the South-eastern lands. What is the Greek? Clearly he who is at once Greek in speech and Orthodox in faith. The Hellenic Mussulmans in Crete, even the Hellenic Latins in some of the other islands, are at the most imperfect members of the Hellenic body. The utmost that can be said is that they keep the power of again entering that body, either by their own return to the national faith, or by such a change in the state of things as shall make difference in religion no longer inconsistent with true national fellowship.

Thus, wherever we go, we find language to be the rough practical test of nationality. The exceptions are many; they may perhaps outnumber the instances which conform to the rule. Still they are exceptions. Community of language does not imply community of blood; it might be added that diversity of language does not imply diversity of blood. But community of language is, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, a presumption of the community of blood, and it is proof of something which for practical purposes is the same as community of blood. To talk of "the Latin race," is in strictness absurd. We know that the so-called race is simply made up of those nations which adopted the Latin language. The Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic races may conceivably have been formed by a like artificial process. But the presumption is the other way; and if such a process ever took place, it took place long before history began. The Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, races come before us as groups of mankind marked out by the test of language. Within those races separate nations are again marked out by a stricter application of the test of language. Within the race we may have languages which are clearly akin to each other, but which need not be mutually intelligible. Within the nation we have only dialects which are mutually intelligible, or which at all events gather round some one central dialect which is intelligible to all. We take this standard of races and nations, fully aware that it will not stand a physiological test, but holding that for all practical purposes adoption must pass as equivalent to natural descent. And, among the practical purposes which are affected by the facts of race and nationality, we must, as long as man is what he is, as long as he has not been created afresh according to some new scientific pattern, not shrink from reckoning those generous emotions which, in the present state of European feeling, are beginning to bind together the greater as well as the lesser groups of mankind. The sympathies of men are beginning to reach wider than could have been dreamed of a century ago. The feeling which was once confined to the mere household extended itself to the tribe or the city. From the tribe or city it extended itself to the nation; from the nation it is beginning to extend itself to the whole race. In some cases it can extend itself to the whole race far more easily than in others. In some cases historical causes have made nations of the same race bitter enemies, while they have made nations of different races friendly allies. The same thing happened in earlier days between tribes and cities of the same nation. But, when hindrances of this kind do not exist, the feeling of race, as something beyond the narrower feeling of nationality, is beginning to be a powerful agent in the feelings and actions of men and of nations. A long series of mutual wrongs, conquest and oppression on one side avenged by conquest and oppression on the other side, have made the Slave of Poland and the Slave of Russia the bitterest of enemies. No such hindrance exists to stop the flow of natural and generous feeling between the Slave of Russia and the Slave of the South-eastern lands. Those whose statesmanship consists in some hand-to-mouth shift for the moment, whose wisdom consists in refusing to look either back to the past or onwards to the future, cannot understand this great fact of our times; and what they cannot understand they mock at. But the fact exists and does its work in spite of them. And it does its work none the less because in some cases the feeling of sympathy is awakened by a claim of kindred, where, in the sense of the physiologist or the genealogist, there is no kindred at all. The practical view, historical or political, will accept as members of this or that race or nation many members whom the physiologist would shut out, whom the English lawyer would shut out, but whom the Roman lawyer would gladly welcome to every privilege of the stock on which they were grafted. The line of the Scipios, of the Cæsars, and of the Antonines, was continued by adoption: and for all practical purposes the nations of the earth have agreed to follow the examples set them by their masters.

THE JEWS IN EUROPE.

WE spoke lately of the doctrine of race in general, and specially of the way in which the affairs of South-eastern Europe are affected by that doctrine. Nowhere, within Europe at least, does the question of races and nations put on so great importance; and nowhere do religion and nationality so influence one another in a way which seems strange in the West. Religion is there far stronger than language, as is shown by the Greek Mussulmans of Crete, by the Slavonic Mussulmans of Bosnia, and by the smaller communities, whatever may be their origin, of Turkish-speaking Christians. It is only in our own day that purely national distinctions have at all prominently asserted themselves where there was no religious distinction. A sharp feeling of national rivalry now parts off Greek and Bulgarian, though both alike belong to the Orthodox Church. Yet here again the distinction is in some sort an ecclesiastical one, and it was chiefly brought about by ecclesiastical causes. It was the oppression of the Greek bishops in Bulgaria which, more than anything else, stirred up the Bulgarian national spirit. And the assertion of Bulgarian nationality took an ecclesiastical form, that of the emancipation of the Bulgarian Church from the authority of the Greek Patriarch. In all these ways nationality and religion bear upon one another in a way to which we are not used in the West. When the permanence of distinctions of race which is characteristic of those regions is further strengthened by difference of religion, the tendency to permanence becomes very great indeed. The nations of Eastern Europe and Western Asia, especially when the distinction is religious as well as national, remain distinct, even when they settle in Western Europe. The Greek remains distinct; the Armenian remains more distinct; the Jew remains most distinct of all.

The case of the Jews is the strongest case in all history of a nation preserved in its purity by the possession of a marked and special religion. The phænomenon of the Jew is the characteristic phænomenon of the East, the permanence of national distinctions, carried out to its fullest developement. It is carried so much further than in any other case that it seems to differ in kind as well as in degree, and to stand all by itself in history. The Parsees in India come nearest to the Jews; but the preservation of the Parsee nationality and religion is a trifle compared with the preservation of the Jews. The case of the Parsees differs from that of the Jews in three points. First, though the Parsees have certainly remained a distinct people for a long time, yet the time of their separate existence is much shorter than that of the Jews. Secondly, the Parsees are not, like the Jews, scattered over the whole world; they are a colony, originally a colony of refugees, from one particular country. Thirdly, the Parsees are simply part of a nation; the Jews are the whole of their own nation. The Parsees are that part of the Persian nation which clave to the old religion of Persia, and which found a shelter in India from the Mahometan conquerors of their own country. The great mass of the Persian nation stayed at home, and all, except a small remnant, gradually adopted the religion of their conquerors, though in so doing they gradually gave that religion a national character of their own. The nation from which the Indian Parsees broke off still remains visible among the nations of the earth. But, though the Jew is everywhere, he is strictly at home nowhere; he is everywhere in the condition of the Parsee in India, though in many places he is in a much less fixed position. There is no Jewish nation of any other creed than the Jewish, answering to the Mahometan nation of Persia. And we say this without the least fear of having the Ten Tribes thrown in our teeth. Our case would be just the same, even if we had brought ourselves to believe that the English came of the tribe of Ephraim and the Irish of the tribe of Dan. For the history of the Ten Tribes, if they have any history, is Hebrew history, but it is not Jewish history. The modern Jew, with all that is distinctive about him, dates from the return from Babylon, not from any earlier time. From that epoch the Jew has been distinguished by the fierce tenacity with which he cleaves to his nationality, and to his religion as the badge of his nationality. But that feature never showed itself before the Babylonish captivity, either among the proper Jews, the tribe of Judah, or among the other Hebrews. Till that time the characteristic of the race was rather the ease with which they gave up their religion than the firmness with which from that time till now they have stuck to it. The modern Jew then dates, not from the time of Moses, but from the time of Zerubbabel; and that, to be sure, is a fairly long time of national being. But the last Roman conquest of Judæa had a different result from the Saracen conquest of Persia. Crowds of Jews were already scattered through the world, and the Roman conquest sent the rest after them. Here and there a Jew has in later times embraced the religion of the country in which he sojourned; but no Jewish nation abode in Palestine to worship the gods of the Roman conqueror, as a Persian nation abode in Persia to revere the prophet of the Saracen conqueror.

The case of the Jew then differs essentially from the case of the people whose history comes nearer to his than the history of any other people. Still more widely does it differ from the case of those other nations which approach to his in some smaller degree. Armenians and Greeks are widely scattered, far more widely than Parsees, though not nearly so widely as Jews. But in the case of the Greeks the dispersion is much more recent and much more an act of free will than in the other cases. And there is further the all-important difference that, besides the Armenians and Greeks in other countries, there is a Greece inhabited by Greeks, and an Armenia inhabited by Armenians, while there is no Judæa inhabited by Jews. Such Jews as there may still be in Palestine are sojourners in what was the land of their forefathers, just as much as they are in the countries of their dispersion. The Jews really stand by themselves as the case of a whole nation, dispersed in all parts of the world, yet remaining a nation, cherishing a national feeling, but having no local country of its own anywhere. The fact is in itself one of the most familiar of facts, and one of those which are most often used to point a moral, especially a theological moral. But the fact is perhaps better understood, and its really unique and wonderful character stands out all the more plainly, if we compare it with the other facts of history which have a certain likeness to it, and thereby see how wide after all is the difference between this fact and any other—how completely, in short, the position of the Jew stands by itself.

The peculiar position of the Jews is perhaps best of all marked in the treatment which they received in most Western countries in the middle ages. It is a piece of history of which Christian nations may well be ashamed;

but it is one which is highly instructive and which is quite intelligible according to the feelings of the time. The treatment of the Jews, commonly contemptuous, often oppressive, sometimes bloody, must still be carefully distinguished from the treatment of Christian heretics. The treatment of the Jew was not in the strictest sense religious persecution. The heretic was put to death by a judicial sentence simply for being a heretic. The Jew was not put to death by a judicial sentence simply for being a Jew. The difference is that between a foreign enemy and a domestic traitor. The heretic was a rebel against the Church; and a rebel against the Church was, in the ideas of those times, deserving of punishment at the hands of the State. The Jew was not a rebel against either Church or State, because he had never formed part of either. His position was rather that of a captive enemy, except that he was not a captive enemy, but a settler who had come of his own accord. Standing outside the Church, standing outside the commonwealth, he had, strictly speaking, no rights. The ordinary pictures of the despised and persecuted Jew of the middle ages may indeed be left to romance-writers. The Jew was not so much despised as bitterly hated. His ordinary position towards his Christian neighbours was not at all that of an inferior race. He very commonly put on towards them an air of contempt and defiance. But he had no rights. He was the King's chattel; his life, his limbs, his property, were at every moment at the King's mercy. The King, as a rule, found it to be his interest to protect the Jew against everybody else; but against the King he had no protection. The King commonly found it to be his interest to show him favour; but, if the royal fancy turned the other way, the Jew had no defence. The Jew, rich, prosperous, defiant, still stood at every moment in danger either of the royal caprice or of a popular outbreak. But he was not an object of regular legal persecution like the Christian heretic. He was tolerated, with a toleration certainly of the most precarious kind; still he was tolerated. The heretic might recant, and might be received back again into the fold from which he had strayed. If he would not recant, he was cut off altogether. The Jew was not called upon to recant, because he had never been within the fold at all. He was something which stood outside all relations, ecclesiastical and civil; something whose presence might be endured or might be forbidden, as might be from time to time thought good. He was something outside the law; he could not appeal to the protection of the law, though he commonly had a protector stronger than the law. But his mere profession of a faith different from that of the nation was not dealt with as a legal crime.

A state of things like this is one which naturally and rightly offends the feelings of our time. But it is quite intelligible, according to the feelings of an earlier time. The Jew was a stranger; that he was anything else never came into the head either of the Jew himself or of those among whom he sojourned. He might live in England or France, but no one looked on him as an Englishman or a Frenchman. He would himself have disclaimed any such name. He might be oppressed, he might be favoured; but he was oppressed or favoured as a stranger, not as a countryman. Strangers having no rights, whose religion and whose strongly marked national habits doomed them to remain strangers, were sure in any moment of religious excitement to be dealt with as enemies. This might well have been the case, even if there had been nothing against the Jew except the fact that he was a stranger, and professed a strange religion. But the Jew was more than this; he was not merely not a Christian, he was the traditional enemy of Christianity and its Founder. Again, the position of the Jew as a stranger hindered him from taking root in the land, from owning and tilling the land. He alone had his wealth in the form of gold and silver; he became a lender of gold and silver, an exacter of usury; and as such, in such a state of society, he was naturally hateful beyond all other men. No wonder then that, sometimes the caprice of the King whose bondman he was, sometimes the rage of the populace who looked on him as a common enemy, varied his normal state of exceptional toleration by occasional irregular wrongs of every kind.

Those days are happily past. The tendency of all Western nations has long been, not only to relieve the Jew from all actual oppression, but to put him on the same civil and political level as the Christian. Yet even in Western countries, even where the Jew is a citizen, and very often as good a citizen as any other, something of his old historical position still clings to him. The zealous benevolence of Jews in one land for their brethren in other lands is a highly honourable feature in the Jewish character; still it is part of the old story. It is more than a feeling for co-religionists. It is more than the feeling which a Christian or a Mussulman has for other Christians or Mussulmans as such. It is a distinctly national feeling. It is a feeling not only for professors of the same creed, but for men of the same nation. Here the doctrine of race may indeed come in in its fulness. The Jews must be very nearly, if not absolutely, a pure race, in a sense in which no European nation is pure. The blood remains untouched by conversion; it remains untouched even by intermarriage. The Jew may be sure of his own stock, in a way in which none of the rest of us, Dutch, Welsh, or anything else, can be sure. The *gens* remains a *gens* by birth, and not by legal fiction. The phænomenon is one of the strangest in all history; the more it is thought of, the more its thorough strangeness comes out. It is a fact that may be looked at from all manner of points of view. At this moment we wish to look at it as a purely historical phænomenon. It has also, as no one need to be told, both a theological and a practical aspect; but on those there is no present need to enter.

VI.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.*

We have spoken in other essays of several of the chief seats of Roman power in the West, from the first Rome on the Tiber to the city which boasted itself to be another Rome on the Mosel. From them we naturally pass to that Eastern seat of Roman power which proved more abiding, not only than Ravenna and Trier, but than Rome herself. We must move from the West to the East, from the Tiber and the Mosel to the Bosporos, to that New Rome of Constantine which, in a political sense, outlived the Rome of Romulus. And we have, in so doing, to challenge, if not admiration, at least attention and wonder, for the power of which that younger Rome was, not only the head, but the very life and soul. We have to claim its true place in the history of the world for a part of the world's annals which, till very recent times, was something more than neglected, a part of the world's annals which it was long the fashion to hold up to contempt as the record of a thousand years of moral and political emptiness. All eyes are now, as they were five-and-twenty years ago, turned to the East of Europe; from contemplating its present aspect, every thoughtful mind will naturally turn to contemplate its past history; yet, both now and twenty-five years ago, the result has often been only to throw fresh scorn upon some of the most wonderful pages in the history of the world. Both now and twenty-five years back, not a few writers and speakers seem to have gladly seized on the opportunity of showing how little they know of that mighty Empire which for so many ages cherished the flame of civilization and literature when it was well nigh extinct throughout Western Europe—which preserved the language of Thucydides and Aristotle, and the political power of Augustus and Constantine, till the nations of the West were once more prepared to receive the gift and to despise the giver.

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* [In this and in the essay on the Later Greek Nation, several distinct articles have been worked together. Written at considerable intervals, on subjects kindred but not quite the same, they neither formed a really continuous series, nor were they mere repetitions of one another. I have therefore freely transferred matter from one to another, and freely added original matter. The groundwork of the present essay is the article which appeared as a review of Finlay's earlier volumes in the North British Review, February 1855. But I have worked in portions of the articles from the National, Saturday, and British Quarterly Reviews which are mentioned in the contents, and I have added a good deal which is quite new.]

Under the names of the "Greek Empire," the "Lower Empire"—whatever may be the exact meaning of that last strange formula—not a few readers and writers are content to conceal their ignorance of a thousand years of eventful history. Travellers pass by a ruin of the "Lower Empire," a "building erected by the Greek Emperors," as if all were one from the first to the last Constantine. It is not so many years since one writer of some pretension ruled, in words which are worth preserving, that Gibbon himself could throw no interest upon such a mere wearisome record of crime as the whole course of Eastern Roman history.*

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* "The Byzantine Court was a scene and source of corruption, intrigue, cruelty, and vice, which have perhaps never been equalled, even in the most barbarous of Eastern nations. The historian passes rapidly over its chronicles of treachery and crime, and the reader is wearied and sickened at even his hasty narrative. The glowing pen of a Gibbon has failed to create an interest in the lives and deeds of a long succession of bloodthirsty tyrants, and impotent debauchees. The antiquarian points to the monuments of that period, and the numismat to its coins, as indisputable proofs of the utter barbarism into which the representatives of the two most civilized and powerful nations of the world had fallen; and in this condition, be it remembered, the Bzyantine empire lasted for many centuries. For more than a thousand years was a large portion of the human race exposed to a system of tyranny and misgovernment which it is now proposed to revive."—*Quarterly* Review, No. *clxxxviii.* p. *526.*

The popular belief is, or very lately was, that, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, an empire of some kind maintained itself in Constantinople, though during the whole of that time it remained in a dying state. It was ruled by common consent that a power which bore up for a thousand years against greater difficulties and fiercer assaults than any other power ever had to strive against, must necessarily have been weak, contemptible—in the favourite slang, "effete"—from the very beginning. It was ruled that the men who preserved the fabric of Roman administration through so many ages, the men who beat back the attacks of the most dangerous enemies through so many ages, who, after each period of decay, brought back a fresh period of renewed power and glory, must have been all of them fools and cowards, given up only to luxury and sloth. It was well to get rid of the very men who chronicled such a history, and a patriotic writer, in the full frenzy of the Crimean War, rejoiced over the supposed moment when "the last Byzantine historian was blown into the air by our brave allies the Turks." * This is all that men who would be ashamed of such ignorance with regard to any other state were content to know of by far the longer portion of the duration of the Roman Empire. This is all the notice that statesmen could afford to that power which was for ages the only regular and systematic government in the world. The military student might profitably study the campaigns of Alexander or Cæsar, as well as those of Marlborough or Wellington; but he would have blushed to devote any spare moments to the obscure exploits of Belisarius and Heraclius, of Nikêphoros and Tzimiskês, and Basil the Slayer of the Bulgarians. The general historian was content to pass by the uninteresting revolutions of that worthless and decrepit power which survived every surrounding state—whose legions in one century restored the imperial sway from the Euphrates to the ocean, and in the next planted the Roman eagle upon the palaces of

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* This nonsense appeared in Blackwood's Magazine in the year 1854 or thereabouts.

the Great King—the power which endured the first onslaught of the victorious Saracen, which defended its frontier for three glorious centuries, which won back province after province, and made the successor of the Prophet tremble before the arms of the triumphant Cæsar. No instruction forsooth could be learned from a power which, even in its last stage of decay, still maintained in an unbroken succession the old political heritage of Rome, and which still spoke and wrote in nearly its ancient purity the undying tongue of Greece. Greece and Rome are the names which from our childhood we are taught to reverence; their literature and their history afford instruction to our youth, and the choicest delight to our maturer years. Yet the power which with equal justice might claim either name, the power which inherited and possessed the appropriate calling of both alike, the power which administered the laws of Rome in the tongue of Greece, was by common consent, passed by as of no historical value, or only used as an ephemeral argument in behalf of those who, we were taught to believe, did the civilized world good service by its destruction.

Many of the causes of this neglect are easy enough to be understood. Some of the charges which are brought against Byzantine history are in a certain sense true; others are true of some periods of it, and are only wrongly applied to others. Till quite lately Byzantine history has been known to English readers, so far as it has been known at all, almost wholly through the medium of Gibbon. Now, with all Gibbon's wonderful power of grouping and condensation, which is nowhere more strongly shown than in his Byzantine chapters, with all his vivid description and his still more effective art of insinuation, his is certainly not the style of writing to excite respect for the persons or period of which he is treating, or to draw many to a more minute study of them. His matchless faculty of sarcasm and depreciation is too constantly kept at work; he is too fond of anecdotes showing the weak or ludicrous side of any age or person; he is incapable of enthusiastic admiration for any thing or person. Almost any history treated in this manner would leave the contemptible side uppermost in the reader's imagination; we cannot conceive Gibbon tracing the course of the Roman republic with the affection of Arnold, or defending either democracy or oligarchy with the ardent championship of Grote or Mitford. Perhaps no history could pass unscathed through such an ordeal; the Byzantine history, of all others, was the least capable of enduring such a mode of treatment. It is not merely that Gibbon is able, for page after page, to string together grotesque or scandalous anecdotes which the careless reader mistakes for the whole history of the time; there is in the genuine history of the Eastern Roman Empire a side which lays itself open to disparaging treatment. If its prolonged existence has its venerable and even its heroic aspect, it affords none the less most abundant opportunities for the mocking vein of the historian. When the rulers of a Greek state clung for age after age to the titles of the Roman Empire, and disputed with their Western rivals on the exact force of the terms *βασιλεύς* and *ῥήξ*—when the lord of a single city enclosed within the territories of the infidel, still proclaimed himself as the lawful successor of the masters of the world—the spectacle had a side full of deep instruction and even of deep pathos; but it may be so dealt with as to call forth the scornful sarcasm, not only of the careless observer, but of any writer whose tendency is rather to depreciate than to admire.

Again, there is something not altogether attractive in the spectacle of a thoroughly non-progressive state. The Byzantine monarchy, through its whole history, was an essentially conservative power. Its conservatism was indeed living, vigorous, capable of adapting itself to altered times and circumstances; still its whole existence was conservative and not creative. It was an aged state, which lived in the memory of the past, which inherited a power and glory which it had to maintain or to recover; unlike the youthful nations of the West, with their future before them, with their power and glory yet to be won. It produced a never-failing succession of able men; it produced few great men, and not above one or two of the heroic type. Wise legislators, able administrators, valiant generals, profound scholars, and acute theologians, were the natural product of the soil for century after century; they rose, one after another, each in his time and place, to carry on the work of a scientifically ordered machine of government; but the very causes which made Constantinople so fertile in ability, cut it off from all hope of original genius. Its conservative position gave no scope for founders or creators. It produced in Belisarius,* the greatest of generals and the most loyal of subjects, and in Heraclius, a royal warrior inferior to him alone. In the Isaurian Leo it set before the world the highest type of the conservative politician; in the first Basil, the skilful groom, the obsequious courtier, the reforming emperor, we behold a versatility worthy of Alkibiadês himself; in his terrible descendant, the awful Βουλγαροκτόνος, we see the spectacle of a conquering devotee, stern to others and sterner to himself. In the Komnenian Manuel and Andronikos, we find the "Greek of the Lower Empire" rivalling the knights of Western Europe on their own ground, alike in their exploits and in their vices; and to wind up all, in her last Constantine, the city of the Cæsars showed that her long line of princes could at least be closed with honour, in one worthy to boast himself at his will as the countryman of Decius and Regulus, or of Leônidas and Epameinôndas. Great and mighty men were they in their day; but they were preservers and restorers, not creators. The warriors of Macedonia and Rome might indeed hail their peer in the Slavonic conqueror of Italy and Africa; but while Alexander and Cæsar founded empires, Belisarius could but win back the dismembered provinces of a decaying one. The campaigns of Heraclius are worthy of a place beside those of Hannibal himself; but all that destiny allowed him was to chastise in his own realm a foe whom he had seen encamped round the walls of his capital. The stern Iconoclasts stopped the progress of degradation at home and abroad; they drove back the irresistible Saracen, they reformed the administrative machine, and strove to re-establish a purer faith and worship. They gave indeed three centuries of greatness to an empire which they found on the brink of ruin; but even they did but preserve, restore, wake into new life; the mission of original creation was denied even to them. The glorious Macedonian dynasty reformed a corrupted government, and won back the dissevered provinces of the empire; but their mission was still only to preserve and to restore; it is among other lands and ruder nations that we must look for the men who worked for the future of their children, and not for the past of their forefathers. At last, when all was over, when the political succession of fifteen hundred years was doomed to extinction, when the day of restoration, reform, and preservation had all passed by, when the empire had shrunk to a single city, and that city contained but one man worthy of the name of king or citizen, the last Emperor of the Romans could but die in the breach before the onslaught of the barbarian, while Italy was wasting her strength in the warfare of selfish mercenaries, and England, losing her last hold on her old Aquitanian heritage, was arming to decide the genealogical quarrels of the White and the Red Rose.

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* The exploits of Belisarius, looked at in themselves, are enough to place him in the very first rank of military commanders; when we consider the circumstances under which they were achieved, he may fairly claim the first place of all. Hannibal is his only rival, as Heraclius had no Justinian to thwart him at home.

Again, the history of Constantinople is little more than the record of a despotic power. So far from presenting the interest and advantage which must always attach to the history of the most insignificant of free peoples, it is hardly the history of a people at all. It is the story of a government, not of a nation; of a government indeed which, with all its faults, for many centuries discharged its functions better than any contemporary government in the world, but which never called forth that warmth of patriotic affection which gathers round the stormiest commonwealth in which the citizen feels that he himself is a partner, which often gathers round the vilest despotism, if the tyrant is still felt to be the chief of his own people. But the Emperor of the Romans never became a national sovereign to the Egyptian or the Syrian, or even to the Sicilian or Peloponnesian Greek. Dwelling for ever on the memories of the past, the Roman government of Constantinople never identified itself with any real patriotic feelings of the present. The thoughtful subject might indeed perceive on reflexion that, if heavy taxes were wrung from him to be spent beyond his control in a distant city, he at least had better protection secured to the remnant of his property than was given by any other contemporary power. He might feel that, if he had no share in the despotic government under which he lived, that despotism was at least an orderly and legal despotism, widely different alike from the anarchy of the Latin West and from the purely personal governments of the Mahometan nations. But these thoughts could at most raise a reasonable conviction that, on the whole, the Roman Empire was a valuable institution; they could never recall those feelings which armed the old Athenian on behalf of his democracy or the French noble on behalf of his king. Again, the history of the empire is too much the mere history of the capital. It is the history of a city, and not the history of a free city. The Roman empire had begun as the municipal government of a single city; that city ceased indeed to give more than a name to the power into which it had grown; but the New Rome stepped for many purposes into the place of the Old. Almost the only responsibility laid on the Emperor was that of keeping the Byzantine populace in good humour; the spoils of the provinces were devoted to keep up the pomp of the imperial court and the pleasures of the imperial city. The Roman Senate and People called for their "panem et circenses" down to the last ages of the empire; and as that empire diminished in extent, new burthens had to be laid upon the still remaining provinces, rather than one jewel be plucked from the crown of the Roman Emperor, or one spectacle the less be exhibited to amuse the vacant hours of the Roman people.

Now, though many of these characteristics of the Byzantine government were aggravated—all were not so—in the days of its decay, yet many of them existed in full force during the days of its glory; many of them were but the continuations of the state of things in the older Roman empire with which it so proudly boasted its identity. And though they are all characteristics which, when rightly looked at, really make the history more instructive, they certainly tend to lessen its mere popularity. The professed historian and the political philosopher will always value the teaching of its endless annals; even the reader for mere amusement will find much to gratify the love of startling and romantic anecdote and adventure. But these things do not lie on the surface; the interest and value of the history does not at once force itself into prominence, like that of old Greece or of mediæval Europe. Byzantine history is not, as smatterers deem, a mere record of crime and weakness, but the virtue and greatness which it shows in no small measure are, for the most part, of a nature less attractive to the imagination than those which are displayed in many other ages and countries.

Again, it has greatly tended to the neglect of this portion of history, that, in the days of the real greatness and glory of the Byzantine empire, it stood almost alone, and had but little to do with those countries with whose history we are most familiar; while, in those later times when it was brought into closer intercourse with the Western nations, it did really, to a great extent, deserve the scornful names which are most unjustly heaped on its earlier ages. Because the empire of the Palaiologoi was an utterly worn-out state, people forget the interval of six centuries, and leap to the conclusion that the mighty monarchy of the Iconoclasts and the Macedonians was the same. Again, what little connexion did take place between the East and the West had chiefly reference to ecclesiastical questions. It has therefore either been viewed in a partisan way by opposing sides, or else has been involved in the common contempt with which ecclesiastical controversies have been too often covered. The Isaurian Leo and Constantine have been admired, detested, or despised, as parties in the great Iconoclast dispute, by many who have known nothing of their character as the renovators of the Roman monarchy. In temporal matters East and West had little to do with one another, either in war or peace, and when they had, it could but seldom affect the familiar history of France or England. Hence, the ages of Constantinopolitan greatness are often simply ignored. Even well-informed historians, when learnedly tracing the scattered traces of Roman power in Western Europe, often write as if the true successors of that power had not still lived by the shores of the Bosporos, and not only lived, but ruled over a larger and more flourishing dominion than any other in the contemporary world. How little Byzantine history has been thought of is shown by the mere fact that an arbitrary line could ever have been drawn between "Ancient" and "Modern" history. For the whole life of the Eastern Empire is a standing protest against any such division. It will not do to say that "ancient" history ended, and "modern" history began, in 476, when, for nearly a thousand years later, the whole system of Roman and Greek civilization continued to flourish in what was, for three-fourths of that time, the most wealthy and populous part of Europe. We cannot hand over to the class of "modern" historians, a series of writers who record the abiding polity of old Rome in the abiding tongue of old Greece. Nor will it do to put off the line of demarcation to 1453, when every element of the "modern" world had been in being for centuries. When we remember that the knights who fought at Wakefield and Towton might, if they had pleased, have fought, like the Warangians two centuries and a half sooner, for the throne of Constantine and Augustus, it is enough to show that no formal line of demarcation can be drawn between the two periods. The Eastern Empire is the surest witness to the unity of history.

The tale of the Eastern Empire has in our own days been told in our own tongue in the great work of Finlay,* now edited by Mr. Tozer in a continuous series of seven volumes. But the Eastern Empire is only part of Finlay's subject; he begins before its beginning, and he goes on after its end. In the new edition the work is fittingly described as a History of Greece. The history of mediæval and modern Greece is in idea distinct from the history of the Eastern Roman Empire, though it is not easy to keep the two subjects apart in the telling. But it is plain that with Finlay the Greek side of his story was primary; he has dealt with the specially Byzantine history simply because he could not tell his Greek story without it. Of Finlay's position with regard to strictly Greek history we shall speak elsewhere. Some remarks on the general character of his work will not be out of place here. Finlay undoubtedly possessed some of the highest qualities of a historian in a very remarkable degree. For deep and original research, for a comprehensive grasp of his subject, and above all, for a bold and independent spirit of inquiry, he may take his place among the first historical writers of our time. His book is one of the general most sterling works of our age. Its great merits are indeed balanced by great defects, and its defects and its merits alike tend to shut out its author from that popularity which falls to the lot of some of his equals and some of his inferiors. But, looking at all its circumstances, at the vastness of its conception and the difficulties of its execution, it is the greatest work which British historical literature has produced since the days of Gibbon.* Other writers have taken up subjects which were acceptable either to the world in general or to large classes of readers, and they have been cheered during their work by the good will and applause, sometimes of a whole admiring nation, in any case of a considerable body of admiring scholars. Finlay boldly undertook an unpopular subject; he worked it out to the bottom, and manfully challenged for it the attention which it had hitherto failed to gain. He toiled on alone, putting forth volume after volume on a subject for which few even among professed scholars cared; it was only gradually that he won for himself a hearing, and at last painfully rose to the reputation which his work deserved. He brought also to the task one qualification which is closely connected alike with the merits and defects of his book. He passed his life in the land and among the people of whom he wrote. Perhaps no great historical work ever so directly owed its origin to the practical phænomena of the modern world. Finlay was a British philhellên, an actor in the War of Independence, who, like several others of his brethren, stayed in Greece after the end of the war, and looked on Greece as his adopted country. Living in Greece, a man of keen observant mind, a student of law and political economy rather than a professed scholar, he was led to think deeply on the state of the land in which he lived, and to trace up the causes of what he saw to their origin two thousand years back. The result has been an amount and a kind of research which is perhaps without parallel, and its embodiment in a series of volumes which form the most thoroughly original history in our language. It is easy, in reading Finlay's works, to see how much they have both gained and lost by the peculiar circumstances under which they have been written. Had they been written in a Western capital or a Western university, they would most likely have been greatly improved in point of form. The opinion of scholars would have led to some changes, and the opinion of the general public would have led to some others. But the book would have lost incomparably more than it would have gained. No work produced by either an ordinary scholar or an ordinary politician could ever come near to the native strength and originality of the work of the solitary thinker, studying, musing on, and recording the events of two thousand years, in order to solve the problems which he saw at his own door. The strength and the weakness of Finlay are so closely connected that we can hardly wish the general character of his writings to be different from what it is.

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* [A History of Greece, from its Conquest by the Romans to the Present Time. By George Finlay, LL.D. A new edition. Revised throughout, and in part rewritten, with considerable additions, by the author, and edited by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, M.A. Seven volumes. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. 1877.]

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* [1855.]

Finlay divides the whole duration of the imperial power in the East into three divisions, which he calls the Eastern Roman Empire, the Byzantine, and the Greek. The division, as he traces it out, is a real and important one, but the names, and especially the language which he uses, are not unlikely to mislead. His three divisions mark three great epochs in the history of the Empire, but the names might lead the reader to suppose a more sudden and outward change than happened in at least the former of the two cases. When in his first title-page he talks of the extinction of the Roman Empire in the East" in 717, a reader, ignorant of the history, would certainly think of some event answering to the extinction of the Greek Empire in 1453, some overwhelming conquest, or, at all events, some remarkable transfer of the imperial power from one race or dynasty to another. He might think that the accession of Leo the Isaurian was marked by some great break, by some outward change of title, perhaps even that Leo was a foreign conqueror who destroyed one dominion and set up another. But all that is really meant is that one of the ordinary revolutions, following a period of extreme misfortune and confusion, placed a man of commanding ability on the throne, who thoroughly reformed and re-organized the Empire, and that, after this reform, the old Roman element was far less conspicuous than before. The Roman Empire gradually came to be Roman only in name; but one can hardly talk of the "extinction of the Roman Empire" as if the Roman Empire had been taken away and something else put in its place. There is no kind of visible break, such as is suggested by the change of name, between the Empire before Leo and the Empire after him. The Emperor of the Romans reigned over the land of Romania after him as well as before him. So, more than three hundred years later, when Finlay comes to the revolution which gave the crown to Isaac Komnênos, he does not indeed draw the same kind of wide line in the titles of the divisions of his book, but he repeatedly speaks of the time as marking an æra in a way which one hardly sees that his facts bear out. It may well be, as Finlay says, that at this point the influence of the great aristocratic families supplanted the influence of the trained officials of an earlier time; but this is hardly marked enough on the surface of the history to mark this as the time when the Empire definitely became Greek. But there are two points where there is a manifest break, two points at which some change of nomenclature must be made, because at each of them there is a distinct change in the outward position of the Empire. Of these the later is recognized by Finlay, the earlier is not. Down to the fall of Constantinople in the East, down to the abdication of Francis the Second in the West, there was no change of title; the Emperor of the Romans remained Emperor of the Romans, however shifting might be the extent of his dominions. But from 800 to 1453 there were commonly two, sometimes more, claimants of the title. The two Empires must be distinguished in some way; and, from 800 to 1204, "Eastern" and "Western" seem the simplest forms of distinction. But for "Eastern" it is just as easy, and sometimes more expressive, to say "Byzantine"; only it is well not to begin the use of either name as long as the Empire keeps even its nominal unity. With the coronation of Charles the Great that nominal unity comes to an end. The Old Rome passes away from even the nominal dominion of the prince who reigns in the New.

The other great break is at the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204. Then the Eastern Empire was utterly broken up, and the poor shadow of the Latin Empire of Romania took its place at Constantinople. In this period—instead of, first, one undivided Empire, then two rival Empires—we have a crowd of contending powers, which we must distinguish how we can. But by this time all those among them which could make any claim to represent the old Empire were unmistakeably Greek. The Empire of Leo, even the Empire of the Macedonians, was not Greek; it is only on the way to become Greek. In the Empire of the Komnênoi the Greek element doubtless prevails. Soon after their fall, just before the crusading conquest, the Empire became, by the loss of Bulgaria, very nearly coextensive with those lands which were at once Greek in speech and Orthodox in creed. It had still some Albanian, Slave, and Wallach subjects, while outlying portions of the Greek nation remained in Sicily and southern Italy. But it had become Greek in the same way in which the Western Empire had become German. Still, down at least to the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders, the political identity of the Empire with that of Old Rome remained unbroken. "Alexius V.," as Finlay says, "whom the Crusaders hurled from the summit of the Theodosian column, was the lineal political representative of Constantine and Augustus." The claim of the restored Empire of the Palaiologoi to represent the Empire which it claimed to continue may be deemed more doubtful. It was the mere result of circumstances that the sovereigns of Nikaia, rather than those of Epeiros or Trebizond, had the good fortune to recover possession of the imperial city. The Greek Empire of Constantinople was rather a restoration than an unbroken continuation; it lost nearly all Roman character, and became little more than one of the several states, Greek, Frank, and Slavonic, into which the old Byzantine Empire had broke up.

In the last days then of the Eastern Empire we may fairly speak of that Empire as Greek. It was commonly so spoken of by the Western nations, and now and then, in the last days of all, the name is heard even on the lips of subjects of the Empire.* But we must remember that, down to the last, Roman was the only formal name which the lords of Constantinople ever acknowledged. And for ages the Empire remained Roman in the fullest sense, Roman even in keeping possession of the Old Rome. It was Roman too in one most distinctive characteristic of the older Roman power. From the first Julius to the last Palaiologos, the Roman Empire was a power and not a nation. Of no phase of the Roman power is this more true than of its Eastern or Byzantine phase. The name *Roman*, in the use of Procopius, when it does not refer geographically to the elder Rome, means any man, of whatever race, who is a subject of the Roman Empire or who serves in the Roman armies. His nationality may be, not only Greek, Macedonian, or Thracian, but Gothic, Persian, or Hunnish: he is still Roman so far as, in his political or military character, he forms an unit in the motley fabric of Roman power. But we must remember that the beginnings of this state of things may be traced for ages before the time of Procopius. From the beginning of the Empire, its soldiers, its ministers, before long its Emperors, were gathered from all the races surrounding the Mediterranean. We speak of the "Romans" in Britain or in Gaul; but we too often forget that that name implies merely subjects of the Roman Empire, not descendants of the Roman blood. The Roman armies of Constantine, of Trajan, of Agricola, would have been as little recognized as Roman by Camillus or even by Cicero, as those of Belisarius or John Tzimiskês or Manuel Komnênos. After the rights of Roman citizenship, already possessed by individual families and cities in every corner of the Empire, were by the edict of Antoninus Caracalla finally extended to all its inhabitants without distinction, the Gaul, the Spaniard, the civilized Briton, deemed himself as a Roman. Only in rude half-conquered provinces, or in those which kept a more ancient civilization, did the earlier nationalities survive. Such was the case with the Syrian and the Egyptian, with the Moor and the Basque, with the Gael and Cymry of our own island. And, with the other inhabitants of the Roman world, the Greek became a Roman also; he adopted the Roman name, and kept it till an artificial revival abolished it within the memory of living men.

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* Take for instance John Kantakouzênos, iii. 3 (vol. ii. p. 28, ed. Bonn), or Doukas, 33, 34, ed. Bonn. Laonikos Chalkokondylas uses Ἕλλην throughout. This is a kind of *Renaissance.*

Yet in incorporating into its body a people so superior to itself in arts and civilization as were the Greeks, whether Greeks by race or by adoption, the Roman Empire sowed the first seeds of its own ultimate division. The chief seat of the imperial government was fixed in a Grecian city, a city of true Hellenic origin, which had been a free commercial republic before Macedonians or Romans had been heard of. The formal aspect of this change was less important than might at first sight appear; its importance was wholly in its results. The imperial government was not transferred from Rome to Byzantium; Rome had already ceased to be an imperial dwelling-place. What Constantine did was to make a still better choice than Diocletian, and to establish his new capital in a more formal and systematic way. But the capital which he founded was the New Rome, and was designed to stand alongside of the Old, second in honour, first in practical weight, among the cities of the Empire. Constantinople was a great Roman colony, like Corinth or Nikopolis or Carthage, on a grander scale. The New Rome had its senate and people, its prefect, its whole government, everything but its heathen worship, a copy in the Old. Constantinople never identified itself with any particular portion of the empire; it always remained, even beyond the other portions therefore, a city devoid of all nationality. The truth is that the Eastern Empire itself, Roman by every historical and political tradition, Roman by the unbroken transmission of Roman dominion and Roman law, was, after all, like the later Western Empire, Roman only by a legal fiction. Its inhabitants were Romans—by virtue of the edict of Antoninus Caracalla. They were not only not Romans in the same sense in which the people, first of Rome itself and then of all Italy, were Romans; they were not Romans even in the sense in which Gauls and Spaniards became Romans. In the West there was only one influence, the influence of Rome herself. Where Rome conquered she civilized; those who submitted to her rule adopted her language and general culture. The Gaul and the Spaniard were not merely subjects of the Roman Empire; they had, as far as they could, made themselves Romans in speech and in feeling. This could be in the West, because Rome everywhere brought with her a higher civilization and the speech and literature of a higher civilization. The mere fact of the existence of the Greek nation and the Greek language made all this impossible in the East. To the Hellenic and hellenized parts of the world, the Roman came as a ruler to whose rule they might submit, in whose political being they might gradually merge themselves. He did not come as a civilizer or a teacher; for they already had a civilization and literature older and higher than his. The nations of the East, the Greeks among them, never became Roman in any but the merest political sense. As Latin was the official language of the whole Empire, it of course remained the official language of that part of the Empire whose seat was at Constantinople. For three centuries after the foundation of the New Rome, Latin remained the tongue of government, law, and warfare; and, down to the last days of the Empire, survivals of its use in that character still lingered on. Justinian put forth his great legal system in a language which, even after the conquest of Italy and Africa, was unintelligible to the greater part of his subjects. But Greek was from the beginning the tongue of literature and religion; and, even under Justinian himself, it began to creep into use as an alternative language of the law of Rome. Gradually the Greek tongue displaced Latin for all purposes, but not till it had received a large infusion of Latin technical terms.

In the Greek of the Byzantine writers, Latin words, technical words of government and warfare, meet us in every page. Much of Constantine Porphyrogennêtos reads like a piece of legal English crowded with French technical terms. But it is only the technical terms which are Latin; the language is Greek, unmixed Greek, good Greek as to most of its constructions. The Latin words remain perfect strangers, used in their purely technical meaning. They are like the special vocabulary of any particular science; they do not form an in-infusion to the body of the language itself, like the Teutonic infusion into French, or the greater Romance infusion into English. Yet it may well be that men came to be as little conscious that they were foreign as we are when we use the ecclesiastical words which came in with Augustine, the words of civil government which came in with William. Save this technical Latin infusion, the tongue of Constantinople was thoroughly Greek. The strange spectacle was there to be seen of an Emperor of the Romans, a Patriarch of New Rome, a Roman Senate and People, glorying in the *Roman name, and deriving their whole political existence from a Roman source, but in whose eyes the speech of Ennius and Tacitus and Claudian was simply the despised idiom of* Western heretics and barbarians.

Called into imperial rank from its first foundation, Constantinople remained for a long series of centuries the greatest city of Europe. For nine hundred years, from its foundation by Constantine to its capture by the Crusaders, the city of the Cæsars constantly accumulated the treasures of art, and wealth, and literature. But Constantinople was more than this. It was in some sort itself the Empire. It was the ruling city, even more than the elder Rome had been. There was a wide difference between the position of the two imperial cities, the difference that one was the Old Rome, and the other the New, the difference implied in the fact that the New Rome was called into being because there was a work to be done which the Old Rome had ceased to be capable of doing. The dominion of Rome had begun as the dominion of one city over subject nations. But this character had passed away from it long before the foundation of Constantinople. We have shown elsewhere how the Old Rome was swallowed up by her own greatness, how her local rule, almost her local being, ceased to exist, because the whole West had in truth become Rome. The influence of Rome leavened all, quickened all; but she had herself become a shadow and a memory. Her possession was more valuable on account of the magic of her name than from any real political or military strength that her possession conveyed. Not so with the New Rome. The keen eye of her founder called her into being to do a work which she has ever done since. As a city, as a fortress, as a local seat of empire, the New Rome has been in truth more eternal than the Old. In moral influence the New Rome cannot for a moment compare with the Old. She was the object of wonder, of reverence, of imitation, to every surrounding land; but she never spread herself as the Old Rome did over all the surrounding lands. She remained a ruling city, an impregnable fortress. While the Old Rome over and over again opened her gates to Teutonic conquerors, the New Rome never opened her gates to a Slavonic conqueror. Her provinces might be harried at pleasure; her empire might seem to be shut up within her own walls; but within those walls it still abode, ready, when the favourable moment came, to win back again the lands which had been lost. This difference was the natural result of the fact that the one was the Old Rome and the other was the New. The dominion of the Old Rome had come of itself; its dominion was the effect, not of any settled plan, but of the silent working of historical causes. The first chief who fenced in the Palatine with a wall did not dream that his hill-fortress would become the head of the world. He did not dream that it would become the head of Italy, or even the head of Latium. But the prince who fenced in the New Rome, the prince who bade Byzantium grow into Constantinople, did design that his younger Rome should fulfil the mission that had passed away from the elder Rome. He designed that it should fulfil it more thoroughly than Milan or Trier or Nikomedeia could fulfil it. And his will has been carried out. He called into being a city which, while other cities have risen and fallen, has for fifteen hundred years, in whatever hands, remained the seat of Imperial rule; a city which, as long as Europe and Asia, as long as land and sea, keep their places, must remain the seat of Imperial rule. The other capitals of Europe seem by her side things of yesterday, creations of accident. Some chance a few centuries back made them seats of government till some other chance may cease to make them seats of government. But the city of Constantine abides, and must abide. Over and over again has the possession of that city prolonged the duration of powers which must otherwise have crumbled away. In the hands of Roman, Frank, Greek, and Turk, her Imperial mission has never left her. The eternity of the elder Rome is the eternity of a moral influence; the eternity of the younger Rome is the eternity of a city and fortress fixed on a spot which nature itself had destined to be the seat of the empire of two worlds.

Thus during Finlay's first period, Constantinople remained the capital of an empire whose identity with that of old Rome cannot be called in question. We must remember, for the Eastern side as well as for the Western, that what is commonly called the fall of the Western Empire in 476 was, in its formal and technical aspect, the reunion of the subordinate Empire of the West with the paramount monarchy of Constantinople. The Roman Emperors of the East, during a great part of the fifth century, deputed an imperial colleague to the government of Italy, and in its last years they committed the same task to the imperial lieutenants, the barbarian Kings Odoacer and Theodoric. In the next generation these lofty claims became a veritable reality, and the sole Roman Emperor—Imperator Cæsar Flavius Justinianus Augustus—ruled over nearly the same territories as Constantine and Theodosius. Britain, Gaul, and northern Spain were indeed lost beyond hope; but from Calpe to the Euphrates the Roman power still survived, and still discharged its old and characteristic functions. Through Asia, Africa, Egypt, Thrace, Illyricum, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and southern Spain, there still went forth a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. Some indeed of these conquests were but for a moment: but southern Italy was retained for five hundred years, and when the storm of Mahometan invasion burst upon the empire of Heraclius, that prince still reigned, not only at Constantinople, at Alexandria, and at Antioch, but at Rome, at Syracuse, and at Carthage. So little indeed was the Roman Empire identified with its Greek portions that Heraclius himself once* thought of transferring the seat of government to the thoroughly Latin city of Carthage, as his descendant Constans thought of transferring it to the Old Rome itself.† Constantinople, itself a city absolutely without nationality, represented the mere administrative being of the Roman power, which embraced within its jurisdiction alike Greeks and Latins, Syrians and Egyptians, and the wilder tribes of the Slavonic, Moorish, and Saracen marches.

This last reckoning up of nations contains in itself the history of all those changes which gave the Eastern branch of the Roman Empire its special character. The Empire was to lose its Egyptian and Syrian provinces, and to be cut down to its Greek and Latin provinces. It was then to lose its Latin provinces and to become practically Greek. And it was by the Slave and the Saracen that it was to be cut short. The relations of the Empire to the Slaves are more fully dealt with elsewhere, and will be only glanced at here. They were, if enemies, also disciples. It is just now more important to mark the relations of the Empire to those enemies, within and without, who were simply enemies and not diciples. And we must bear in mind that, throughout Byzantine history, as throughout Mahometan history, political and religious disputes go hand in hand. The "Faithful Emperor of the Romans" was the impersonation of orthodoxy, or, if he failed to be so, he paid the penalty in the loss of temporal dominion. A heretical province could not fail to be a disloyal province; or, to speak more truly, heresy was the shape in which a disloyal province expressed its disloyalty. The Roman despotism had crushed all political life, but the Christian religion, and the free constitution of the Christian Church, gave a new field for man's intellectual activity. The range of human thought became almost wholly restricted to theological subjects, but within that range it reaped a plentiful crop indeed of endless controversies and metaphysical subtleties. The debates of the ecclesiastical synod succeeded to those of the *agorê* and the senate-house, and rival nations contended with anathemas instead of with armies. At first sight it is hard to understand why disputants should curse one another for the use of different words about the inscrutable mysteries of the Divine nature, when neither party could clothe its favourite symbol with any practical meaning. But the difficulty is removed when we look on these disputes as really national controversies, which the circumstances of the time compelled to put on a theological form. The eastern provinces of the Empire had, under the Macedonian Kings, received a varnish of Grecian culture, and two of the greatest of Greek cities, Antioch and Alexandria, had been set down among them. Roman conquest had made them subject to the Roman Empire instead of to the Macedonian King. But the lands themselves had never become either Greek or Roman, and after the foundation of Constantinople, the Greek capitals seem to have been brought into closer relation with the national life of the provinces. That life took a theological shape. What the orthodox and loyal Roman cursed as a rebellious heresy was to the Syrian or the Egyptian the true national faith of his national Church; it was the only badge he could retain of a national existence which, though trampled on, was not forgotten. Thus we always find Syria and Egypt provinces of very doubtful allegiance, ready to fall away at the first touch of a vigorous enemy.

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* This has commonly been looked on as a mere act of cowardice, not a very likely motive in the future conqueror of Persia. The Byzantine writers, of course, look upon it as a shameful forsaking of his post; to Heraclius, a Roman of the African province, Carthage might well seem a better capital than Constantinople. Finlay has some excellent remarks on this subject, and on the whole career of that wonderful man.—Vol. i. 320.

† [I can see no evidence for thinking with Amari (*Musulmani in Sicilia*, i. 96) that Constans ever thought of transferring the capital to Syracuse. But there would have been no inherent absurdity in the idea.]

As the Empire stood at the beginning of the seventh century, its greatest need was to be cut short. In so saying, we speak with the light of thirteen hundred years to guide us. No man could be expected to see things in that light at the time. The conquests of Justinian were beyond all doubt an anachronism in themselves and a deadly blow to the Empire. That Justinian might reign in Africa, Italy, and Spain, Thrace, Macedonia, and Greece were left for Slaves, Avars, and Bulgarians to harry at pleasure. Yet the Roman Emperor who could have foregone the opportunity of winning back the Old Rome, who could have seen that his calling lay only in the lands east of Hadria, must have had foresight such as no statesman on earth ever had. Of Justinian's Italian conquests a large part was lopped away almost at once. The work of the seventh and eighth centuries was to lop away yet more of the outlying provinces, and to make the Empire far more nearly coextensive than before with the lands where the Greek tongue and Greek civilization had really established themselves. The Avar was still wasting, the Slave was still settling, within the limits of the Eastern peninsula, and the imperial dominion within that peninsula was cut down to little beyond the coasts and the impregnable fortresses. By these losses the Empire was doubly weakened, while its other losses must reckon as gains. We must look beyond that peninsula to the Latin and to the Eastern provinces. Their loss was truly a gain. First came the great war with

Persia. The Roman had succeeded the Macedonian as the champion of the West against the East, and the work of that championship was as worthily done from the New Rome as from the Old. The wars of Trajan and Galerius had been wars of empire, but not wars of religion. The later Persian wars were distinctly wars of religion, wars of the Christian against the Fire-worshipper. And now came the last and greatest of these wars, the last and greatest of all the struggles between East and West before the East had received a new character from the teaching of Islam. For a moment the Persian was the conqueror. Not only Syria and Egypt, but all Asia to the camp at Chalkedôn, was the dominion, no longer of the successor of Augustus, but of the successor of Artaxerxes. Then the tide turned; the wonderful campaigns of Heraclius, the new Hannibal, the new Belisarius, won back all that had been lost. The Empire was cut short, but in quite another region from that where the strife was raging. The first possession to be lost was the Imperial province in Spain. It had been cut short before the sixth century was out, and now it was wholly lost. The wonder is, not that it was lost, but that princes reigning at Constantinople, struggling with barbarian invaders at their gates, could win it and keep any part of it for seventy years or more. Nothing but the abiding majesty, the abiding might, of the Roman name could have kept so distant a dominion for a moment. The transfer of southern Spain to the West-Gothic kings was in the order of nature; yet the great loss of the Empire in the far West did not happen till the Empire was held fast in the tremendous struggle with the Persian in the far East. Neither Goth nor Roman dreamed that Egypt, Africa, and Spain would presently pass away from both to conquerors of another race and of a new-born creed. The Saracens came, and their coming showed where the Imperial system, the combined Roman and Greek system, the dominion whose body was Roman and whose soul was Greek, had really taken firm root, and where it was a mere veneer on the surface. The combined work of Greek colonists, Macedonian conquerors, and Roman law-givers was now put to the test. Syria and Egypt had their own languages, their own traditions, their own systems of civilization; they had now their own forms of Christianity. The Arab was not more foreign to them than the Roman; in Syria he was far less foreign. Contemptuous toleration at the hands of a Mahometan Caliph seemed to be no heavier lot than persecution at the hands of an Orthodox Emperor. Syria and Egypt then, where the native population deemed that they had nothing to lose by a change of masters, fell away at the first touch of the invader. The case was very different where men had something to lose. Asia Minor and Africa doubtless had their grievances under Roman rule, but there was no temptation to exchange those grievances for incomparably greater grievances under Saracen rule. The Saracen therefore won Africa only by hard fighting, spread over a time of sixty years. Asia Minor he never won at all. The Caliphs, Haroun among them, might plunder, but they never conquered; and, strange as it may seem to ears used only to conventional talk about the "Lower Empire," the Saracens, when their first enthusiasm was over, had no special fondness for meeting the disciplined Roman armies in open battle. But the losses of the seventh century, the subjugation of Syria and Egypt, the utter devastation of Africa, fearful scourges as they were to Christendom and to humanity, were distinct gains to the Empire as a power. They changed the unwieldy Empire of Justinian into the Empire of Leo the Isaurian, still vast, still scattered, still without conscious national being, but comparatively compact, incomparably stronger, and gradually becoming identified with the leading nation within its borders. The Empire now consisted of the Greek and Italian provinces, and of those ruder nations which still existed in Asia and on the Danubian frontier. The artificial Greek nation was now unconsciously dominant; the Latin element was confined to Italy; the old Isaurian, the new Slavonic and Bulgarian nations, could contribute no intellectual element, though the latter might contribute much of moral and military strength. The Armenian territories form the only exception; they contributed an unusual proportion of the most vigorous rulers of the Empire, but they in no way made the Empire Armenian or diminished at all from its negative character, its Roman polity and its Greek intellect. In the eighth century Latin Italy itself was lost; it might appear wonderful that the great Emperors of that period allowed it to be lost almost without a struggle. They doubtless saw that the loss was a real gain. They themselves had not a particle of Greek nationality; most of them were not at all Greek in blood and were hardly Greek in language; their whole political being was still Roman; but they saw that the possession of Italy was no source of strength or of wealth, and that their attention was far more urgently called for on the banks of the Danube and the Euphrates. They thus understood their position as heads of a Byzantine Empire in a way that Justinian had not done, when he sent his armies forth to subdue Italy and Africa, and allowed every wandering tribe from the north to insult him with impunity in his capital.

Leo the Isaurian, the great Emperor of the eighth century, is Finlay's special hero. And without professing to follow him into all the details of the reforms which Finlay holds him to have wrought, we can see that the hero is not unworthily chosen. The last unworthy successors of Heraclius, and the revolutions which led to and which followed their overthrow, had brought the Empire to such a pitch of internal and external degradation that its speedy extinction seemed inevitable. There was anarchy within, and the victorious Saracen without. Leo triumphed over both foes. He drove back the Moslem from the walls of the imperial city, beneath which, in his elder form, he never appeared again. He saved the Empire in a moment of the utmost peril, and gave it a new lease of life, power, and glory. That besides all this, he regenerated society throughout his dominions we do not for a moment dispute; it is made extremely likely by what he certainly did; but we have to take Finlay's word for the positive fact.

But in any case, under Leo and under all his successors down to the end of the eighth century, the sovereign of Constantinople was the sole and undisputed Emperor of the Romans, keeping at least a nominal sovereignty over the Old Rome itself. At that point the Old Rome professed to disdain subjection to an Athenian woman, and to assert her inherent right of electing the Roman Emperor. The Roman Pontiff placed an imperial diadem on the head of a barbarian king, and from that moment the claim to the lawful heritage of the Cæsars was disputed between the nominal lord of the Old Rome and the true lord of the New. From this time then, if we still speak, as all its sovereigns and all its subjects spoke, of the Roman Empire, we must use some qualifying epithet. We were on the point of saying that we must distinguish the successor of Leo from the successor of Charles. But Charles was himself, in formal order, a successor of Leo. He appears as such in every list of Emperors drawn up according to ancient rule. The truth is that the separation between Old Rome and New, though it was not formally consummated till the coronation of Charles, practically began with the Iconoclast changes of Leo. Here again we mark how political and theological disputes go together, and how the theory of the Empire still wrought on men's minds. We may believe that Latin Italy was beginning to feel some kind of vague national feeling which made the rule of Emperors at Constantinople irksome. But the form which discontent took, the stages through which it ran, were these. First, on a theological ground, the Old Rome refused obedience to her acknowledged Emperor; presently she chose a Frank king as her Patrician, and then another Frank king as her Emperor. And on the separation of the Empires presently followed the separation of the Churches. Though it was not fully and formally consummated till the eleventh century, it may be looked on as practically accomplished before the end of the ninth, in the patriarchate of Phôtios. We now get the religious as well as the national distinction. The Eastern, Greek, or Orthodox Church is distinguished from the Western, Latin, or Catholic Church. Meanwhile the great island which lay between the East and the West was lopped away from the Eastern Empire. Notwithstanding vigorous attempts to keep and to win back the greatest of Greek islands, the Greek inhabitants of Sicily gradually passed under the rule of the Saracen till that day of comparative deliverance when Greek and Saracen together passed under the rule of the Norman. But the Byzantine power west of the Hadriatic did not yet wholly pass away. The very time of the loss of Sicily was attended by a large extension of the Byzantine province in southern Italy. That province held out against all attacks of Lombard Dukes and Western Emperors, till Byzantine Italy passed under Norman rule. The Byzantine power in Italy may be looked on as, for all practical purposes, coming to an end with the fall of Bari in 1071. Technically, but very unpractically, it might be looked on as lasting till the time when King Roger of Sicily added Naples to his dominions on the mainland.

Thus, between the accession of the Isaurian dynasty in 716 and the accession of the lasting Komnênian dynasty in 1081, the Eastern Empire lost all its possessions west of the Hadriatic. It was now confined to the great south-eastern peninsula of Europe, to the peninsula of lesser Asia, and to the islands which surround and connect them. Within these limits it went through several of those vicissitudes of decay and recovery of power which are the characteristic feature of its history. During the greater part of this period the Empire still had no national character: its Emperors and generals were of all nations, Isaurians, Slaves, Armenians. But, whatever they were by birth, they had to come under the law of adoption, they had to become Roman on one side and Greek on another. But the Greek influence was still unconscious. Under the rule of Eirênê, no less than under the rule of Justinian, neither sovereign nor subject would have endured any name but that of Roman. And, if to rule the nations, rather than to be herself a nation, was the special function of Rome, that function was still thoroughly carried out by the Eastern claimant of the Roman name. The Eastern Empire at this stage was the most wonderful political machine that the world ever saw. It shows how much such a political machine can do without the help of any genuine national feeling. From age to age the Eastern Empire had its elaborate system of civil administration, the perfection of what in modern times is called *bureaucracy*, a system the very opposite to the self-government which we so fondly boast of, but which still was government and not anarchy or brigandage, which still maintained the supremacy of law in times when everywhere else law had given way to force. From age to age the Empire had its organized and disciplined army, its officers and generals handing on to their successors the tradition and the theory of the military art. Under a weak Emperor this elaborate organization might sink into temporary decay; but the system lived on, and with the next vigorous ruler it rose again to full life. The common conception of a "Greek of the Lower Empire" hardly takes in the fact that an Eastern Emperor was, as a rule, a vigorous soldier, and that he was as often as not a triumphant conqueror. It is the conservative side of everything Byzantine which hinders this fact from standing out as it should. Never did any power hold up so long as this despised "Lower Empire" against such ceaseless and such deadly attacks. Never had any power so vast a frontier to guard and such countless and restless foes to guard it against. Constantinople might, almost without a figure, be said to be a besieged fortress from the invasion of the Goth to the invasion of the Ottoman. But men were never lacking to defend her, men were never lacking to drive back her foes and to win back her lost provinces. Conquerors she sent forth, many and valiant; but they hardly look like conquerors because they did but win back their own. And, if this wonderful civil and military machine was not kindled into life by any strictly national spirit, it was kindled into life by a feeling which in those lands has ever taken the place of national life. To the Eastern Roman the orthodoxy of the Eastern Church made up for the lack of nationality in the Eastern Empire. The sway of Christ and Cæsar went together. In the true Byzantine mind the two ideas could hardly be conceived asunder.

This picture of a power which, age after age, is threatened but never overthrown, which seems ever and anon to have reached the lowest point of weakness, and which the next moment rises again in tenfold strength, is doubtless largely due to the peculiar position which Constantinople held in the Empire of which it was the head. Its wonderful position at once drew upon it the attacks of every enemy, and gave it the means of beating back the attacks of every enemy. In the times which we have now reached, the Old Rome had become a name, a monument, a centre, a place of pilgrimage, but she had ceased to be a ruling city. Her local being had been swallowed up in the vastness of the dominion of her rulers. She had again her Emperors and Kings, but she was now their crowning-place only, not their dwelling-place. She remained, not the capital of any actual dominion, but the source and centre of a mysterious traditional power, a mighty name, a venerable shadow whose political and military importance had passed away to cities and lands some of which lay beyond the range of her elder dominion. But the power of the New Rome rested, not only on mighty names and venerable memories, but on that matchless position which gave her the keys of Europe and Asia. Whoever her master might be, she could not fail to be the Imperial city, not only in name and rank, but in living and local power. Never, since the New Rome became the New Rome, has she had a real rival in her own peninsula. Her possession has therefore been the object of struggles in every age in a way in which the Old Rome had now long ceased to be. In the warfare of the times of which we are now speaking, the warfare of Avars, Saracens, Bulgarians, and Russians, the local city was ever the main object of attack, because it was felt that the local city itself was the eternal seat of dominion. But, from the fourth century to the thirteenth, the city withstood every foe; the Eastern Roman still kept his own dominion in the Eastern Rome. Constanstinople was far more to the Eastern Empire than a modern capital is to a modern kingdom. It was a ruling city, and yet it was not a ruling city in the same sense in which the Old Rome once was, in the same sense as Athens, Carthage, Venice, or Bern. The very despotism of the Empire hindered this last source of discontent. The interests of the provinces were often sacrificed to the interests of the capital; but their people were not the subjects of the capital. The men of the city and the men of the provinces were alike subjects of the common master of both; they were alike Romans, subjects of the Roman Emperor. And one of the most wonderful things in this most wonderful history is that, during all these long ages, this mighty fabric of despotic administration, as it went on without being supported by any national life, went on without any definite rule by which the powers of that despotism should pass from one hand to another. This is true of the Roman Empire at every stage from Augustus to the last Constantine. A monarchy went on for fifteen hundred years without any definite law of succession. The Roman Empire was neither elective nor hereditary, it was the prize of any man who could grasp it. A conspiracy in the palace, a riot in the city, a sedition in the army, might at any moment place Servius Galba or John Kantakouzênos on the throne of the Julii or the Palaiologoi. This feature seems to have been handed on to the latest times, as being something which had its root in the way in which the Empire first began. Long after the Empire was practically established, it was still in theory provisional; each Emperor became such by a vote of the Senate which granted to him such and such extraordinary powers, the whole of which were not always confirmed by a single vote. By virtue of this vote his powers overrode the powers of all ordinary magistrates and of all ordinary assemblies. But they were something extraordinary and provisional, something personal to himself, something which would not necessarily be granted to any one after him. Down at least to the time of Diocletian, it was possible in theory, however impossible in practice, that the Senate might have refused to grant such powers to any one, and might have left the ordinary powers of the commonwealth to go on with any extraordinary chief. As late as the legislation of Justinian, the legal theory still was that the Roman people, by a special act in each case, transferred to each succeeding Emperor the powers which were inherent in the people itself. With such a theory as this, there could be no legal hereditary succession. There could not even be any regular law of election; for election supposes a recognized office to which somebody or other must be chosen; it does not apply to an extraordinary office created in each case by a special legislative act. In the West indeed the Empire became regularly elective by a fixed body of electors; but that was because the Western Empire became attached to a Teutonic kingdom, which, like other Teutonic kingdoms, combined hereditary and elective elements in the manner of appointing its kings. The twofold character of the power held by the successors of Charles fixed its law of succession. The Teutonic Kingdom must have some rule of succession; but the Roman Empire, the temporal chieftainship of Christendom, could no more become the hereditary possession of a single family than its spiritual chieftainship. The Empire of Otto thus became formally elective, even though circumstances might for centuries together confine the choice of the electors to particular families. In the Empire of Leo, where the unbroken traditions of the Old Rome still went on, there was no law of succession; the lordship of the Eastern world remained open for every man in the Eastern world to seize it how he might. Only consecration by the Patriarch in the church of Saint Sophia could confer the imperial character, but no law prescribed on whom the imperial character should be conferred. Every soldier in the Byzantine army, every courtier in the Byzantine palace, might find himself by some lucky accident, either by his crimes or by his merits, placed on the Byzantine throne. Here was indeed a source of weakness. A successful general was tempted to become a rebel; an Emperor was tempted to distrust the generals who served him best, simply because they served him best. But even this danger may have helped to give the Empire so great a number of sovereigns who did the work of ruling and fighting with their own hands. And in all cases, however often the monarch might be changed, the monarchy remained untouched. The murder, the blinding, the forced monastic profession, of an unpopular emperor, was simply a form, under the circumstances necessarily a much stronger form, of the change with which we are familiar in our own times in the inevitable resignation of an unpopular ministry. One prince might fall, another might take his place; but the Empire went on. The Emperor of the Romans, by whatever means he won his crown, went on wielding the resources and commanding the armies of the Eastern Rome, and of all the lands which looked up to the Eastern Rome as their head.

The two foes against whom those armies were to be led were the Saracen and the Slave. They were severally the Asiatic and the European invaders of the Empire; but they came in different characters. The Saracens came as irreconcileable enemies, the representatives of a rival system of religion and society, a system which taught that every blow dealt against the Christian Empire was in itself a holy work. The old strife between the East and the West, between the Greek and the Roman and the Persian and the Parthian, now took a more lasting and deadly form when the championship of the East had passed into the hands of the votaries of Mahomet. The reign of Heraclius shows us the strife both with the older and with the newer enemy, with hardly a moment's rest between the two. The two Saracen sieges of Constantinople show how keenly the earliest votaries of Islam longed to do the work which was reserved for the latest. But Leo drove back the Saracen for ever;

his limits were fixed, Tauros was the boundary of his realm. If Sicily and Crete passed from the Empire into Saracen hands, the conquest was not made by subjects of the Bagdad caliphate, but by adventurers from the western lands of Africa and Spain. Against the Saracen the Empire bore up till the Saracen power itself broke in pieces, till the great Emperors of the tenth century won back Antioch for Christendom, and again planted the Roman eagles on the Euphrates. In this strife all that was lost, all that was won, was lost and won for Christendom and for Europe. The warfare with the Slave was of another kind. The frontier of the Danube has always been the weak point for all rulers at Constantinople. Since the Goths first crossed the great river, all the most successful invasions, with the single exception of the Frank conquest, have been made from this quarter; even the Ottomans did not advance to the conquest of Constantinople till they had taken the position of a Danubian as well as that of an Asiatic power. As far as territorial conquest went, the Slavonic invaders brought the Empire much nearer to destruction than the Saracens did. But their conquests were not wholly destructive like those of the Saracens. The Mahometan Saracen remained by the nature of the case the external foe of Europe and of Christendom. The heathen Slave, and his heathen conqueror the old Bulgarian, could be won within the pale of Christianity and European civilization. Nor did the Slave always come as an enemy. Some Slavonic tribes were settled on waste lands within the Empire, by Imperial permission; and when the Slave did come as an enemy, he was still an enemy who might in some degree be turned into the friend or the pupil. These were the Slaves of the earlier settlement from Justinian's day onward, the Slaves of Macedonia. But the most dangerous Slavonic inroads were those made by those branches of the Slavonic race which had passed under foreign dominion, and had taken new names from foreign rulers. These were the Slaves between Danube and Hæmus, who took the name of

Bulgarians from their Finnish rulers, and the Slaves of the far north, who took the name of Russians from their Scandinavian rulers.

The Russian wars of the Empire form a kind of episode. The early greatness of Russia, its later disappearance from history, its restoration and advance in our own time, form one of the strangest dramas that history records. But at all times, in peace and in war, the Great City—the Micklegard of the Warangians—has been the cynosure of Russian eyes. In the ninth century Russian invaders ventured to attack Constantinople by sea, and their repulse forms the solitary exploit which graces the name of Michael the Drunkard. In the next century the Russian fleets appear, sometimes as the allies, sometimes as the enemies of the Roman power. The one Russian campaign which was waged by land forms part of the great struggle with Bulgaria. In the latter years of the tenth century and the beginning of the eleventh, the Bulgarian kingdom, north and south of Hæmus, which had so long threatened the Empire, was conquered, was lost again to the Russians, was won back from the Russians, was lost again to a native dynasty, and was at last overthrown by that Basil who took his terrible surname from its overthrow. The coming of the Russian by land is an episode in the middle of the great Bulgarian drama. The Russian Swiatoslaf—so soon had the princes of the house of Rurik taken Slavonic names—occupied Bulgaria, crossed the Balkan passes, occupied Philippopolis, was besieged and forced to surrender in Dorystolon, the modern Silistria. Somewhat later, Vladimir, eager for baptism, conquered Cherson, on the principle that the kingdom of heaven was to be taken by force. Otherwise, from his day onward, the relations of Russia to the Byzantine Empire were those, not of an enemy, but of a dutiful child in the faith.

The abiding majesty of the Roman name, and the personal greatness of the emperors who were engaged in these wars, make us sympathize, almost mechanically, with the Byzantine cause against the Bulgarian and the Russian. But it is well worth considering whether it might not have been a gain to Christianity and civilization if Constantinople had fallen into their hands. The Bulgarians, the Russians, the Servians, were not mere savages, like the wandering Huns, nor yet, like the Saracens and Ottomans, the representatives of a rival system of religion, polity, and social life. They looked up with reverence to the city from which they derived their religion, and whose civilization they had begun to appreciate and adopt. A Slavonic empire at Constantinople might have preserved all that was valuable in the Byzantine system, and might have given it that spirit of vigorous nationality which was just what it lacked. That Greeks and Slaves can coalesce is shewn by the complete hellenization of the Slaves of Peloponnêsos, during the struggles of the two nations against their common Frank and Turkish enemies. But the effect of an earlier Slavonic conquest might have been to call into being something which has yet never been, a people and a speech formed by the union of Greek and Slavonic elements, as the Romance nations and their languages have been formed by the union of Latin and Teutonic elements. But here again comes in the distinction between Old Rome and New. The Old Rome could turn distant nations into Romans. The New Rome has invited the assaults of every nation, but she has not led other nations to merge themselves in her, or to adopt either her Greek or her Roman side.

But it was not at the hands of comparative friends that the Roman Empire of the East was to be finally swept away. It was first to be broken in pieces by the rival Christians of the West, and then to be swallowed piecemeal by the Mahometans of the further East. The reforms of Leo preserved the Empire in glory for three centuries. At the beginning of the eleventh century, in the reign of the Bulgarian-slayer, we find our guide lighted up by an unusual fire. Then it was, in Finlay's words, that "the eagles of Constantinople flew, in a long career of victory, from the banks of the Danube to those of the Euphrates, and from the mountains of Armenia to the shores of Italy." The spirit of Basil lived after him. Like all great generals, he formed a school of officers worthy of him, and the military power of the Empire lived on for a whole generation after his death. While palace and city were tossed to and fro among the revolutions of women and eunuchs, the arms of the Empire were still victorious on the eastern, the western, and the northern frontier. Revolted Bulgaria was won back; the Imperial power was extended in Armenia. George Maniakês won back Sicily for a moment, and, if it was but for a moment, the fault was in the court and not in the camp. Presently, in the middle of the eleventh century, comes a change which does not stand out prominently on the face of the story, but which in Finlay's view marks an epoch. This was the revolution which, in 1057, placed Isaac Komnênos on the throne. Here are Finlay's own words:

> "This is the true period of the decline and fall of the Eastern Empire. It commenced by a rebellion of the great nobles of Asia, who effected an internal revolution in the Byzantine Empire by wrenching the administration out of the hands of well-trained officials, and destroying the responsibility created by systematic procedure. A despotism supported by personal influence soon ruined the scientific fabric which had previously upheld the imperial power. The people were ground to the earth by a fiscal rapacity, over which the splendour of the house of Comnenus throws a thin veil. The wealth of the empire was dissipated, its prosperity destroyed, the administration of justice corrupted, and the central authority lost all control over the population, when a band of 20,000 adventurers, masked as Crusaders, put an end to the Roman Empire of the East."

But before this storm fell on the Empire from the West, new attacks, new ravages, new conquests had to be endured from the East. A new enemy appeared in the form of the Seljouk Turks, who, for the first time since Sapor trampled on the prostrate Valerian, won the honour of leading a Roman emperor in bonds. We need not repeat the oft-told tale of the true magnanimity of Alp Arslan; we are rather concerned with the difference between the Saracen and the Turkish inroads. The Saracens, in their first conquests, sought for men and cities and provinces to rule over; their time of mere ravage came afterwards, when their boundary was fixed, and when they needed slaves and plunder to enrich the realm which they had founded. With the Turks the time of mere ravage came first; in their first inroads they sought only to destroy all signs of civilization, deeming agriculture and commerce needless hindrances to the pasturage of a nomad people. The whole interior of Asia Minor was thus thoroughly laid waste before the establishment of the more regular Turkish monarchy of the Sultans of *Roum*. Here we have the explanation of one of the Eastern phænomena of our own time, namely, that while, in the rest of their dominions, the Ottoman Turks form only a ruling caste among a vast majority of other races, there are large districts of Asia in which Turks at least, if not Ottomans, still form the great bulk of the population. But now came yet another time of revival. The policy of Alexius Komnênos, following in the wake of the Crusaders, and the personal valour of his son and grandson, did something to stop the progress of decline even in the twelfth century. They won again the whole seaboard of Asia, and drove back the Sultan from his threatening position at Nikaia to the distant and humbler residence of Iconium. But Manuel was a mere knight-errant, and even his father, the Good John,* as he was worthily called, was too apt to waste his strength on distant expeditions, while more pressing needs call for his attention nearer home. He strove hard for the recovery of Antioch and Kilikia, while the Turk reigned undisturbed at Iconium, and harassed the land almost within sight of Constantinople. The Eastern Empire had now come within the range of Western influences, and those Western influences largely took the form of feudal disunion. Before the Empire was broken in pieces from without, it had begun to fall in pieces from within. Some lands were granted out as fiefs; in other lands despots and rival emperors set themselves up without any grant. The days of Gallienus had come again, and there was no Aurelian in the future. The final loss of Bulgaria, the foundation of the last Bulgarian, or perhaps rather Rouman, kingdom, was a true national revolt. But integral parts of the Empire, Cyprus, Trebizond, Epeiros, old Greece itself, had fallen away, or were in the very act of falling away, when the Crusaders came. The process was exactly the same as that by which so many great vassals in both the kingdoms of the Franks had become practically independent of their lords. At last, after the tyranny of Andronikos, the sceptre of the Komnênoi passed into the hands of the contemptible Angeloi, and their misgovernment proved the appropriate preparation for the transfer of the city of Constantine, Justinian, and Basil, into the hands of an adventurer from the unknown land of Flanders.

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* Kalo-Johannes = Good John, not Handsome John.

With the Frank conquest we may fairly look on the Roman Empire of the East as having run its course. Two centuries and a half of deeply interesting and instructive history still part us from the Ottoman conquest of Constantinople. But they are centuries in which the old titles of Rome had become mere names, and when Roman is simply another name for Greek. In these times we are mainly concerned to trace out the history of the Greek nation, which has in its fall again become a nation. We have to trace it in the face alike of the new comers, Frank and Turk, and of the older nations of the peninsula, Albanian and Rouman, whose national life seems to have come to life again at the same moment as that of the Greeks themselves. But in name at least the Empire still lived on. The old monarchy was irretrievably broken up, and Emperors, Kings, Despots, and Dukes innumerable sprung up out of its ruins. At one time one Latin and three Greek princes bore the title of Emperor, at Constantinople, Nikaia, Thessalonica, and Trebizond. Of these the Nicene princes, as having at last won back the imperial city, were reasonably held to be the true representatives of the Roman power, and they went on bearing its lofty titles down to the last moment. For a while they proved themselves worthy of them; the Greeks in their exile gained by their adversity. The Nicene Emperors, Theodore Laskáris and John Batatzes, rank among the best and greatest in Eastern history; their throne was supported by the merits of a just government, and was defended—a new feature in the annals of the Eastern Empire—by a national and patriotic army. The Emperor of Nikaia, unable, like his Constantinopolitan predecessor, to hire the choicest warriors of all nations, was driven to depend on the valour of his own people, and the archers of the Bithynian mountains long remained the terror of Turk and Frank. The wasting torrent of Mongolian invasion, which overwhelmed the Mahometan dynasties of Asia Minor, spent itself before it reached the Christian frontier; and the Greek state of Nikaia, endowed with the old Roman life, beheld the fall of the powers which had supplanted it. But when Constantinople was recovered, and the throne had passed to the dynasty of Palaiologos, the scene is altogether changed. We must not indeed forget that, even in these last days, the revived Empire was still, in Europe at least, an advancing and conquering power. While the Turk swallowed up the Asiatic provinces, the Empire, even under the second Andronikos, grew in Illyria and in Hellas, at the expense of Greeks and Franks alike. But except the hero with whom it ends, the house of Palaiologos produced no character worthy of sympathy, few worthy of esteem; and even Constantine, while he throughout claims our sympathy, can claim our admiration only for the latter part of his career. The melancholy glory of his imperial reign cannot blind us to grave errors in his earlier government in Peloponnêsos. On the whole, during the duration, extending over nearly two centuries, of the second Empire of Constantinople, both Empire and city were but the shadow of their former selves. Constantinople never recovered the devastating sack, and the hardly less devastating government, of its Frankish rulers. Under the Palaiologoi, it sank far below the level of Venice and Genoa; it was only under the Turkish Mahomet that it at all recovered its place among the capitals of Europe. Destroyers elsewhere, the Ottomans may, in the imperial city itself, fairly claim the merit of refounders.

The Ottomans, like the Greeks themselves, were an artificial nation, united by a triple bond of language, religion, and government, but not forming any real ethnological unity. The earlier Emirs and Sultans were the wisest rulers as well as the most skilful generals of their time; and, notwithstanding their constant cruelty and frequent perfidy, we must allow that they were, according to an Asiatic standard, worthy of the empire which they won. Their rule was often preferred to that of the existing powers, whether Mahometan or Christian. The special vices of Ottoman rule came in only gradually; its foul moral corruption begins with Bajazet, its devilish cruelty and perfidy begins with Mahomet the Conqueror. The earlier princes were at least not worse than other Eastern warriors; they had some notion of keeping faith, and they did not saw living men asunder. But to those earlier days was owing that perfection of evil craft which turned the strength of the vanquished nations against themselves. The institution of the tribute-children drew the best blood of the conquered into the service of the conquerors, and surrounded the throne with warriors and statesmen, who, instead of the ordinary ties of country and kindred, knew only devotion to the Prophet and the Sultan. The Christians were crushed by the arts and arms of their own brethren; Constantinople fell, not before the Saracen or the Turk, but before warriors of Greek and Slavonic blood. The Ottoman conquest spread barbarism and desolation over the fairest and most historic regions of the world; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that the Roman Empire had run its course, and that the Greek nation needed re-casting in the furnace of adversity. Yet the work might perhaps have been done by other hands than those of the barbarian and the infidel. The dream of a Slavonic Empire again flashes before our eyes. Had Servian

Stephen, like Bulgarian Samuel in an earlier day, been blessed with the fortune of Othman and Orchan, of Amurath and Mahomet, the difficulties and complications of our own time might have been avoided. Had the Servian Czar entered Constantinople in the fourteenth century, the Ottoman Sultan might not have entered her in the fifteenth. Under Stephen, as under Simeon and Samuel, a great national power was dominant in the Eastern peninsula. It was dominant only for a moment, because it was a body without a head. The head was equally without a body. Had the head and the body been joined together, their united strength might have been too much for the Ottoman invader. As it was, he found a body without a head, a head without a body. He could thus swallow up each in turn; but the head, true to its destiny, remained to be swallowed last.

In beholding this long and wonderful history, we are struck by the constant vitality and power of revival which lived on in the Roman Empire of the East down to its latest days. Many enemies attacked it; some dismembered it; but it outlived all but the last; its immortality always enabled it to secure its turn of re-conquest in the time of their decay. Goth, Hun, Avar, Chazar, and Persian, threatened it in vain. The Goth and the Vandal occupy Italy and Africa; the Empire bides its time, it waits for the decay of the conqueror, and recovers the lost province. Italy falls again into the grasp of Lombard and Frank; their period of weakness comes, and the Byzantine province is extended from a corner of Calabria and Apulia over the richest regions of southern Italy. The Saracen occupies Cilicia, Antioch, and Crete; but the Caliphate wanes in its turn, and "the sway of Christ and Cæsar is restored." The Turk more permanently occupies Asia, but even he, weakened by the crusading host, is compelled to withdraw his throne from Nikaia to Iconium. The Frank breaks the whole Empire into pieces, but the germ of its restoration still lives among the Bithynian hills, and Thessalonica, Hadrianople, and Constantinople itself, soon come back to their old allegiance. Even in the last age of imperial weakness, Peloponnêsos was gradually regained; and it was reserved for the last Constantine himself to re-establish the imperial superiority over the whole peninsula, with the exception of the few points retained by Venice. There, in the old home of the Greek race, after Constantinople had become the capital of the barbarian, and Saint Sophia the mosque of the false Prophet, the old spirit still lingered, and the Ottoman met with a valiant opposition from men who no longer fought for the vain titles of Roman sovereignty, but for the hills and dales which still sheltered the homes alike of the Hellenic and the Slavonic people. The men of Peloponnêsos died upon their mountains before the overwhelming might of the barbarian, as their descendants died in the days of our fathers, as their kinsmen in Macedonia and northern Greece are ready to die in our own day. If there are many pages of shame and sorrow alike in the history of the Greek people and in the history of the Eastern Roman Empire, the fall at least of both was glorious.

But during the brightest days of the Byzantine Empire the Greek nationality was entirely overshadowed. No one can have looked even through our imperfect sketch without seeing how true a continuation that Empire was of the old Roman power. The Empire had ceased to be Roman in any ethnological strictness long before the days of the first Constantine; but Roman alike in the merits and the vices of its polity it remained down to the overthrow of the last. From Augustus to Basil, all power, legislative and administrative, was gradually gathered round the one person of the sovereign. The Roman merits of law and order, strict administration of justice, strict honesty in regard to the coinage, remained for centuries the distinguishing characteristics of Byzantine administration. They were balanced by the no less essentially Roman vices of fiscal oppression, utter lack of national life, and general severance of interest between the governors and the governed.

Centralization continually advanced; local and municipal institutions were discouraged, except in those distant possessions which were allies rather than subjects, and which, like Venice and Naples, gradually grew into independent states. In an age when order and freedom seemed irreconcileable, the centralized despotism of Constantinople was positively the best government in the world, that under which life and property were most secure, and where art, literature, commerce, and general civilization were most flourishing. But, essentially conservative and unprogressive, it had not the same hope for the future which dwelled in the vigorous barbarism of the Western nations. A thousand years back a wise man in search of a ruler might have doubted whether to place himself under the sceptre of West-Saxon Alfred or under the sceptre of Macedonian Basil. He would certainly have preferred either to anything that he could have found on the road between the two. But the realm of Alfred was in its youth, ready to grow, improve, adapt itself to the circumstances of successive ages. The realm of Basil did not lack the power of adaptation to new circumstances, but it could do so only through the experience of age; it might reform abuses, it might win back lost dominions, but it could only win what it had lost, and go back to what it had been. Its old age lived on alongside of the youth of the Western nations, till they had sufficiently advanced to give the world a lesson in a higher, and we trust, still more enduring civilization. The axes of English and Scandinavian auxiliaries formed the surest defence of the Roman Emperor, when he alone in the world represented law and regular government. They supported the imperial throne till institutions were matured in their own distant lands, which could show that law need not flow from an irresponsible despot, and that a vigorous central government may be maintained without the overthrow of local and individual freedom.

In recasting a writing of four-and-twenty years back, during which time no small and no unimportant part of the world's history has happened, one thought among many forces itself strongly on the mind. Four-and-twenty years ago the Old Rome and the New were alike in bondage, though the Old Rome had at least the advantage of being in bondage to civilized men. Now Old Rome is free, while New Rome is still held by the barbarian invader. Set free some day she must be; but what will then be her fate? who then shall be her ruler? When the Old Rome was set free, there could be no question about her fate. Nature and history alike had made her part of Italy; but it was only history and not nature, it was a combination of sentiment and prudence, which made her the head of Italy. She became the head of Italy, not because her position made her best suited for the purpose, but because Italian feeling could endure no other head. But in the Eastern peninsula history and nature combine to make Constantinople the only head; no other seat of rule is possible; but it is not in the same way clear who is the natural ruler. Set her free from the stranger, and there is no single nation waiting to receive her as Italy was waiting to receive Rome. Let her remain Turkish; let her become Greek; let her become Slave; in none of these cases is she the head of a single nation, occupying the whole region of which she is geographically the natural head. The Greek claims her by origin and by long possession, a possession which has in some sort gone on both under Frankish and under Turkish rule. The Slave in some form, the Bulgarian as her nearest neighbour among Slaves, claims her as the natural head of a region of whose population he forms the greatest part. Here then is a question which some day will be practical. The history of the Old and of the New Rome forms a strange contrast; the city of Romulus conquered the world, and, in conquering the world, she so spread herself over the world as to lose her own local being, and to be in the end restored to local being by a mixture of sentiment and policy. The city of Constantine has stood as the mark of many invaders, the prize of a few;

but, under all changes, she has kept her local strength, her local greatness; she has ever been the head, even if she has been sometimes a head without a body. Chalkedon was called the city of the blind, because its founders passed by the then unoccupied site of Byzantium. It might almost seem as if the quicker-sighted men who came after them were too quick-sighted. It is hardly possible to conceive the Byzantine peninsula without Byzantium; but let us once more dream for a moment. It was the strength of the New Rome which kept out the Saracen for ever, which kept out the Turk for so long. But, had it been otherwise, the East might have settled down, before Turk or Saracen had showed himself, into a system of national kingdoms, kingdoms which might have been Slavonic, in the sense in which the kingdoms of Western Europe were Teutonic. This however is mere dreaming; but the fact that Constantinople has been, and is, and ever must be, the head of South-eastern Europe, is a practical fact which stares us in the face. And while this fact may, with those who look below the surface, awaken some fears which do not lie on the surface, it may, on the other hand, allay some fears which do. Constantinople can never be the mere head of a province; it must be the head of an empire. But it does not follow that it can now be the seat of an universal empire. Its annexation by a distant power would, in all moral certainty, lead to the dismemberment of the power that annexed it.

VII.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ATHENS.

IN a former essay I recorded my first impressions of Rome. I have now to do the like by a city not less famous than Rome, but whose fame is of a wholly different kind from that of Rome, and whose history and present state may profitably be contrasted with the history and present state of Rome. Here are two cities whose names are equally illustrious, illustrious above the names of all other European cities. But the claims of each to hold that lofty position are as unlike one another as if they had been deliberately invented to be put in contrast with one another. Rome, in two periods and in two characters, has been the ruler of the world. She has ruled the world with direct authority; she has so filled the minds of men with the idea of her authority, that men have rejoiced to bear her titles, to deem themselves her sovereigns or her subjects, when in truth their sovereignty or their subjection was nothing more than the shadow of a venerable name. As one form of Roman dominion died away, another form of Roman dominion gradually grew into life. There has been no moment, from the days of pre-historic legend down to the wars and controversies of our own time, when Rome has not stood forth before the eyes of men as one of the foremost spots on earth. The case of Athens has been different. Athens has never ruled the world, or any large part of the world, with direct authority. In the days of her greatest splendour—when the central civilized world did not reach beyond a group of islands and peninsulas in the south-eastern corner of Europe

—when the most distant outposts of that civilized world did not reach beyond detached points of the Mediterranean and Euxine coasts—even over that narrow world Athens never was mistress. The utmost that she ever reached was to be for about two generations one of two rival holders of a divided power, to be the chief of the Greek seas and islands, while another city was chief of the Greek mainland. While Rome is for all time, Athens seems, in our first glimpse of the world's history, to be only for two or three centuries. She seems to pass out of sight, even before the career of the separate Greek world is ended. When that moment comes, she seems to be utterly lost in long ages of foreign dominion, from the Macedonian to the Turk. As history is commonly read, Athens has no historic being from the death of Dêmosthenês till the days of our own fathers—that is, on the charitable assumption that the days of our own fathers are taken into the account at all. Here, as almost always happens, the popular notion, though not the truth, has an element of truth in it. Athens has a history, a history which stretches from the earliest times to our own days; but, when a few brilliant centuries are passed, it is a history which, if the history of Rome is to be taken as the standard, may fairly pass for no history at all. In short, Rome never passed out of men's thoughts, and she has twice directly ruled over men's thoughts and actions. Athens for ages passed wholly out of men's thoughts; and at no moment did she ever directly rule over more than a few of her own immediate neighbours. And yet the fame of Athens is a fame which fully stands alongside of the fame of Rome. She stands alongside of Rome, as a centre of historical associations, as a place of historical pilgrimage. If she has not been, like Rome, the mistress of a realm of direct authority, she has had hardly less power as the mistress of a realm of indirect influence and of direct example. Athens leavened the world; she leavened Rome herself. Without Athens even the Old Rome could not have been what she was, while New Rome could not have been at all. Rome ruled mankind with the twofold sword of the warrior and the lawgiver. Athens brought the world, not under her rule, but under her dominion, by the magic of a purely intellectual supremacy. If Rome planted her outlying seats of empire at York and Trier and Antioch, Athens planted her outlying seats of literature and philosophy at Alexandria, at Pergamos, and at Thessalonica. She planted them too in that spot which may pass for the common child of Rome and Athens, once an Athenian dependency, then the greatest of Roman colonies, that city of Constantine which for so many ages kept alive alike the tongue of Athens and the empire of Rome. And Athens, in the truest view of her history, has done more than this. It was something to be the chosen home of art and poetry, and history and philosophy; but the great democracy was yet more. The highest claim of Athens on the memory of man is to have been the parent state of justice and freedom, the spot where men learned that freedom and order could walk side by side, where assembled thousands first learned to listen to the appeals of rival speakers, and to decide by a peaceful vote between them. We may reverence the home of her art on her Akropolis; we may reverence the home of her philosophy in her Academy; but higher still are the associations of those stones cut in the hillside which mark the place where the people sat in the full exercise of sovereign power. There it was that Periklês put forth the schemes of his far-reaching policy; there Diodotos pleaded the cause of mercy; there Sôkratês refused to break the law, even when the voice of the sovereign called for its breach, and when the sovereign who called for its breach was no other than the Athenian people.

On turning to my Roman essay, I see that I there set it down as the characteristic of Rome which first impresses itself on the mind that there seems to be so great a gap between the earlier and the later monuments of the city. But I go on to say that, though this is true as a first impression, yet on minuter study it is found to be less true.

I suspect that, to one who should visit Athens first and Rome afterward, the remark would not suggest itself at all. The traveller who comes to Rome from the north naturally misses those great monuments of the middle ages, with one form of which he has been familiar north of the Alps, while he has become familiar with another form of them during his passage through northern Italy. He misses the churches, the castles, the municipal palaces, to which he has become used elsewhere. At first sight there seems to be hardly any thing in Rome between the arch of Constantine and the new Saint Peter's. More careful research corrects this impression; but it does not wholly take it away. Rome has positively a great deal which comes between those two dates; but she has little in proportion to many other cities, and what she has does not enter so directly into the general effect as either the earlier or the later monuments. The buildings which give Rome its special, and as it were its personal, character, are the buildings of the older empire and the buildings of the later papacy. Between these there is a wide gap in general effect, though more minute examination goes far to fill up the gap.

But, to one who came to Rome from Athens, one may doubt whether there would seem to be any gap at all. The gap at Athens is so much wider, it is of so much more startling a kind, that, compared with it, the Roman gap would seem as nothing. The severance between old and new is far more violent in every way. First of all—I speak of those monuments which in each case produce the general effect—what is old at Athens is so much older, what is new is so much newer, than it is at Rome. Speaking roughly, our first impression is that at Rome there is a gap of not much more than a thousand years, while at Athens the gap seems to be one of more than two thousand. At Athens, as at Rome, minuter researches will go some way to fill up the gap; but the first impression which we get from Athens, as it now stands, is that whatever is not as old as Periklês is no older than Otho. And this impression is the stronger, because there is at Athens a much wider local severance between things old and new than there is at Rome. There are indeed quarters of Rome where every thing that is left is old, and there is a growing quarter of Rome where nearly every thing is new. But there is a large part, perhaps the larger part, of Rome in which the old and, perhaps not altogether the new but the comparatively modern, are closely mixed up together. Some of the most precious remains of the older Rome stand out from the midst of the papal city in the Campus Martius. But our first impression of Athens is that one part of the city is wholly old and that another part is wholly new. There is the Akropolis and the parts immediately adjoining it, where every thing seems to be two thousand years old or more. There is the modern city, with the king's palace as the most prominent object, where every thing seems to be forty years old or less. Nor is this impression wholly false. There is a region which is wholly old; there is a region which is wholly new. But a further inquiry shows that there is also a region where old things and new are to some extent mingled, and where moreover we may find objects which are neither so old nor so new as those which strike us at first sight. As at Rome then, so at Athens, something may be done toward filling up the gap. But we can not come at all so near to filling it up as we can at Rome. At Rome we can trace out an unbroken succession of monuments from the earliest times to the latest, though at some stages our examples come few and far between. At Athens we presently come to see that the seeming gap of two and twenty centuries has no real being; but, however near we go toward filling it, we shall have to leave two or more gaps of several centuries each which we can do nothing to fill up.

The difference between the general look of Athens and the general look of Rome is the natural result of the difference in the history of the two cities, and above all in the history of the most modern times of all. Rome has seen not a few unpleasant and dangerous visitors; but she has at least not had to endure the dominion of the Turk. Bajazet the Thunderbolt did indeed threaten to feed his horse on the high altar of Saint Peter's; but the arms of Timour freed Rome and the world from that danger. And when Mahomet the Conqueror had stretched his power as near as Otranto, the second Bajazet was not at all likely to carry out the threats of his forefather. Rome has been under a foreign yoke more lately than Athens; but it would be absurd to compare the two forms of bondage. It is the three hundred and sixty years of barbarian rule—broken only by a momentary deliverance which did more to destroy than to preserve—which makes the greatest of all differences between Athens and Rome. Here is the greatest gap of all; here is the gulf which parts off the elder Athens from the newer. Under the Turk Athens fell lower than Rome fell in her darkest days. Even when contending barons turned the monuments of older times into houses of defence against one another, when they joined their forces to welcome or to withstand the coming of a pope or of an emperor, there still was a kind of life in Rome, such as it was. But at Athens under the Turk there was simple death. None among the many revolutions of Rome so utterly broke the continuity of her being, none so utterly parted off the time before it from the time after it, as the Turkish occupation of Athens or of any other spot where the Turk has ever ruled. There is no such great gulf fixed between any two periods of Roman or other western history as that which is fixed in the history of any eastern European land by the encampment of the Asiatic horde within its bounds. Add to this that, as regards the fate of the material city, no spot in Greece suffered more than Athens during the War of Independence. Taken and retaken, assaulted and defended, by friend and foe, Athens came out of the struggle a ruined city with hardly an inhabited house. If then Athens was again to become the dwelling-place of man, above all, if she was to become the capital of liberated Greece, something like a new birth of the city was needed. Athens had to be built afresh, as she had herself had ages before to be built afresh after her occupation by the Persian, as Rome had somewhat later to be built afresh after her occupation by the Gaul. Thus there has been at Athens within our own times an ending of one state of things and a beginning of another, in a way to which there has been no parallel in Rome since very early times, to which there has, in truth, been no parallel in Rome at any time. The occupation of the Gaul answered to the occupation of the Persian, not to the occupation of the Turk. Each was a momentary occupation which destroyed the buildings of the city, but which in no way broke the real life of the city. Houses and temples perished; but Rome and Athens lived on at Veii and at Salamis. Three hundred and sixty years of barbarian bondage was another matter. There was no Veii, no Salamis to flee to. Men had to bear the yoke in their own homes, and to sit still while the iron entered into their souls, till the day of deliverance came.

In point of chronology, the Turkish occupation of Athens nearly answers to what we may call the papal occupation of Rome. The final establishment of the Popes at Rome after their flittings to and fro, the beginning of the days of the *Renaissance* at Rome, happened about a generation before the Turkish conquest of Athens. The Turks destroyed and the Popes destroyed; but the Popes did something besides destroy. If they wrought greater havoc among the remains of the elder Rome than Goth or Vandal, than Norman or Saracen, than Colonna or Orsini, they at least called a new city into being, a great and stately city, which no one has destroyed, which no one has ever wished to destroy. The dominion of the *Renaissance* Popes is a period in the history of Rome; but it is not a break. The Turkish dominion at Athens can hardly be called a period in the history of Athens. It is a mere break, a time during which Athens ceased to be. We can quite understand the feeling with which the founders of regenerate Athens wished to wipe out all traces of Turkish rule, to make the regenerate city look as though the Turk had never been there. But such a feeling is not a wholesome one. The facts of history are abiding, and it is vain and foolish to try to wipe out their material witnesses. But the feeling, if vain and foolish, was natural. Nor is it very wonderful, however much to be regretted, that the same feeling has gone further still. There has been far too much in Greece of going back to a far distant past, of dreaming of that distant past, almost striving to recall it. Men's minds have dwelled on a few favoured centuries ages back, till it almost seemed as if all later ages, and all memorials of later ages, were intruders on Hellenic soil. No doubt the memories of Roman, Byzantine, and Frankish rule are less pleasing than the memories of the old Athenian commonwealth. But all alike are parts of the history of Athens, of Greece, and of the world. The historian can have no sympathy with the mere classical pedant who thinks only of the events of a few favoured ages, who cares only to preserve the works of a few favoured ages. In the wider view of œcumenical history, the lessons of one age may be more attractive, more instructive than those of another; but no age is without its lesson. All are alike parts of the great whole; of none are the material witnesses to be recklessly swept away.

It is then to the rule of the Turk, to the warfare which was needed to put an end to the rule of the Turk, to the feelings which his rule and the consequences of his rule gendered in men's minds, that the startling contrast is owing between the ancient Athens on and around the Akropolis and the modern Athens where the king's palace, the House of Assembly, and the University are the most prominent objects. Except a few of the churches which startle us here and there among the streets of the modern city, the monuments of intermediate times are found for the most part in a quarter of their own, lying at the foot of the Akropolis, between the ancient and the modern city. Here are several of the surviving remains of Roman times; here the Byzantine churches lie thickest. Here is the only monument of Turkish times which at once proclaims itself as such. But none of these are among the more prominent buildings of the city. None of these strike the eye at the first glance like the ancient temple or the modern palace. There is indeed one small monument of Roman days which is very prominent in the general Athenian landscape, namely, the monument of Antiochos Philopappos on the Mouseion hill. But, though this monument is prominent in the general view, yet it does not, in the general view, proclaim its own date and nature. As seen at the first glance, it might be of almost any date; it is not till we come close to it that we take in its strictly Roman character. One of the greatest monuments of Athens, the mighty temple of Olympian Zeus, is indeed, as it now stands, a work of Roman days. The foundations may come from Peisistratos, but the columns are of Hadrian. But the temple of Olympian Zeus stands so far apart, both from the Akropolis and from the modern city, that it hardly forms a part of either. It forms the most stately of foregrounds to the Akropolis; but it hardly groups with it as an immediate neighbour. And again, though, when we come to compare the two styles more technically, there is a wide difference between the Doric of the Parthenôn and the Corinthian of the temple of Zeus, yet this difference hardly touches the general effect. The construction of the work of Hadrian is as purely Greek as the construction of the work of Periklês; the difference in proportion is hardly so great as the difference between the Doric of Corinth and the Doric of Nemea. What does seem out of place, what seems to belong to nothing and to have no kindred with any thing else, old or new, is the flimsy arch of Hadrian hard by. Só flimsy indeed it is, especially as the work of a prince whose buildings commonly affected a certain massiveness, that we can not help thinking that it must have formed part of something whose general effect was very different. Setting aside these exceptions, which for the most part are not exceptions in general effect, the mass of the monuments of intermediate dates, younger than Periklês, older than Otho, are gathered together in an intermediate quarter under the northern shadow of the Akropolis. There is still on the Akropolis itself Roman and even Turkish work; but we do not find it out till we get there. The impression which the Akropolis gives us from below is that the temples of Periklês are fenced in by the wall of Themistoklês. The impression which the lower city gives us is that of a city absolutely modern, save when we now and then find a Byzantine church at the crossing of some of its streets. But this last is only what we are used to everywhere. The churches of Saint Theodore and Kapnikarea strike us only as St. Peter's Abbey and Christ's College strike us in the midst of modern Westminster and Manchester. For such mediæval oases in a modern city all northern Europe, and England above all, prepares us. The intermediate quarter goes for nothing in the general effect. What does seem to hold an intermediate position between the upper and the lower city is the oldest and most perfect of the monuments of ancient Athens, the Thêseion—some deem it rather a Hêrakleion. Our first impression, then, is that an ancient city on its height rises above the modern city at its foot. To these two regions further research enables us to add two others. There is the region at the northern foot of the Akropolis, the intermediate region, as I have called it; and there is the region of ruin and desolation which, as we look from the modern city, may be said to lie behind the Akropolis. Each of the four regions tells its own story.

Let us start from the Akropolis, the oldest Athens, the primitive hill-fort which grew into the historic city. We are so apt to look on the Akropolis as the centre and the holy place of the enlarged city, that we are tempted to forget that in the earliest state of things it was the city itself. Yet one relic of those earliest times is still to be seen, if we seek for it. There, shadowed and almost hidden by the great works of historic times, still stands a fragment of the old Cyclopean wall, a wall as truly primeval as any thing that we see at Tiryns or at Mykênê. That is the wall of the oldest Athens; beside it the wall of Kîmôn, the wall of Themistoklês, the wall in which we still see the fragments of the temple which Xerxes overthrew, seem but works of yesterday. That wall of the oldest Athens answers to the wall of the oldest Rome, that wall on the Palatine which fenced in the primæval *Roma Quadrata.* And here one point of contrast at once strikes us. The earliest Athens answers to one only among the many hills of Rome. In other words, Athens is the city of a single hill; Rome is a city of many hills. But beside this, Rome is a city by a great river; Athens stands between two rivers so small that they form no feature in the landscape, so small that in the summer heat they vanish altogether. That is to say, Athens is beyond all doubt a city of far more ancient foundation than Rome. Those few stones of her primæval wall belong to a far earlier state of things than the oldest stones which fence in the city on the Palatine. Athens in truth has less in common with Rome than she has with Tusculum. She stands on no such height as the old Latin *arx;* yet Athens and Tusculum alike belong to the earliest type of hill-fortresses, the works of days when men kept away from the sea as from an element which brought danger on its waves. Rome, even the earliest Rome, belongs to a later type of settlement; it is the work of days when the neighbourhood of a great river offered a tempting sight to men who had learned the profit which might be drawn from intercourse with other lands. Whether the hill of the Palatine or the hill of the Akropolis first became a dwelling-place of man is not the question. If it were, it would be a question which none could answer. Shepherds and herdsmen may have raised their rude huts, they may even have fenced themselves in with their rude palisade, as early on the one hill as on the other. But Rome, as a city, the Rome which has her special and, as it were, personal, place in history, the city of the hills, the city by the river, the outpost of Latium against the Etruscan, the city whose site marked her out as the centre of Italy and of Europe, begins in truth only when the

Latin of the Palatine took the Sabine of the Capitoline into his fellowship, and girded the two heights together with a single wall. Athens, I have said, is a city of a single hill. True it is that her Akropolis looks low as Lykabêttos soars above it; and we perhaps ask for a moment why Lykabêttos did not itself become an Akropolis which might have rivalled the Larissa of Argos and Akrokorinthos itself. But a moment's thought will show that the mere physical shape of Lykabêttos must have always shut out such a scheme. Its sides are more rugged, its summit is narrower, than those of either of its loftier fellows. It could never have been the site either of a great temple or of a great fortress. And again, neither at Argos nor at Corinth was there any lower hill answering to the Athenian Akropolis. The mountain top itself had to become the fortress, while at Athens the primitive hill-fort, the primæval city, found a far more tempting site on the hill which its great works still cover. Nor does Athens lack other hills. There is the hill of Arês, the hill of Pnyx,* the hill of the Mouseion. But these are hills which might well form, as they did, outposts to the rock of which the primæval city rose. They could not of themselves become the site of a city without it. The hills of the Pnyx and the Mouseion are but the *colles* of Athens; the hill of the Akropolis is her single *mons*. The life of Athens lay in that single hill, as the life of Rome lay, not on the Quirinal or the Esquiline, but on the Palatine and the Capitoline, the Cœlian and the plebeian Aventine. But while the life of Athens was centred on a single hill, four hills were grouped together to make the life of Rome. Rome was, above and before all things, "the great group of village communities by the Tiber." It was because those hills and their communities stood so near that they could be fused into a single city, because in truth they had no choice between fusion and endless mutual havoc, that Rome became all that she became. Had the Palatine and the Capitoline stood as far apart as either stands from the hill of Tusculum or even from the Sacred Mount by the Anio, Rome could never have been what she was. The history of mankind must have taken another course from that which it actually did take.

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* [I find that the last scientific researches are held to show that the hill of Pnyx is not the hill of Pnyx, but that the true Pnyx is to be found elsewhere. But I am recording my "first impressions," and I have no means of judging what my second impressions might be after testing the new doctrine on the spot.]

It was then in the nature of things, that the group of hills which is washed by the great river of central Italy should have a different fate from the single hill which stands between the sea and the higher mountains in the midst of the half-detached eastern peninsula of Greece. But, as we stand on the Akropolis and think of all of which that hill became the centre, we remember that Athens did her work of fusion too. And we see that that was a work of fusion the more wonderful and memorable because it was not, like the fusion of the Roman hills, forced on her by a physical need, but was a need purely political, brought about by forces purely moral.

Till we have really seen with our own eyes something of the geography of Attica and of Greece in general, we shall perhaps fail to take in the really unique position which Athens holds in the history of the Greek cities. We know in a kind of way, we read vaguely in the history, we see dimly in the map, how near the famous cities of Greece lay to one another, and yet by what marked lines they were geographically cut off from one another. If we stand on Akrokorinthos, or if we sail along the Saronic Gulf, we look, as Sulpicius looked, on the seats of a whole crowd of famous commonwealths, each of which in the great days of Greece exercised the powers of an independent state. They lie close together, as close as the market-towns of an English county. Each commonwealth could see what its neighbours —that is, its allies or its enemies—were doing. When Corinth was the rival of Athens, when Corinth grudged the growth and the splendour of Athens, the feeling must have been all the keener because the Corinthian could, by climbing to the top of his own mountain citadel, actually see the great works which were rising on the lowlier Akropolis of the rival city. An English statesman has lately, with great wisdom, warned his countrymen to look on a map on a large scale, and to see how far off their supposed rivals really are. A Greek statesman would rather have warned his fellow-citizens to climb the nearest hill, and to see with their own eyes how near their real rivals were. As a rule, the territory of each Greek commonwealth contained some spot from which it was possible to see the whole of its own territory and something of the territory of several other commonwealths. But each of those territories has its separate geographical being; each can give a physical reason why it became the territory of a separate commonwealth; each distinct state occupies its own island, its own peninsula, its own valley or mountain plain. There are parts of Italy which teach us something of this lesson; there are parts of Switzerland which teach it more clearly. But it is in Greece that we learn it in all its fullness. The view from the hill of Corinth is the exact opposite to the view from the hill of Brescia. From the hill of Brescia we see the cities of Lombardy lying beneath us, each marked by the tall tower of its great church or its municipal palace. But, as those towers rise side by side out of that boundless plain, we see no reason in the nature of things why the boundary which divided the territory of one commonwealth from that of its neighbour should have been placed at one point rather than at another. From the Akrokorinthos we not only see the spots which history tells us were independent commonwealths; we see also the physical cause which made them independent commonwealths. How then is the case from the hill of Athens? From the Akropolis we are far from seeing the whole territory of Athens. I do not speak of the whole dominion of Athens, of the endless cities which, in the days of her greatness, obeyed the power of Athens. To expect to see all of them from the Akropolis of Athens would be as vain as to expect to see the whole of the dominion of Venice from the top of the campanile of Saint Mark. Neither can we see the western possessions of Corinth from the top of Akrokorinthos. But from the top of Akrokorinthos we see all that was politically Corinth, and a great deal besides. From the top of the Akropolis of Athens we do not see all that was politically Athens. We see indeed coasts and islands which lay beyond the dominion of Athens; we are far from seeing the whole of her home territory. We stand by the temple of Athênê Polias; but we do not see the whole of the lands from which men came to do their homage to her as citizens of her own city. We look on the hill of Pnyx; but we do not see the whole of the lands from which men came to take their places as parts of the corporate sovereignty which sat there enthroned. The man of Marathôn, of Sounion, of Eleusis, was as much at home in that temple and on that Pnyx as the man who dwelled at the foot of the Akropolis itself. He was as much a citizen of Athens as the man who could take his daily exercise in the Academy or pay his daily worship on the holy hill of Athênê. Marathôn, Sounion, Eleusis, were all politically parts of Athens; but from the centres of Athenian political and religious life we look in vain for a glimpse of any of them. We see immediately around us a district fairly fenced in by natural boundaries, a district which might well make the territory of a Greek commonwealth, and that a territory larger than the territory of many a Greek commonwealth. Athens must have its haven at Peiraieus; the land between Pentelikos and the Saronic Gulf, between Hymêttos and Aigaleôs, would form a considerable city territory according to Greek notions. It would be the district which in Attic geography is known as *Pedion* or the plain, the dale or *strath* of Kêphisos, if we count Kêphisos for a stream great enough to have a dale. I say from Hymêttos to Aigaleôs; the eye indeed ranges beyond Aigaleôs to the greater mountains which fence off Attica from Boiôtia; that is to say, we are apt to leap in our view over Eleusis and the Thriasian plain, as though they were not there at all. The land of Eleusis and the land of Marathôn are both cut off by marked physical boundaries from the immediate land of Athens. From our ordinary experience of Greek geography we should expect to find that each of them formed a separate commonwealth, perhaps that each of them formed more than one separate commonwealth. Yet in the historical times of Greece, Eleusis and Marathôn had no distinct political being. They and the other towns of Attica were politically parts of the one city of Athens. Eleusis alone had even the honorary rank of a city. The free inhabitants of Marathôn and Eleusis had, like the citizens of any other Greek democracy, their place in the assembly of their own commonwealth. There they gave their voices in the election of magistrates, in the passing of laws, and in the declaring of war and peace. But the meeting-place of the city where they gave their voices was not to be found in what physically might seem to be their own city. They could give no voice on such matters, each man in his own town; they could give it only on the Pnyx of Athens. We read this in our books; we see it on our maps; but it is not till we look on Greek geography with our own eyes that we fully take in how strange a fact it is in Greek geography that, while Megara and Corinth and Sikyôn, Aigina and Epidauros, and Hermionê were separate commonwealths, the whole land from Eleutherai to Sounion formed politically only a single commonwealth, that the free inhabitants of this whole region were citizens of Athens, giving their voices in the Athenian assemblies on equal terms with the inhabitants of Athens herself.

We stand then on the rock of Athênê, on the immemorial hill-fort into whose political being the other Attic towns were content to merge themselves, and which grew through their union into the abiding model of city commonwealths for all time.* We see how the city of Athens, the historic

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* On the political aspect of the union of the Attic towns, I have said something in the Second Series, pp. 118–120.

Athens whose career we know, came into being through a moral fusion, as the city of Rome, the historic Rome of the Seven Hills as distinguished from the primæval settlement on the Palatine, came into being by a physical fusion. The hill of Athênê had no Capitoline, no Cœlian or Aventine, neighbours to weld together into her own substance. Lykabêttos soars above her too lofty to be her rival or her partner. The hill of Arês, the hills of the Pnyx and the Mouseion, stood ready to become her outworks; they could not become the seats even of settlements ready to be merged into a greater whole. Athens, high and low, old and new, stands round the sacred rock as her single centre, in a way in which Rome does not stand either round the hill of her first birth, or the hill which became at once her strongest fortress and her holiest sanctuary. Even "Jove's eternal fane" on his own Capitol never became the centre of Rome in the way in which the house of the Virgin on her holy rock has ever been the centre of Athens. The Akropolis was to Athens at once her Palatine and her Capitol. As time rolled on, the site of *Roma Quadrata*, and more than the site of *Roma Quadrata*, was covered by the house of a single man, a man who still was in form not the sovereign of Rome but her first citizen. Meanwhile the rival hill lived on alike as fortress and as sanctuary. The Athenian Akropolis discharged the functions of both. While Athens was yet, in name at least, a free Hellenic commonwealth, the house of the Virgin had to receive, if not a prince of her own city, at least a princely guest, one whom the mockers of the age said was no fitting guest for a virgin's house.* A change had indeed come since the days of Kodros, of Solôn, and of Periklês, when Dêmêtrios the Besieger was lodged by the decree of the people in the Opisthodomos of the Parthenôn. The guest was worshipped as a god; but he was not acknowledged as a sovereign. The time came when Athens had her acknowledged sovereigns, whether emperors of her own speech, ruling her from the seven hills of the New Rome, or princes of foreign speech, ruling her from the hill of her own Akropolis. Let no man who looks on the shattered temple of Athênê forget that, for a thousand years after the altars of Athênê ceased to smoke, her temple lived on, whole and uninjured, as the holy place of Christian worship, and that it ceased to be the holy place of Christian worship only to become the holy place of the worship of Islam. Athênê had done her last work for her temple and her city in the days of the Wandering of the Nations. Then, in the belief of the votaries of her expiring faith, her vision turned away the Christian Goth from the gates of Athens, as the vision of the Christian apostle was soon, in the belief of his votaries, to turn away the pagan Hun from the gates of Rome. Alaric, the spoiler of Eleusis, turned away from Athens; he who overthrew the temple of the Mother and her Child laid no hands on the temple of the Virgin. That temple lived on as the temple of successive creeds. It passed on in turn from the Christianity of the East to the Christianity of the West, from the Christianity of the West to the faith which the Turk had learned of his Arabian master. It is in this long abiding life, even more than in the memory of the days when it was first reared, that the student of the history of the world will place the undying interest of this memorable pile. Still on its walls we may see the traces of the pictured forms, the forms of patriarchs and saints and emperors, which once looked down in all their Byzantine sternness on the rites of the Byzantine faith. They looked down on the rites of that day of triumph when the Slayer of the Bulgarians came to pay his homage in the Parthenôn which had passed from Athênê to the Panagia. His empire passed away from Athens; and the worship of his empire passed away with it. Strangers divided the dominions of the Eastern Rome, and made Athens the seat of princes who spoke not the tongue of Greece nor accepted the creed of Byzantium. The days of the Frank Duchy of Athens have almost passed away from memory. But from the memory of English-speaking men at least they should not pass away. It was from the French and Italian holders of that duchy that Shakespere borrowed that title which, to purely classical ears, seems so strange, when Thêseus himself, the legendary statesman who wrought the union of the Attic towns, was brought on the stage, like a De la Roche or an Acciaiuoli, as Thêseus Duke of Athens. And doubtless many readers of English and French history have been puzzled when, in the story of the fight of Crecy, a Duke of Athens appears as if he were as naturally to be looked for at such a moment as the Count of Alençon or the Earl of Warwick. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, the Lords and Dukes of Athens held no inconsiderable place among the secondary potentates of Europe. The invasion of the Catalans did much to hasten the decline of the principality; but it lived on with no inconsiderable European fame till after Constantinople had fallen before the Turk. Thus Athens became again, though under foreign masters, the capital of a separate state, which it had never been since the old democracy had been silently merged among the provinces of Rome. And those princes had left their material monuments behind them. In their days the Akropolis had indeed become Palatine and Capitoline in one. The holy place still remained the holy place. The house of the Virgin was still the house of the Virgin, though a third form of worship, that of the Christian West, was now offered on the altar of Saint Mary of Athens. The Propylaia became the palace of the dukes, and their palace was guarded with a lofty and massive tower, which broke the purely horizontal lines of the ancient buildings, and proclaimed to all men that Athens was not wiped out of the history of mankind when she yielded to Philip or to Antipatros. The ducal tower on the Akropolis stood out boldly as a living teacher of the unity of history. But to the pedant who is satisfied to grope among the details of two or three arbitrarily chosen centuries, the unity of history has no meaning. He deems that the facts of past time can be wiped out by wiping out its material monuments. At the bidding of such men, the ducal tower, which had lived through so many sieges of friend and foe, has been levelled in sheer wantonness. The excuse for the barbarous deed was the hope that inscriptions might be found in its ruins. To some minds the chance of finding a shattered stone with an *alpha* or a *beta* graven on it seems to be of more value than the preservation of a living monument of an important period of the world's history, a period which its very incongruity makes attractive. Happily no inscriptions were found. The pleasure of destruction was the sole reward of the destroyer, and they who wrought this merciless havoc may boast themselves as the doers of a deed from which Mahomet the Conqueror had shrunk.

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* Plutarch, Dêmêtrios, 23. *τὸν γὰρ ὀπισθόδομον τοῦ παρθενῶνος ἀπέδειξαν αὐτῷ κατάλυσιν, κακεῖ δίαιταν εἶχε, τῆς Ἀθηνᾶς λεγομένης ὑποδέχεσθαι καὶ ξενίζειν αὐτὸν, οὐ πάνυ κόσμιον ξένον οὐδ᾽ ὡς παρθένῳ πρᾴως ἐπισταθμεύοντα.*

The Dukes of Athens passed away; Athens again ceased to be a separate power, and was again merged in the dominions of the New Rome. But the New Rome had now ceased to be an European or a Christian power. Now comes the time of utter darkness and bondage, the time when for a while Athens ceased to be. And yet even *that* time has *left its* monuments, and a true national feeling would preserve those monuments as trophies. The temple of Athênê, the church of the Panagia, the church of Our Lady, now became a mosque of Islam. A mosque implied a minaret, and a minaret did not fail to arise to break the entablature of Iktinos. Let me now tell my own experience. On the 28th of May, 1877, the 16th of May in the Greek kalendar, I was myself, along with others, on the Athenian Akropolis. Presently a sound reached our ears, a sound like "the buzz of eager nations." I climbed the staircase of the Turkish minaret, better to see and hear what was happening in the lower city. From that height I looked on what was in truth no small moment in the history of modern Greece. The *Dêmos* of Athens was gathering, not indeed on the seaward side amid the forsaken stones of the Pnyx, but far to the right on the open space before the modern palace of the modern kingdom. The voice of the people arose, the voice of a people which knew how to teach right and wisdom to its leaders. The cry was raised that personal and party jealousies should be put aside, that meaningless rivalries should be cast to the winds, and that the hero of Greece should be called to the lead of Greece in her hour of need. The cry on the lips of those gathering crowds was for the leadership of Constantine Kanarês. Since then the aged hero, the last relic of a mightier generation, has obeyed the call of his country and has as truly died in the service of his country as if he had been blown to atoms in one of his own fireships. This I saw from the Turkish minaret; and I half thanked the Turk who had given me the means of better looking down on Athens on such a day. I should not even complain if the minaret whose staircase I climbed still stood there whole, with its airy spire to tell of what had been and what is no more. The minaret is broken down; the tower is swept away; but there are still traces left of Roman and Frankish and Turkish work. There are still monuments of the days of our fathers, the days when Greek and Turk so often strove for possession of the Athenian citadel. Every stone, be it as old as the first Odysseus or as modern as the last, is part of the history of Athens, of the history of Hellas, of the history of man. The destroyer has wrought his wicked will long enough; let him now hold his hand and spare the remnant that is left.

It seems at first sight a little strange that those who seem to take the greatest delight in wanton destruction are always ready to curse the memory of one who was a destroyer only by misadventure. In the year 1687 Athens was for a moment freed from the Turk. Francesco Morosini, the *Peloponnesiacus*, the last hero of Venice, the last man till our own times who rescued Hellenic soil from barbarian rule, for a moment restored Athens as well as Peloponnêsos to Christendom. He may be fairly called to account on one score. It may be argued that, if he either could not nor would not hold Athens when he had won it, it would have been better not to have won it at all. A moment of deliverance only made renewed bondage heavier. But this is not the score on which every babbler who sees the Parthenôn in ruins has his fling at the last of the great doges. An accident of warfare shattered the temple, which up to that had remained perfect, and left half its columns and capitals on the ground. It may be that, before any great time is past, not only the church of Saint Mary at Athens, but the church of Saint Sophia at Constantinople, may receive some casual damage from the cannon of a liberating army. And surely, unless stones are better than men, unless memories are more than realities, unless the buildings of a land count for more than its freedom, we might not deem the boon too dearly purchased at the price. But it seems that there are those who not only call Morosini to account for the havoc which he did but never purposed, but who further call the heroes of modern Greece to account for the crime of doing their best to free the Akropolis of Athens from its barbarian masters. In their eyes, it would seem, it would have been better to leave Athens and Greece in Turkish bondage, rather than run the risk of breaking a nose or a finger of a single image. With such men it is vain to argue; we can only con over their words in simple wonder.

But, if the Akropolis has been the centre of Athens in all ages, the true life of Athens in her greatest days centered, not on the Akropolis, but on the desolate hill between the Akropolis and the sea. Athens, with the whole of Attica as it were welded into her substance, soon passed the narrow bounds of her ancient rock. Athens, like Rome, had her inner and her outer line of defence; she had her wall of Servius and her wall of Aurelian. And she has her forsaken quarter, answering to those parts of the hills of Rome where we here and there light on a cottage in a vineyard, or on a solitary church and monastery. Within the second wall, the Servian wall of Athens, lay the great buildings immediately south of the Akropolis, the older and the newer theatre, the vast temple of Olympian Zeus, the temple which Peisistratos began and which Hadrian finished. Far to the south-east, within the outer, without the inner wall, we see the ancient *stadion*, now the chosen place for gatherings of the Athenian people. There is still life in the people who called Kanarês to their head, the people who can bear up under a state which is neither war nor peace, the agony of preparation and inaction. Firm and resolute, they are waiting for the hour to act, while the barbarian is doing his evil work on their border, while the baser renegade who has sold his soul for barbarian gold is longing to earn his wages by laying Christian cities in ashes, and handing over Christian homes for his masters to work their will upon them.* That ancient *stadion* has become the meeting-place of modern Athens; but it is to the nearer meeting-place of ancient Athens that the thoughts turn as we look forth from the minaret of the Parthenôn or from the steps of the Propylaia. The whole region is desolate. The hill of Arês, round which gather so many associations, heathen and Christian, the hill where Athênê gave her casting-vote and where Paul brought strange things to the ears of the free city of imperial times, stands close beside us. It is marked only by a few ancient steps which were trodden by the feet of the judges of the venerable senate which there sat. Further to the left we may wander over the hills of Pnyx and Mouseion, and trace out the fragments of the second wall, and meet no living soul save the shepherd with his crook and his Albanian sheep-skin. But his presence tells us how Greece has been colonized by strangers, how she has won those strangers within the Hellenic fold, how she taught them to guard their common country against the common enemy. If the garb of Illyria seems out of place on the Athenian hills, we must remember that the garb of Illyria was the garb of Markos Botzarês. The hills are desolate; we stand on the mighty stones which mark the *bêma* whence Dêmosthenês thundered against Philip, and we look to the other hill, the hill of the Mouseion, the hill of Philopappos, where, when the soul of the patriot had passed away at Kalaureia, the garrison of Macedonia kept Athens in foreign bondage. And from thence our eyes may again wander far away to the *stadion*, and remember that, among the representatives of assembled Greece, Macedonia now sends her sons to crave admission within the borders of free Hellas. Below the hills lies the ancient *Agorê*, now dead and silent; save for the roads which pass across it, as dead and silent as the once busy Aventine of Rome. The life of Roman, mediæval, and modern Athens flitted to another quarter, that intermediate region of which I have so often spoken, the region of the columns of Hadrian, of the *hôrologion* of Andronikos, the region of the later *Agorê* and the modern bazaar. Here relics of all ages are mixed together; here the cupolas of the churches are thickest, and here is the cupola which is not that of a church. Hard by the range of Corinthian columns, the work of the prince who was at once Imperator at Rome and Archôn at Athens, stands the one surviving relic of masters who did not thus become her children or her magistrates. There is the remaining Turkish mosque, desecrated and degraded. Why should it be desecrated and degraded? A higher feeling of patriotism would consecrate it afresh, and would make it the noblest trophy of national and religious victory. Clear out the building, repair it, hallow it to a purer worship, let its dome blaze as the domes of Saint Mark's still blaze and as the domes of Saint Sophia shall blaze again, and make it the monument of the hero who has just passed away. No more fitting trophy could be found for the man to whom, more than to any other man of her own blood, Greece owes that she is Greece once more. The older temples of Athens have changed their creed and their name. The house of the Virgin is in ruins; Thêseus and Saint George may alike claim back the house of which modern havoc has robbed both alike. The balance may be restored by bidding the temple of Islam change into the temple of Christendom, by bidding the work of the oppressor change into the memorial of the deliverer. The Erechtheion, the Thêseion, speak of days which have passed away; the mosque, cleansed and consecrated as a KANAPEION, would speak of days which are barely gone, of men who still linger among us. It would be the most speaking and living sign that from the land where the barbarian once ruled he has passed away for ever, the most speaking sign that Hellas is Hellas once again, and that her freedom was won, in no small measure, by the toil and the blood of her own sons.

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* [1877.]

VIII.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN GREECE.

The different feelings with which public opinion in England has at different times looked on the revolutions and other affairs of Greece, form a curious chapter in the history of the fluctuations of the popular mind. Five-and-fifty years ago philhellenism was one of the most prominent and distinctive signs of liberal sentiment. No sympathy could be too strong for the Greek rising in arms against the barbarian who held him as a captive in his own land, for the Christian rising in arms against the infidel who had made the life of one large portion of Christendom nothing short of a life-long martyrdom. The cause of Greece was in truth a noble and a righteous one, and the sympathy of Western Europe was in the main as well directed as it was generous. The uprising of Greece against her oppressors had in it all that could attract in a like movement in Italy or Poland, while it had further charms to which the cause of Italy or Poland could lay no claim. The practical wrongs of Greece were greater than those of either Italy or Poland, while the name of Greece appealed to all the nobler feelings of men's hearts in a way that that of Poland, or even that of Italy, could not do. In fact, it might have been better for the cause of Greece if the sentimental attractions of her name had been less strong. The modern Greeks have lost at least as much as they have gained from the burthen of an illustrious ancestry. Among the Greeks themselves a vague remembrance of days long past—of days whose direct practical effect on modern affairs is slight indeed—has stood in the way of the developement of a true and healthy national life. Among their Western friends again, many expected far too much; they expected to see all the virtues and all the wisdom of the brightest days of Greece spring up at once among men just delivered from Turkish bondage. The expectation was utterly unreasonable; an unreasonable expectation was in a great measure disappointed; and this disappointment led to a tone of depreciation towards every thing Greek, which was quite as unreasonable as the exaggerated expectations of the old philhellenes. Those who, because of the greatness of ancient Greece, expected impossible wonders from a regenerate Greece, did their favourites endless damage in the long-run. They forgot the natural effects of so many ages of slavery; they forgot how utterly different was the highest position which a regenerate Greece could hope to occupy in the modern world from that which old Greece held in the brilliant days of Athens. They forgot in truth the very nature of the greatness of old Greece; they forgot how closely connected the virtues of the old Greeks were with their faults, how closely allied the strength of their commonwealths was to its weakness. Old Greece was in fact what Christian Europe and America is now: it was its own civilized world. Small as was its geographical extent, we must remember how small was the extent of the then known world. Greece and the Greek colonies occupied, even in geographical extent, a proportion of it hardly inferior to that which Europe and European colonies occupy in the vastly extended world of our times. If we confine ourselves to the old continent, the present supremacy of the European element is certainly not more marked than was the ancient supremacy of the Greek element all round the Mediterranean sea. Among themselves, the Greek cities, continental and insular, formed a system like the system of states in modern Europe; the dealings of one Greek city with another were dealings strictly international; the valour and wisdom of the old Greeks was for the most part displayed in hostile dealings with Greek enemies. The greatness of Greece, in short, was bound up with the system of city commonwealths, while the greatness of any modern state must rest on another basis. Greece was thus unlucky in her models. She suffered alike from blind classical revivalism and from blind imitation of Western ideas and institutions. She had not the opportunity of gradually developing, like other European states, from a healthy barbarism into a healthy civilization. One of the characteristic features of the South-eastern lands in general here comes in. In those lands we are brought close to the very earliest times in a different way from anything to which we are used in the West. In Eastern Europe we may say with truth that the past—even the very remote past—and the present are in being side by side; we may say that several remote centuries are in those lands really contemporary. This last fact in truth presents one of the great political difficulties of the country. In a newly emancipated state, be it Greece or any other, some part of its area, some classes of its people, will really belong to the nineteenth century, while other parts, other classes, will practically belong to the fourteenth or some earlier century. Now a country which has reached, say the level of England in the fourteenth century, if it stands by itself, out of sight, so to speak, of the nineteenth century, may, if it has inborn life and a spirit of progress, develope in a steady and wholesome way from the starting-point of the fourteenth century. But if the land is placed, so to speak, within sight of the nineteenth century—if, while the mass belongs to the fourteenth century, it contains parts or classes which really belong to the nineteenth—the danger is that its developement will not take this steady and wholesome course. The danger, like all other dangers, may doubtless be grappled with; perhaps it may be overcome; but it is a real danger which has its root in the history of those lands. One set of circumstances has caused them to lag behind the civilization of the West. Another set of circumstances has put the civilization of the West in their full view. Now an outward varnish of modern civilization may easily be put on. The Turk himself can do that. To reach the substance of such civilization must be the work of time, of trouble, perhaps of difficulties and struggles. In such a state of things, the temptation to grasp what is easiest, to think more of the outside than of the substance, is great and dangerous. And these dangers and difficulties must always be borne in mind in judging the amount of progress which has been made by any emancipated Eastern people. Their progress is likely to be real and lasting in exactly the proportion by which it is really native, and not a mere imitation of the manners and institutions of other countries. But the temptation to imitate the manners and customs of other countries is in such a case so strong that it must always be borne in mind in passing any judgement on the condition of Greece, Servia, Roumania, or any other state which may arise in those parts. In estimating their progress, we must, in fairness as well as in charity, bear in mind the special difficulties under which their progress has to be made.

Looking at the matter in this way, the real wonder is, not that Greece did not make the miraculous progress which her too sanguine friends expected from her, but that, under so many disadvantages, she contrived to make any progress at all. That Greece made no progress is a mere slander; but it is certain that she did not make so much progress as under happier auspices she might have made. The difficult position in which the country was placed, the faults and mistakes of many of the Greek leaders, the greater faults and mistakes of English, French, Russian, and Bavarian protectors and meddlers, all helped more completely to disappoint expectations which never could have been answered in their fulness. The bestowal of an incongruous form of government, the choice of an incompetent king, the destruction instead of the developement of the local institutions of the country,—evils which were partly the work of Greek and partly of foreign hands,—all tended to check the prosperity and the reputation of the kingdom. More had been expected of Greece than she could possibly do, and she therefore got less credit than she deserved for what she actually did. The period of unreasonable expectation was followed, as a natural reaction, by a period of no less unreasonable contempt.

The dislike towards Greece on the part of Englishmen naturally reached its height during the frenzy of the Russian war. Diplomatists had taught us that the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire was a political necessity, and men at once leaped to the conclusion that every thing Turkish was to be loved, and every thing Greek hated, for its own sake. That the majority of Greeks sympathized with their co-religionists, the enemies of their enemies, though the simple result of the commonest laws of man's nature, was set down as a sign of some monstrous national depravity. In all matters relating to Greeks and Turks we reversed the rules by which our sympathies were guided in other parts of the world. Elsewhere our feelings always lay with the oppressed and against the oppressor; east of the Hadriatic the sympathies of Liberal England were bound to lie with the oppressor and against his victims. Let Poland rebel against Russia, let Hungary or Italy rebel against Austria, and the cause was at once acknowledged as the cause of righteousness and freedom. But a Greek, a Serb, a Bulgarian, who drew the sword against his Turkish master was looked on as an ungrateful traitor, to be scourged back into allegiance to his lawful sovereign. Shamyl and his Circassians were heroes, patriots, martyrs, for withstanding the aggression of the Muscovite; the Vladika of Montenegro was a mere chief of rebels and brigands for still keeping up the long battle of five hundred years against the ceaseless attacks of the Ottoman. For liberated Italy to stretch out her hand to her enslaved fellow-countrymen was confessedly a righteous act. No scruple of international law was thought of when an Italian king took to himself the crowns of his neighbours, or when an Italian adventurer drove a legitimate monarch from his hereditary capital. But for liberated Greece to do the like by her enslaved neighbours was a thing not to be borne for a moment. It was enough if Europe allowed her to retain her own existence, and did not give her back again to the mercy of her offended master.

This feeling of dislike towards Greece, a feeling as unreasonable, and far less generous, than the exaggerated philhellenism which it supplanted, seems to have had its day, except so far as it has appeared again in very recent times as a momentary party cry. After the Russian war, and very much through the results of the Russian war, the relations between Greece and England greatly changed. The Greeks found out how little Russia, in the teeth of Western Europe, was able to do for them. They came back to that natural instinct which, in the course of the War of Independence, led the nation to look to England as its natural ally. One of the purest and most necessary revolutions in history delivered Greece from her incompetent king—a king, be it ever remembered, whom Greece had not chosen for herself, but whom the collective wisdom of Europe had given her. The expulsion of Otho was the national condemnation of Otho's policy. The universal cry for an English king was the expression of the national desire for a policy of another kind. There was not much to be said for the wisdom of placing an untried boy, whether Bavarian, English, or Danish, in the most difficult post in Europe; still, when Europe seemed to have agreed that kings of Greece were to be chosen from among the younger members of reigning houses, it was a most speaking fact that the universal voice of Greece called for a king from the reigning house of England, and not from any other. A feeling so universal and so deeply-rooted in the heart of a whole people could not possibly have been the result of any very refined policy. No doubt a wish for the annexation of the Ionian Islands was mixed up with the universal demand for Prince Alfred in the room of Otho;

but the cry for English connexion, whether in 1825 or in 1862, meant a great deal besides this. It was one of the most genuine and honourable tributes that one nation ever paid to another. We had turned the cold shoulder towards Greece for years; we had treated her, to use the mildest language, with a harshness which would account for any amount of national dislike; and yet, as soon as Greece was free to choose for herself, it was towards England that every Greek heart instinctively turned. Then during the whole year which passed after the expulsion of Otho the conduct of the Greek nation was as praiseworthy as its conduct almost always has been, whenever the nation has had free room to act for itself. Throughout Greek history for many ages nothing is more conspicuous than the marked superiority of the people at large to their leaders, who seem commonly to have been given them by some unlucky chance. The expulsion of Otho was emphatically the work of the whole nation; it was honourably distinguished from most revolutions by being the work neither of a military class nor yet of the mob of a capital. A year followed, during which Greece had nothing which could be called a government, but during which the Greek people behaved with wonderful forbearance and self-command. There was much selfish caballing among political leaders; there were some excesses on the part of the soldiers; but the behaviour of the mass of the people was beyond all praise. It has been so again in later times. The way in which the Greek nation stood firm and ready during the fearful strain of the war of 1877—the way in which the national voice demanded that mere personal cabals should cease, and that the hero of Greece should be again placed at her head—show plainly enough that there is no lack of good stuff in the national character of the modern Greek people. Of still later events it is dangerous to speak, while their history is still making and is not yet made. But it is certain that at this moment Greece both has and deserves a larger amount of Western favour than she has had at any time since the

War of Independence. Still we must not allow ourselves to be led away by the too sanguine hopes of our fathers, or we shall be disappointed as they were. We must not overlook the vast difficulties, external and internal, with which a ruler of Greece is surrounded. Not the least of these is to be found in the relations of Greece to the other nations which are still under the Turkish yoke, or which are just set free from its weight. Whatever system may finally take the place of the remnant of Ottoman dominion, the Greeks must remember that they are only one nation among several, and that they must claim for themselves no superiority over Servians or Bulgarians on any ground of past greatness, whether Hellenic or Byzantine. The Greeks may fairly look to the first place among the nations of South-eastern Europe; they must be satisfied to be the first among equals. Any narrow philhellenism, grounded on mere classical sentimentalism, will be purely mischievous. Modern Greece has a distinct nationality; she has a history of her own, and she is rapidly forming a literature. A people among whom the deeds of Botzarês and Kanarês are recorded by the pen of Trikoupês has really something more substantial to dwell upon than those memories of the distant past which they should be content to share with the rest of the civilized world.

To an English reader the thought of modern Greek history will first of all suggest the great work of Finlay. That work has a twofold subject and a twofold character, Byzantine and strictly Greek—two sides which are quite distinct in idea, though in practice it is not easy to keep them asunder. The Byzantine aspect of Finlay's book has been dealt with in another essay; some words may here be given to its strictly Greek aspect. In dealing with mediæval Greece, Finlay undertook a subject which was hardly more likely to draw to itself popular sympathy than the more strictly imperial part of his story. Most people had no idea that there was any mediæval Greece, and modern Greece was under a kind of cloud. Scholars disliked it because it was not ancient Greece; others disliked it because scholars were supposed to fancy that it was ancient Greece. Nor was Finlay's way of writing at all likely to become generally popular; it sometimes becomes wearisome even to the special student. He can on occasion describe and narrate with clearness and vigour, but, as a rule, his narrative does not carry one on. And in a great part of the story there is unavoidably much less of narrative than of general comment and reflexion. The volumes again, though their subjects are closely connected with one another, do not form a strictly continuous story. We feel this more strongly now that the books which appeared separately, under distinct titles, are brought together as volumes of an unbroken series. The story, whether of the Byzantine Empire or of the Greek nation, parts off into several streams at the time of the Latin taking of Constantinople. Finlay told the story of the Empire of Nikaia as the continuation of the old Byzantine Empire. In another volume he told the story of "Mediæval Greece and Trebizond"; in another, that of "Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination." This last forms a continuous history, as far as a continuous history can be written, of Greece in the narrower sense, from the Turkish conquest of Peloponnêsos to the beginning of the War of Independence. This of course takes in the short but very important episode of Venetian rule in Peloponnêsos in the early years of the last century. When these volumes appeared as distinct, though closely related, works, we were less surprised if, as could not fail, some things were told several times, and some things were left out altogether. But now that the volumes are numbered as a History of Greece from the Roman conquest onward, it strikes us as more strange when we find only occasional and incidental accounts of the history of such important parts of the Greek nation as the inhabitants of Crete, Cyprus, and the so-called Ionian Islands. Nay, in a general history of the Greek nation we might almost have looked for some account of the mysterious dying out of the Greek tongue and all else that is Greek in Sicily and southern Italy. Considering the way from which Finlay approached the study of Greek history, these last were points which were not likely to come very strongly home to him. But his History of Greece under Venetian dominion is confined to Peloponnêsos and the islands of the Ægæan. This imperfect dealing with the Venetian power does seem strange even from Finlay's own point of view. In fact, as the volumes first appeared, they were a set of independent works, forming a nearly continuous history. Now that they stand before us as volumes of one work, we feel more strongly that, though nearly complete and nearly continuous, they are not wholly so.

These difficulties are fully admitted in Mr. Tozer's preface. Mr. Tozer has discharged the duties of an editor in a way which cannot be surpassed. No one could be better fitted for such a work than one who had long made the geography of Greece and all that belongs to Greece a matter of special study, and who supplies some elements in the treatment of his subject which were lacking in the original author. Finlay had the great fault, a fault inherent in his nature, of writing without real sympathy for his subject. The history of the book cannot be separated from the history of the man. Of that history he has himself given us a short sketch, which we wish had been longer. But we really learn more of the man, his character, and his life, from a crowd of incidental things which come out in the course of his writings, than we can from his short formal autobiography. Finlay deals with men and their actions very much in the spirit of Cato the Censor. Throughout the book there is a tendency to see the worst in everything, a certain pleasure in finding fault, and in making use of a sarcastic tongue. If Finlay does not spare the Greeks, neither does he spare other people. Englishmen fare quite as badly as Greeks, and Bavarians fare decidedly worse. For Finlay does spare some Greeks and some Englishmen, while he does not spare a single Bavarian. But having most to do with the Greeks both in his studies and in real life—and in Finlay's case study and real life were the same thing—he naturally has more fault to find with the Greeks than with anybody else. Moreover, like other philhellênes, he had doubtless formed impossible expectations of what regenerate Greece was to do; and he was not only disappointed but embittered at finding that regenerate Greece not only did not do all that had been unreasonably looked for, but failed to do some things which might reasonably have been looked for. And besides these general grounds of disappointment, he had personal grounds of quarrel as well. It is at once a general and a personal ground that he tried the experiment of cultivating the Greek soil as a Greek landowner, and found, as he tells us, that, through the vicious system of taxation which free Greece inherited from her Turkish masters, to till the soil of Greece was even less profitable than to write her history. But Finlay had also a personal quarrel with the government of King Otho, which made his name known at the time to many who had no notion who it was whose name they knew. We have seen the form of words, "Mr. Finlay, a gentleman of Scotch extraction," much as if one should hear of "Mr. Grote, a London banker," or "Mr. Gibbon, an officer in the Hampshire militia." Now all these personal matters had a great deal to do with leading Finlay to write his history at all, and they also had a great deal to do with the particular way in which he wrote it. The state of things which he saw around him led him to try to trace that state of things to its causes, and he found that the investigation of those causes carried him a very long way indeed. For the European Greek continent, it led him back to the days of the Macedonian Alexander. In some lands inhabited by the Greek nation it would have carried him back further still. Finlay's general view of Greek history was a very wide one. In his view, a view from which that history will some day have to be written, the days of Periklês were, for the Greek race as a whole, days of decline; the work which was finished by the

Ottoman Mahomet had been already begun by the Lydian Crœsus. But though Finlay quite grasped the place of the Greek people in the general history of the world, though his first volume shows, more perhaps than any other, how well he did grasp it for the ages with which he was immediately concerned, this view of œcumenical cause and effect was not the side of things on which he specially loved to dwell. Led to his subject from its social and economical side, it is on social, economical, and legal progress and decay that he always enlarges by preference. And his constant dwelling on these points, his constant recurrence to them in the way of repetition and recapitulation, while the great external events are often told with but little enthusiasm, certainly makes the book, as a narrative, less attractive than it might be. Yet Finlay not uncommonly warms, and brings out a striking scene in vivid language. We really believe that it was less from lack of power than from some principle of self-restraint that he has given us less of graphic narrative and description than we might have looked for.

But a far greater fault, one which is more than a literary fault, one which is likely to do positive practical mischief, is his habit of constant carping and sneering—above all, of carping and sneering at the actual living Greece with which he had to do. Now we fully believe that Finlay was in no sense an enemy of Greece. We believe both that all that he says is literally true and that it was written with the fullest purpose of speaking the truth. But it is often so put that it may be very conveniently used for purposes of falsehood. The needful qualification or explanation of many a harsh saying, the statement of the unavoidable cause of a fault, the clear assertion of the counterbalancing merit, may often be found in some other part of the book, but it is seldom found in the place where it is immediately needed. It follows that Finlay's general judgement of the Greeks, as it is likely to be inferred from particular passages, seems harsher than it really was. And when we light on a sentence written in one spirit, on some little passionate or sarcastic outburst of spleen, and when we come pages on to a sentence written in a more kindly and generous spirit, there is a feeling that the author has contradicted himself. In most cases there is no real contradiction; only the two judgements should not have been separated; they should have been brought together to qualify one another. We believe indeed that Finlay never says a hard saying against Greece to which the antidote might not be found in his own writings. The hard sayings come for the most part casually and often irrelevantly, while the passages which tell the other way bear the stamp of his deliberate judgement, and often read as if they were purposely meant as an atonement for any passing fits of pettish humour. The volume on Othoman and Venetian Domination winds up with a weighty justification of the Greek Revolution as necessary and well-timed, such as might satisfy the most zealous of Hellênes or philhellênes. This, it should be remembered, was written in 1856, when Greece was at the height of her unpopularity in England, and when it was fashionable to speak with utter contempt of the Revolution and its heroes. In his last two volumes, bitter as he is against most of the Greek leaders, he frequently stops to set forth, in passages which are the more emphatic from their contrast with much that surrounds them, his admiration of the true patriotism, the constancy, the heroic endurance of the mass of the people. He winds up his task with the deliberate judgement, not only that Greece had gained by her Revolution, but that, notwithstanding all that had been done foolishly, all that had been left undone, the progress of Greece when he wrote—before the expulsion of Otho—had been as great as, under the circumstances, could be reasonably looked for. The man who sets forth such judgements as these was no enemy of the Greek nation; he was simply a friend who carried out in an extreme form the doctrine that he who spareth the rod hateth his son. Still his position was one which was very likely to be mistaken both by those who felt the rod and by those who saw it laid on.

It is plainly in passages like this that the man's higher and truer nature speaks. Yet we fear that there is a class of readers with whom the passing bit of spiteful sarcasm will go for more than the solemn judgement. There is another class of passages which are liable to be misapplied in the same way, passages where Finlay contrasts Turks and Greeks to the advantage of the Turks. He is fond of talking of the "moral superiority," sometimes even the "superior morality" of the Ottomans at the time of their conquest, sometimes as specially contrasted with the Greeks, sometimes with the whole body of Christian nations whom they subdued. Now, whatever we say of the "superior morality" of the Turk—an odd phrase, and specially liable to be misunderstood—there is a sense in which the "moral superiority" of the Ottomans under their great princes must be fully acknowledged. It was not by sheer brute force that the Ottomans subdued all the nations, Christian and Mussulman, which they did subdue. It was by virtue of qualities which may in themselves be fairly called moral, though whether they deserve moral approbation or not depends wholly on the use to which they are put. Order, discipline, steadiness of purpose, a rule which in its early days was better than that of any other Mussulman power and of not a few Christian powers, were the means whereby the small following of Ertogrul grew into the Ottoman Empire. When the only choice is between one despotism and another, the strong despotism is better than the weak one. And the peculiarity of the Ottoman power is that, under the wonderful succession of its great Emirs and Sultans, it remained a strong power longer than any other Eastern despotism ever did. One cannot help feeling a kind of turn when Finlay tells the tale of the fall of Constantinople with hardly any show of sympathy, when he makes a kind of panegyric on Mahomet the Conqueror, when he says that the final overthrow of the Empire was felt as a relief. This last saying is unpleasant, but we can fully believe it. Only it must be remembered why the fall of the Empire was felt to be a relief. A land which passed under the regular dominion of the Turk, even though bound to the payment of *kharatch* and to the more fearful tax of the tribute of children, might be deemed better off than a land which was nominally free, but into which the Turk, whenever he thought good, carried all the horrors of a slave-hunting inroad. This state of things lasted in the European provinces from the landing at Kallipolis to the taking of Constantinople and the conquest of Peloponnêsos. During this whole time, when the Empire had shrunk up to the immediate neighbourhood of the imperial city, with its scattered outlying possessions, it had become a mere survival, which offered no protection, no hope, to the lands which were already under the Turk. Yet as long as Constantinople remained unconquered, the dominion of the Turk could not be looked on as fully established; he would always feel that there was still in the midst of his dominions a power which a large part of his subjects looked to as the only lawful authority, and which might always be the centre of disaffection to his own rule. His yoke might therefore well become a degree less heavy after the Roman dominion was finally wiped out. The Empire of Trebizond, contemptible as were its rulers, paltry as its end seems beside the heroic tragedy of the fall of Constantinople, was a more real thing, and its conquest was a greater loss to Christendom and the Greek nation, than the Empire of New Rome. Finlay, at the last stage of his Byzantine history, speaks of Mahomet in terms of honour which draw forth a protest from Mr. Tozer; but if we separate greatness from goodness, no panegyric can be too high for the conqueror of the two empires; and, as usual, Finlay supplies the antidote in other parts of the work. The cruelty and perfidy of Mahomet stand out in strong colours in various parts of the volume on Othoman Domination. So Finlay tells us, what we have often heard from smaller people than Finlay, that for a long time the rule of the Turk was more tolerant than any rule in Western Europe, and that the particular crimes of this or that Sultan can be paralleled in the crimes of this or that Christian prince. The literal truth of these statements cannot be denied; but we can accept them only with the qualifications which have lately been made over and over again. The contemptuous toleration which the Turk extends to all Christian sects is undoubtedly better than the direct persecution which one Christian sect has often inflicted on another. But the Turk, unless he forsakes the Mahometan law, can never, even in theory, give anything better than contemptuous toleration, while in practice he commonly gives something much worse. Those Christian governments which once persecuted have now given up direct persecution, and have advanced, some faster, some more slowly, towards that perfect religious equality which the Turk never can give. In short, the answer must be made which has been made a hundred times already, that while the Christian powers, however much they may still have to mend, have actually mended a great deal, the Turk has mended in nothing, but has got worse and worse. It is only in appearance that any statement of Finlay's needs such an answer, but in appearance some statements of his do need it. Again he himself supplies the antidote. No one brings out more clearly than he does the fearful state into which Ottoman rule fell when it began to be weak as well as wicked. Especially he shows in many places with no small force that, while a pure administration of justice was one of the virtues which the Byzantine Empire clave to longest, even when it had greatly decayed in many ways, a corrupt administration of justice—if the name justice be not altogether misapplied—was one of the first vices which affected the Ottoman Empire, even while much of its early greatness still hung about it.

In speaking, at such a moment as this, of Mediæval and Modern Greece, it could not be out of place to speak at some length of so great a work on the subject, one whose reappearance at the present moment is in itself so opportune, and at the same time is so likely to be mischievous in the hands of the unlearned and unstable. For those who would go deeper into the subject, a crowd of works, both German and Greek, may be turned to with advantage; but Finlay has no English rival. For minute detail, especially during the Frankish period, there is nothing like the work of Hopf, *Geschichte Griechenlands vom Beginn des Mittelalters bis auf unsere Zeit.*[*] And if comparatively few are likely to go through all Hopf's details, the main story will be found, with the fullest acknowledgement of Hopf's services, in the successive volumes of Hertzberg,[†] which carry us through the whole tale of the Greek nation from the first appearance of Rome east of the Hadriatic. And alongside of English and German writers, Paparrhêgopoulos has told the whole history of Greece in the Greek tongue.[‡] But, for all the times from Alaric onwards, Hopf is the real quarry for those who feel a call to dig in it. His is one of those books which, if they do not tell you all that can be said about the matter in hand, at least set all the known facts of the case before us. Mr. Tozer has made good use of Hopf in his few and well-placed notes, sometimes to confirm, sometimes to correct, his author.

The history of the Byzantine Empire and the history of the modern Greek nation are in idea two quite distinct subjects. In practice neither history can be told without bringing in a good deal of the other, and at some stages the two become almost the same thing. The modern Greek nation, the artificial Greek nation, the Greek nation formed by adoption and assimilation, is in truth far older than the Byzantine Empire; but it was the existence of the Byzantine

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[*] Hopf's work will be found in the sixth and seventh volumes of Brockhaus' *Griechenland geographisch, geschichtlich und culturhistorisch.* Leipzig, 1870.

[†] *Geschichte Griechenlands seit dem Absterben des antiken Lebens bis zur Gegenwart.* Gotha, 1876–1878.

[‡] *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους ἀπὸ τῶν ἀρχαιοτάτων χρόνων μέχρι τῶν νεωτέρων·* Ὑπο Κ. Παπαρρηγοπούλου· Ἐν Ἀθήναις. 1865–1876.

Empire which helped it to take its special historical position. What the Greek nation in this sense is, we have already defined.* It is something of which the original Hellenic nation is the kernel, but which has spread far beyond the original Hellenic nation. It takes in all those who, whether of true Hellenic descent or not, have adopted the Greek language and Greek national feelings. To this we must, for many ages past, add an adhesion to the Greek form of Christianity, that form which specially insists on being Orthodox, as the Latin form specially insists on being Catholic. And we must again remember that the very fact that the Hellenic nation absorbed many Slavonic, Albanian, and Rouman elements, implies that there was an original Hellenic nation which lived on to absorb them.

One singular feature of our present story is that while we speak, as we have thus been doing, of a Greek name and a Greek nation, the name and the nationality were for many ages unknown or unacknowledged by those who belonged to it. This is the special phænomenon of our case; it arises from the historical connexion between the later or artificial Greek nation and that Eastern division of the Roman Empire which it is often convenient to speak of as Byzantine. Hence it came that the Greek for so long a time knew himself by no name but that of *Roman.* The modern use of the name *Hellên,* though both justified by circumstances and now fixed by usage, is, it must always be remembered, a purely literary revival. The name which we commonly apply to the nation, its Latin name *Græcus* or *Greek,* whatever its origin, has this advantage, that, though it has never been more than faintly acknowledged by the nation itself, it has been, from the earliest to the latest times, continuously applied to the nation by other nations. Throughout a long part of Finlay's story Greek and Roman had become convertible terms: only Roman was a cherished and honourable title, while Greek was a name commonly more or less contemptuous, and heard only in the mouths of strangers. Yet Procopius lets us see that, even while the Cæsar at Byzantium was the only representative of Roman power, the armies of the East were by the Goths spoken of as Greeks. And we see from other sources, our own Traveller's Song among them, that other Teutonic nations did the same. By the Goths at least the name was doubtless given in contempt, and, on any showing of real nationality, nothing could be further from the truth. So the dominions of Eirênê were freely spoken of as a Greek power by enemies and rivals, but the name was indignantly rejected by those to whom it was applied. Yet the name was given with a true instinct. Both the Greek and the Roman names were true from different points of view. But the *Hellenic* name was never used either by strangers or by the nation itself; nor would the name have been true from any point of view except the single point of language, which was equally expressed by the name *Greek*. Hellas was the country of a very small part indeed of the artificial Greek nation, and every Christian shrank from the name of *Hellên*, which, from the New Testament onwards, implied adherence to the old pagan faith. While the nations of Western Europe grew by a process which cut them off from the Western Empire, the later Greek nation grew by a process which bound it up more and more to the Eastern Empire, and which for a while made it the same thing as the Eastern Empire. The Roman name therefore lived on as the name of a people who, if they were Greek by speech, were Roman by unbroken political inheritance. Even under Turkish bondage, *Roman* remained the name of the nation on the lips of its own people, till the circumstances of the War of Independence, and the causes which led to it, brought back the Hellenic name as a conscious revival.

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* See above, pp. 215, 224.

But if it was through its union with the Eastern Empire of Rome that the later Greek nation finally took its definite place in history, the beginnings of that nation are to be sought for ages before there was an Eastern Roman Empire or a Roman Empire at all. We may trace its progress through the three stages of Hellenic colonization, Macedonian conquest, and Roman or Byzantine dominion. As Finlay's subject, if we count it to be the history of Greeks under foreign rule, begins with the Lydian conquest of the Greeks of Asia, so his subject, if we count it to be the history of the later Greek nation, begins with the settlements which first planted Greeks in Asia. For the beginnings of those settlements we have to go back very far indeed. As the first glimpses of the process which changed ancient Greek into modern may be seen in the language of Homer, so the first glimpses of the process out of which the modern Greek nation grew may be seen in the tale of Homer. The Catalogue in the Iliad distinctly shows us the work of colonization at a stage when it had begun in the islands, but when it had not yet reached the Asiatic continent. With Greek colonization began the modern Greek nation, the nation formed by an Hellenic centre gathering around it elements which were merely hellenized. Grote often points out that in the colonies we are nowhere dealing with Greeks of absolutely pure blood. We are dealing with Greeks who have been modified by intermarriage with barbarian neighbours and subjects, and by the admission into their political communities of barbarian neighbours and subjects who had adopted the Greek language and culture. This is the beginning of a process which may be fated to go on further still, but of which as yet the last great developement was when the Albanians and Vlachs of Greece threw in their lot with the true Greeks in the War of Independence. No doubt, as in later times, the process was easier and faster in some countries and harder and slower in others; but the result in the end was that a large part of the population of the lands washed by the Mediterranean became Greek by adoption, in addition to that large part which was Greek by descent. Thus the Greek nation in the later sense, Greek by speech, culture, and feeling, whether Greek by blood or not, had begun to be formed. But it must be remembered that the nation thus formed was a scattered nation. It had no continuous territory. Nowhere, save in old Greece and in Sicily, did a Hellenic or hellenized population occupy any considerable unbroken extent of country. Elsewhere the Greek settlements were made up of islands, peninsulas, and detached pieces of coast. It was only where two seas came very near together that they anywhere stretched from sea to sea.

While the Greek colonies led to this process of hellenization, of adoption of strangers within the Greek pale, at a vast number of points from the roots of Caucasus to the pillars of Hêraklês, another series of events opened a wider field for the carrying out of the same process in another shape. The distinction between Greek and barbarian, so sharply drawn in most parts, was less sharply drawn than elsewhere on the northern frontier of Greece itself. The old population of Epeiros, Macedonia, and the western coast of Asia, was doubtless closely allied to the Greeks, and it sank almost imperceptibly into the general Greek mass. The Epeirot and Macedonian lands were thoroughly hellenized long before they passed under the Roman dominion. Macedonia was acknowledged as a Greek kingdom; Epeiros was still more fully admitted into the Hellenic world as a Greek federal commonwealth. Here we are brought on ground which is touched by controversies, not only of the present time, but of the present hour. That Greece—as yet enslaved Greece, ἡ δούλη Ἑλλάς—stretches far beyond the old frontier of Thessaly and Macedonia, no man doubts; but there is a great and most formidable practical doubt how far it stretches. No man doubts that the frontier of the land which was Greek at least by adoption once stretched as far to the north as the Macedonian kingdom stretched. The question is, How far has it fallen back from that point? No man doubts that whatever remains Macedonian, or has become Macedonian in the older sense,* has remained or has become Greek; the question is,

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* In later usage the word Μακεδών often came to mean Slavonic—a lucky ambiguity for the Macedonian Emperors.

How much has ceased to be Macedonian and has become Slave?

We are now brought to the starting-point of Finlay's work. His history of the modern Greek nation begins with the Macedonian conquests. The effect of those conquests was to carry yet further the process which the Greek colonies had begun. The Greek tongue, Greek literature, Greek culture, were carried over a large part of the earth where the original inhabitants were in no way Greek by descent. Here comes in the main point of difference between the point of view of Grote and that of Finlay,—the difference between the historian of independent Greece and the historian of enslaved Greece. Grote cannot bring himself to believe that anything worthy to bear the Greek name was planted anywhere by Alexander or his successors. His subject was a political history of the Greek commonwealths, and he can see nothing worthy to be called hellenization where the old political freedom did not exist. It would be a poor answer to say that, in some exceptional cases, something very like the old Greek political freedom did arise in lands far away from old Greece. Seleukeia, for instance, long remained a Greek commonwealth on the borders of the Roman and the barbarian world, almost as Cherson remained for a far longer time a Greek commonwealth, living on by the furthest border of European civilization. But in a wider view of œcumenical history, a view which laments the fall of political freedom but which cannot admit that the fall of political freedom brings national existence to an end, the point where Grote's subject stops becomes the beginning of the wider, if less brilliant, subject of Finlay. From the time of the Macedonian conquests, Greek immigrants from Old Greece, and Macedonians who had thoroughly adopted Greek culture, formed a considerable part, and the dominant part, of the inhabitants of a large part of the East. The political degradation of Greece itself was accompanied by the widest extension of the intellectual empire of the Greek mind. Greek orators, poets, and philosophers gradually ceased to be inspired by any real Hellenic patriotism; but Macedonian kings and their Greek or Greek-speaking ministers bore rule over some of the finest regions of the world, and carried the tongue and arts and arms of Greece wherever their rule extended. Where there was the groundwork of Greek colonization to go upon, the work seems to have been thoroughly done. A large part of Asia Minor was really hellenized: new Greek cities arose alongside of the old ones; the kingdom of Pergamos became part of the immediate Greek world, just like Macedonia and Epeiros. The native languages of Asia gradually died out, and at this day whatever in Anatolia is not Turkish or Armenian is Greek. In the more distant lands, where there was no groundwork of Greek colonization to build upon, and where there were ancient systems of religion and civilization which no foreign influence could sweep away, the work of hellenization took place, just as in the days of the old colonial settlements, only at particular points. Macedonian—that is for our purposes Greek—kings reigned over Syria and Egypt, and their capitals, Antioch and Alexandria, became the greatest of Greek cities. But they were Greek colonies in foreign lands, in lands too where the condition of the native races did not allow them to submit to Hellenic adoption. In these lands Greek culture remained an exotic: it lay on the surface, and did not penetrate the mass. And the fact that it did so, that it prevailed to the extent which it did and not beyond that extent, are important facts in the later history both of the Roman Empire and of the Greek nation. And again, besides the Macedonian kingdoms, we must not forget those native powers which put on a greater or less show of Greek culture. Such was Bithynia; such was the mightier Pontos. Mithridatês was an Oriental, a true Sultan, a man of the same type as the greatest of the Ottoman Sultans. Like them, he knew how to employ Greeks, Greek culture, and Greek skill, for his own purposes. His birthplace and capital was the Greek Sinôpê; his generals generally bear Greek names; Greek cities accepted his alliance. Asiatic as he was, short-lived as was his power, his career, as well as the careers of Alexander, Seleukos, and Ptolemy, must have done something for the hellenization of the Eastern world. He, like them, helped to build up that firm barrier of European power in Asia before which the might of the Saracen failed, and which it needed the Turk to overthrow.*

The next stage is that at which Finlay begins his more detailed examination. By very gradual steps the whole Greek world, in Greece and out of it, was swallowed up in the dominion of Rome. The gradual nature of the process must always be borne in mind. No mistake can be greater than that of thinking that Greece was conquered at a blow in B.C. 146, or any other year. To say nothing of Sicily and southern Italy, which ought not to be forgotten, a considerable part of Greece itself had been reduced to practical subjection long before; a considerable part kept on a nominal freedom long after. A number of Greek states, Byzantium among them, were for the first time formally incorporated with the Empire by Vespasian. Cherson, far away on its peninsula, kept on the old relation, an ally rather than a subject, till the reign of Theophilos in the ninth century. And we may believe that many a Greek city, nominally as free as Cherson, but whose geographical position did not allow it to maintain the same practical freedom as Cherson, sank insensibly from the rank of an independent ally to the condition of a subject municipality, and lingered on, without any formal act of annexation, till even municipal freedom perished among the centralizing changes of Justinian. Such, we may be tempted to suspect, was the case with Athens herself, the city which numbered Hadrian among her archons and Constantine among her generals. But, step by step, whether with or without formal annexation, all the lands which were originally Greek, which had become Greek by adoption, or which had been brought in a greater or less degree under Greek influences, became, under whatever form, parts of the Roman dominion. And here we must notice that, in the lands with which we have now most to do, the lands east of the Hadriatic, the Roman dominion itself became a most powerful means of extending Greek influences. It is no uncommon result of a second conquest to confirm in some sort the effects of an earlier one. Whatever the first conquest leaves of the yet earlier state of things is often trodden out by the second. The Roman conquest would of itself help further to tread out such traces of earlier speech or earlier national life as had lived on in Asia Minor through Greek colonization and Macedonian conquest. But the Roman conquest acted in another and more direct way. Wherever the later Roman went, if he carried with him the dominion and the law of Rome, he also carried with him the art and the cultivation of Greece. If he took with him Latin as the tongue of government and warfare, he also took with him Greek as the language of philosophy and general culture. The double character, Latin and Greek, of the emperors of the sixth and seventh centuries, had its foreshadowing in the days of Hadrian and Marcus. At an earlier time the New Testament itself, and our other materials for the history of the Idumæan rule in Palestine, show how much that was Greek followed in the wake of the Roman conquerors and their vassal kings. In the West of Europe the case was different; there Rome planted her own tongue and all that belonged to her. Greek life and Greek speech in the end died out, though slowly indeed, in the lands of the West. In the lands east of the Hadriatic Roman influences in no way rooted up or counterworked Greek influences, but rather gave them a further hold. The Gaul learned to call himself a Roman and to prove his Roman character by his use of the Roman speech. The Greek too learned to call himself a

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* In what degree the Parthian kings received any tincture of Greek culture hardly concerns the history of the Greek nation. Still less does the far-off Greek dynasty in Bactria, known to us only from its coins. These things form part of the general history of the *Hellenismus*, but they hardly bear on our subject.

Roman, but he continued the use of his own speech till a time came when the Greek tongue itself was known as Roman.*

The darkest days of Greece before those movements of nations began which gave rise to modern Europe was the time from the destruction of Corinth to the establishment of the imperial power at Rome. Besides the state of utter decay and exhaustion into which the land fell, Greece and the neighbouring lands were, first the scene of the war with Mithridatês, then the chosen battle-field of the Roman civil wars. The old Athenian stock seems to have pretty well perished beneath the hand of Sulla; yet Athens remained a free city, and she presently began to live a new life, a life of many centuries, in her character of the chief university of the Roman Empire. Nor were moments lacking when she could still show her old warlike prowess, as when Dexippos, general and historian, beat back the first inroad of the Goth at the head of the troops of the free city. And Greece in general under the imperial dominion seems to have begun a new æra of comparative prosperity. The next great landmark in the history of Hellas in the narrower sense is the invasion of Alaric in A.D. 395, the point with which the history of Hopf begins. But we must here stop to draw the needful distinction, and at the same time to point out the points of close connexion, between the Greek nation, in the only sense in which there can now be said to be a Greek nation, and the Eastern Roman Empire. Those who transferred the seat of Roman dominion to Constantinople, those who divided the Roman Empire into East and West, had not the slightest purpose of founding a Greek state, nor did they in fact in any sense found one. But they took steps which could not fail to lead in the end to the growth of a Greek state. In none of the transfers of the Roman capital, down to that greatest transfer which planted a New Rome by the Bosporos—in none of the divisions of the Roman Empire, down to that which finally severed the Empire of Charles and the Empire of Eirênê—did any one east of the Hadriatic conceive that a Greek state was being called into being. In the early stages of the process the idea would not have occurred to any one west of the Hadriatic. When Constantine decreed that the Megarian Byzantium should become the chief seat of his empire, he deemed that he was, as from one side he truly was, founding a New Rome. He never dreamed that he was creating a Greek city, which should, as the abiding home of Greek literature and culture, more than supplant Pergamos and Antioch and Alexandria. No Greek or Latin writer would have distinguished the dominions of Valens from those of Valentinian as a Greek power. But a Roman power seated at Byzantium, and confined to the lands east of the Hadriatic, was on the high road to become a Greek power; or, rather, it was on the high road to remain a Roman power, a Roman body, a Roman fabric of dominion, but to become a body whose whole intellectual life was Greek. The conquests of Justinian, by winning back to the Empire so large a part of the Western lands, along with the Old Rome itself, no doubt checked the natural process. Under Emperors who were from the beginning content to reign only east of the Hadriatic, the Roman Empire at Constantinople would doubtless have become Greek much sooner than it did. And as it was, those parts of Justinian's conquests which were longest kept were just those parts of the West which still were largely Greek, Sicily and southern Italy. As the Eastern Empire stood before the conquests of Justinian, it was a power ruling over men of all manner of tongues and nationalities, among which those whose natural speech was Latin must have been among the fewest. Old Greece was only one part, and not a very considerable part. Still the Empire did not extend in any direction very far beyond the bounds of Greek colonization and Macedonian conquest.

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* *Romaic* used to be a familiar name for modern Greek, but it is now nearly forgotten. A vast mass of scattered information about the modern Greek language will be found in the lately published Letters of Viscount Strangford.

It answered roughly to the lands which the successors of Alexander, including the native princes who affected Hellenic culture, found that they could keep. Such an extent carried it far beyond the bounds of the artificial Greek nation, and any feelings of nationality, apart from the traditions of Roman power, were wholly foreign to it. But the dominant civilization was Greek, the dominant speech was Greek, wherever Roman tradition did not prescribe the use of Latin.

The establishment of the seat of empire at Constantinople had another effect, whose importance, so immeasurably great in other ways, was specially great on the history of the Eastern Empire and the Greek nation. New Rome, from the moment when it became New Rome, was pre-eminently a Christian city. The new capital was Christian from its birth. There was no such struggle to be waged with the old paganism as there was in the Old Rome, as there was also in old Greece. In Greece and Rome alike, it was Alaric and his Arian Goths who gave the last blow to paganism. In the Eastern lands, it must be remembered, the Goths appear in another character from that which they bear in the West. In the East they founded nothing; they destroyed much. The inroad of Alaric into Greece was an errand of destruction, which put an end to that renewed prosperity of the land which had grown up again under the Roman peace. But it was specially towards paganism, its rites and its temples, that his errand took its destructive shape. We see his work at Eleusis. Here the Roman philosopher and the Christian barbarian stand before us as founder and as destroyer. The temple which rose again at the bidding of Marcus fell before the coming of Alaric. Athens was spared by the appearance, as zealous pagans deemed, of the patron goddess herself. And she was spared to remain for more than a century the last resting-place of cultivated and philosophic paganism in the now Christian land of Hellas. Justinian, who swept away the municipal independence of the cities in Greece and elsewhere, may well, as we have hinted, have been really the man who destroyed the Athenian commonwealth. Certain it is that he destroyed the Athenian school of pagan philosophy, and left Athens a Christian city, with her temples changed into the churches of appropriate saints. But as a popular faith, the worship of the old gods lived on, three hundred years after Justinian's day, on the wild heights of Tainaros. There lived the only men in the world who, as still worshipping Hellenic gods, still bore the name of Hellênes.* Otherwise, while Greek was fast becoming the dominant speech of the Empire, the name of Hellas became a geographical expression, the name of a single theme of the Empire, while the name of Hellênes meant only the professors of the fallen faith, whose temples supplied materials for building the temples of the new.† When the people of the theme of Hellas, perhaps of a region a little wider than the theme of Hellas, needed a geographical name, the new name of *Helladians* (Ἑλλαδικοί) was coined to express them.

Greece thus became a mere province, and not one of the most important provinces, of the great Byzantine Empire. It is rarely indeed that we find old Hellas playing an important part in the revolutions of the Empire, and as rarely that we find it honoured with an imperial visit. It was rather Greek orthodoxy than Greek nationality which was kindled when the Kyklades sent forth, in the eighth century, an unsuccessful competitor for the crown of the Isaurian Leo; but, while the Roman monarchy was continually ruled by Slaves and Armenians, the sceptre of the Cæsars passed but once, in the person of Eirênê, into pure Hellenic hands. Once only do we remember that Hellenic ground was trodden by the foot of an Emperor, till in the last age of all Peloponnêsos had become the greatest province of the Empire. Basil the Bulgarian-slayer, the stern and merciless conqueror, whose mind was utterly untouched by any feeling for Hellenic art or literature, chose the Akropolis of Athens as the scene of his thanksgiving for the deliverance of the Empire which he had saved. From the days of Iphikratês and Timotheos to those of Odysseus and Gouras, Athens never beheld another triumph celebrated by men who at least spoke her tongue, however little they may have recked of her ancient glories.

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* The passage where Constantine Porphyrogennêtos (De Ad. Imp. c. 50) describes the Mainotes is most remarkable, as illustrating the nomenclature of the time:—Οἱ τοῦ κάστρου Μαΐνης οἰκήτορες οὐκ εἰσὶν ἀπὸ τῆς γενεᾶς τῶν προρρηθέντων Σκλάβων, ἀλλ' ἐκ τῶν παλαιοτέρων Ῥωμαίων, οἳ καὶ μέχρι τοῦ νῦν παρὰ τῶν ἐντοπίων Ἕλληνες προσαγορεύονται, διὰ τὸ ἐν τοῖς προπαλαιοῖς χρόνοις εἰδωλολάτρας εἶναι καὶ προσκυνητὰς τῶν εἰδώλων κατὰ τοὺς παλαιοὺς Ἕλληνας· οἵτινες ἐπὶ τῆς βασιλείας τοῦ ἀοιδίμου Βασιλείου βαπτισθέντες Χριστιανοὶ γεγόνασιν. It must be remembered that no Christian would have called himself Ἕλλην. Somewhat earlier (cap. 49) he had used an earlier and rarer name, more distinctly national in its use than either Ῥωμαῖος or Ἕλλην. He tells how the Peloponnêsian Slaves τὰς τῶν γειτόνων οἰκίας τῶν Γραικῶν ἐξεπόρθουν.

† This comes out strongly in the inscription on a church near the town of Corfu, where the founder Jovianus,—hardly the emperor of that name—boasts that he built it, Ἑλλήνων τεμένη καὶ βωμοὺς ἐξαλαπάξας.

By far the most important question which the history of the old Hellas presents during the long period of Byzantine rule relates to the foreign elements which, in the course of those ages, mingled with the true Hellenic population. And this brings home to us in a more definite shape the question, Who are the present inhabitants of Greece? Let us remark in starting that, important and interesting as the question is as a matter of history, it is altogether devoid of practical importance. If there were any who fifty years ago took up the cause of Greece out of a mere fit of classical enthusiasm, who felt a zeal for men whom they believed to be descendants of old Athenians and Spartans which they would not have felt for men of some other race struggling for their faith and their freedom, with them we need not now argue. By such it would doubtless be felt both as a disappointment and as a kind of insult to be told that the Greeks who called forth their zeal were no Greeks at all, that the old Hellenic race had utterly perished, that those who, after bearing the name of Romans for ages, had at last exchanged it for that of Hellênes, were simply Slaves, Avars, Albanians, barbarian colonists of any kind, who had adopted the Greek tongue without any real Greek descent. To those who had taken up the Greek cause on more reasonable grounds, to those who would have been ready to give sympathy and aid to any struggling land and people, and to whom the belief that it was Hellas and the Hellênes for whom they were striving simply added a little touch of sentimental charm—to these such an announcement might bring a sentimental disappointment, but that would be all. Their support was given to the cause of freedom on grounds which no disappointment of this kind could seriously touch. Greek and Servian fought the same glorious fight. The cause of each was alike the cause of right and freedom. The wrongs of both were equal; the struggles of both were equal. There was no rational ground on which the Greek could claim the support of Europe on which the Servian could not claim it equally. The cause of the South-eastern nations, the cause of right against wrong, of freedom against oppression, of Christendom against Islam, is one too great and holy to be in any way affected by the subtleties of ethnology. If we were to accept every detail of the theory of Fallmerayer, if we looked on the modern Greeks simply as Slaves who had learned the Greek tongue, it would make no difference whatever in our essential feelings both towards the liberated and the enslaved parts of Greece. It would blunt the edge of certain poetical and romantic associations, and that would be all.

But, if we look critically into the matter, there is no great need to be alarmed even for those poetical and romantic associations. If indeed we go to look in modern Greece for pure and unmixed Hellênes, untainted by any drop of barbarian blood, that we assuredly shall not find. We shall not find unmixed Hellênes in Greece, any more than we shall find an unmixed population of any other race anywhere else. We may go a step further, and say that, while no race is absolutely pure but still some races are purer than others, the modern Greeks, taking them as a whole, are certainly not among the purest. The Greek nation, in short, as has been already pointed out,* has, like all other nations, been affected, and largely affected, by the law of adoption. The essence, the kernel, of the nation, all that gives it historic life and national being, is, and always has been, Greek. But in Greece, as in other lands, neighbours, colonists, conquerors, disciples, have been largely adopted, assimilated, in a word, hellenized. The Hellenic body, even in old Hellas, has received several foreign infusions. It has received infusions from each of the three great Aryan races of the peninsula, the Roumans, the Albanians, and the Slaves. The Rouman intermixture has not been very extensive, being chiefly confined to a few districts near Pindos; but the other two races have had a most important influence upon the history of the Byzantine Empire in general, and upon its Hellenic provinces in particular. The Albanian element in modern Greece is manifest to all men. As we have just hinted, neither the mountaineers of Souli nor the seamen of Hydra and Spetza could lay any claim to pure Hellenic blood. Indeed, in a large part of continental Greece the Albanian blood is predominant, and the Albanian tongue is not yet extinct. In fact, those Albanians who cleave to their old Orthodox faith, and who have not fallen away either to the Pope or to the Prophet, seem to be fully content to merge their nationality in that of the Hellênes. The position of the Slaves is more difficult. The Albanians are still visible in the land, and their appearance in Greece in the narrower sense is an historical event, dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But there is no visible Slavonic element in modern Greece; nothing remains to bear witness to the former existence of a Slavonic population except some traces in local nomenclature. Yet the Slavonic occupation of a large part of Greece, at all events in the eighth and ninth centuries, is an undoubted fact, and the Slavonic element in the population of Peloponnêsos may be traced down to the time of the Ottoman conquest. From that time a common bondage and common enemies united and assimilated the two races; the last remnant of the Peloponnesian Slaves were content to merge themselves into the more advanced and vigorous nationality of the Hellênes.*

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* See above, p. 29.

The Peloponnesian Slaves were brought under the Imperial power in the ninth century. And in the history of the Greek nation we must not forget how the valiant citizens of Thessalonica beat back repeated Slavonic inroads; how the valiant citizens of Patrai beat back the Slave and the Saracen together. In the next century, among the other signs of revival under the Macedonian dynasty, followed the recovery of Crete from the Saracen pirates, who had for a century and a half wrought havoc through all the coasts of the Ægæan. Greece partook of an unusual share of the general prosperity of this period. Her own immediate enemies by land and sea were overthrown; the advancing Turk might threaten recovered Antioch, and the rebellious Bulgarian might be a formidable neighbour to the imperial city; but centuries had to pass before Greece beheld a Moslem foe, and the empire of the Bulgarian Samuel barely grazed her northern frontier. In the tenth and eleventh centuries the Emperor of the Romans was undisputed lord of the Mediterranean; and his subjects of old Hellas could, as in earlier and later ages, follow in safety the commercial instincts of their race. Monembasia, Corinth, even inland Thebes, were flourishing seats of the manufacture and trade in silk. In the middle of the twelfth century a terrible blow was to come from an unexpected quarter. The Normans of Apulia and Sicily had conquered the Byzantine province in Italy; they had landed on the Albanian coast; they had vanquished the Emperor Alexios in arms, and had been foiled by him in diplomacy. In the next generation Greece itself was to feel the weight of their weapons, though the sharpness of the wound might be either lessened or sharpened by the thought that it was partly dealt by kindred hands. It was a Greek by descent, speech, and faith, George of Antioch, the famous admiral of King Roger, who ravaged Euboia and Akarnania, who sacked Thebes and Corinth, the great seats of the silk manufacture, and carried off their industrious inhabitants to labour in Sicily for the benefit of a Norman instead of a Byzantine master.

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* On this subject see more at large in the next Essay.

This terrible blow to the strictly Hellenic provinces was but the forerunner of the complete overthrow of the whole Empire, that Empire which may now be fairly called Greek in that newer sense of the word which has been already defined. In this sense the Emperors and great dignitaries of this age are wholly Greek, though geographically they are at least as often Asiatic as European. Save the remnant in Sicily and Southern Italy, the whole of the Greek nation was subject to their rule, and they were fast losing all their subjects who did not belong to the Greek nation. Before the end of the twelfth century, the final loss of Servia and Bulgaria made the Greek nation and the Eastern Roman Empire nearly coextensive. At this moment we are brought face to face with one of the great geographical facts of our history. The Empire now very nearly answered to the extent of genuine Hellenic colonization east of the Hadriatic. And in so doing, it answered also very nearly to the geographical distribution of the Greek nation in our own day. At all three periods we see, allowing for fluctuations in detail, essentially the same group of islands, peninsulas, and lines of coast, European and Asiatic, at no point stretching very far inwards, but everywhere keeping the sea as its true highway, which the hand of destiny seems to have traced out as the abiding abode of the Greek people. The exceptions then were much the same as the exceptions now. The Skipetar and the Rouman, under the names which they bore on Greek mouths as the

Albanian and the Vlach, were now beginning to show themselves as distinct races. Merged so long along with the Greeks under the common name of Romans, they begin to make themselves visible in a separate national form in the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. That is, just as the Greeks began again to appear again as a nation, their ancient neighbours began to appear again as nations also.

And now came the great blow by which the Greek nation for ever lost its political unity, the blow which began that bondage of the later Greek nation under foreign dominion which has as yet been only partially undone. Just when the Eastern Roman Empire had come definitively, however unconsciously, to put on a real national character as a Greek state, the Empire and the nation were alike broken in pieces. Just as one set of causes had given the Empire a new form of unity, another set of causes brought in a new form of division. The Empire, and with it the Greek nation, were already splitting asunder through the influence of Western feudal ideas when the sword of Western invaders split both in pieces for ever. The Greek nation has never been reunited since the crusading sack of Constantinople; we might rather say that it has never been reunited since Cyprus and Trebizond fell away from the body of the Empire. The separate Greek state of Cyprus was seized by a Count of Poitiers who chanced also to be King of England, and was by him set up as a Latin kingdom. The separate Greek state of Trebizond arose almost at the same moment as the Latin conquest of Constantinople, and it lived on to survive all other independent Greek states. Greece itself was in the like sort in the very act of falling away from the Empire when the Frank came and cut off Attica for ever and Peloponnêsos for a season. The Latin conquest carried the dissolving process yet further. The design of the conquerors was to set up a great Latin Empire at Constantinople, with subordinate kingdoms and duchies held of the Emperor by a feudal tenure. But this scheme utterly failed. All that the Latin conquerors really did was to destroy the old Byzantine Empire, and, as they put nothing really lasting in its place, thereby to pave the way for the coming of the Ottoman. But on the other hand there can be no doubt that division and bondage did much to bring out a real national life in the Greek people. They still clave to the Roman name, but the Roman name no longer implied dominion; wherever the ruling power was other than Greek, it implied the opposite to dominion. The independent Greek powers were still only powers alongside of others; the Empire which lived on at Nikaia, even when it had won back Constantinople, could not claim that "solitary majesty" which belonged to the old rulers of the Imperial city. Hitherto the Greeks or Romans of the Eastern Empire had had to deal, either with utter aliens like Saracens, Turks, Chazars, and the like, or else with enemies like Servians and Bulgarians, who were at the same time pupils. The distinction between the Roman and his neighbours of either of these classes was not strictly a national one; the abiding feeling of Rome, Old and New, was not that of one nation among others, but rather that of a single power apart from all surrounding nations. The national distinction strictly so called came out more strongly when the Greeks had to deal with other European nations, as neighbours, as enemies, or as masters. Constant dealings in war and peace with Europeans differing in speech and habits, with Christians differing in discipline and dogma, might lead in some cases to even greater bitterness of feeling; but it took away the old Roman isolation; it made the Greeks one nation among others. It made them feel all the more so from the very fact of their political disunion. The Greek nation, marked out by speech and religion, by the Greek tongue and the Orthodox faith, was all the more a nation, because its scattered members obeyed, here a national Emperor or Despot, here a Frank or Italian Duke, here the King of Sicily, here the Knights of Saint John, here the Commonwealth of Venice.

Down to 1204, if we translate Ῥωμαῖος by *Greek*, we not only disguise the usage of the time, but we fail to express the abiding Imperial tradition which lingers in the name. After 1204, such a translation would still disguise the usage of the time, but it could hardly be objected to on any other ground. There is still a Roman Emperor—commonly more than one—professing to keep on the old Roman traditions; But he is now only one among many princes who number Ῥωμαῖοι among their subjects; and the Ῥωμαῖοι have more truly become a nation because they have become the subjects of many sovereigns.

The complicated history of the endless states, Greek and Latin, which arose out of the break-up of the old Empire, will be found recorded with the utmost minuteness by the unwearied diligence of Hopf. It is perhaps more easily mastered in the pages of Hopf's expounder Hertzberg. Finlay brings clearly out the main history of the leading powers; but he had not the advantage of Hopf's completed researches, and some parts of the subject he has rather slurred over. The endless changes on the western side of Greece, the connexion of later Greek and Servian history in those regions, the growth of the Albanian nationality, are all more fully brought out by Hertzberg. Here it is perhaps enough to point out that the Latin power was most enduring in the strictly Hellenic lands. In Asia the Latins had never more than the most feeble footing; in Thrace their power was simply kept up for a while, like that of Greeks and Turks after them, by their possession of Constantinople itself. In Northern Greece the Greek despotat of Epeiros died out, to leave us in a bewildering confusion of shifting powers, Greek, Latin, Servian, Albanian, and Vlach—to say nothing of Catalan invaders and Neapolitan outposts. But the duchy of Athens, under more than one dynasty of Dukes, interrupted by the Catalan inroad, lived on to be annexed by Mahomet the Conqueror; the Knights of Rhodes beat back Mahomet himself, and yielded only to Suleiman the Lawgiver; the duchy of Naxos was not finally wiped out till the days of the great Sultans are passed, and till we are landed in the reign of Selim the Drunkard. And the rule of Venice over the western islands, and over several spots on the western coast, went on, we need not say, amid endless shiftings, while one part was gained and another lost, down to the overthrow of the Venetian commonwealth itself.

Meanwhile on the furthest verge of Greek speech and Roman dominion, on the southern and on the northern shores of the Euxine, the Greek Empire of Trebizond lived on, troubled by many foes, but at least exempt from Latin rivalry. It survived the Empire of Constantinople, and remained to be the last fragment of Greek independence which the advancing Ottoman found to devour. In Peloponnêsos, on the other hand, Greek independence went on nearly as long, and the Peloponnesian history of this time has a special claim on our notice, as the scene of the struggle between Greek and Latin. In the partition of the Empire in 1209, the great Greek peninsula became the Latin Principality of Achaia or *Môraia*, and, in the course of the first half of the thirteenth century, the princes of the houses of Champlitte and Villehardouin spread their power over the whole country, except the points of the coast which were held by Venice. Under them Peloponnêsos was feudalized; the rural districts formed the domains of Frank barons; but the cities still remained Greek, and, in conformity with the general system of western Europe, they kept considerable municipal independence. Presently the reaction began. The Greek began to win back his own. On the field of Pelagonia the Byzantine eagles gained one of their latest triumphs; the Prince of Achaia became a captive, and he regained his freedom only by ceding to the Empire a large portion of ancient Laconia, including his own foundation and capital of Misthra. As soon as their national chief had thus regained a footing in the peninsula, the national feelings of the Greeks began to gather round the Byzantine province, and the remnant of the Slaves willingly joined their Orthodox brethren in warfare against the schismatic Franks. For the long and shifting story of the principality we must again go to Hopf and Hertzberg; but the history of the Imperial province in Peloponnêsos is clearly brought out by Finlay. At the end of the fourteenth century the Byzantine possessions in Peloponnêsos took in nearly the whole peninsula, and were of greater extent than the small district which still surrounded Constantinople. The province was commonly governed by Despots of the imperial family, but early in the fifteenth century it was deemed of sufficient importance to be, for the first time for ages, trodden by the foot of Augustus himself. The Emperor Manuel Palaiologos visited the peninsula on an errand of reform; among other regulations, he settled Albanian colonists in many of the rural districts which had again become desolate during the long struggle with the Latins. And there is a strange kind of interest which attaches to the last days of the independent Greek rule in Peloponnêsos. We may pass by his brother despots; we may pass by some acts even of the last Constantine. But a charm gathers round even the errors of the last Greek prince who won laurels at the sword's point, and who brought together again all that the Latin had torn away within the peninsular citadel of Hellas. And sometimes one cannot keep back the wish that he had fallen in some mountain pass of Peloponnêsos, leading on the last hope of the Hellenic race, rather than die as he did in the ranks of foreign mercenaries, the martyr of fanatics who betrayed him. Mahomet the Conqueror found at Constantinople a prince without a people; in Peloponnêsos, when Constantine was gone, he found a people without a prince. Despots and archons crouched at his feet, but the heart of the Hellenic people was as sound in 1460 as it was in 1821. Greeks, Albanians, and Slaves alike dared to withstand the torrent beneath which their wretched rulers had sunk; and Mahomet and his lieutenants had abundant opportunities of displaying the cruelty and perfidy of their race. The defence of Salmeniko was a worthy forerunner of the defence of Mesolongi, and Palaiologos * Graitzas and his heroic garrison showed forth the last sparks of a flame which was again to kindle into life when Germanos once more raised the standard of the Cross on the mountains of Achaia.

After the Turkish conquest of Peloponnêsos and Trebizond, no part of the Greek nation kept any independent political being. Mahomet the Conqueror died in possession of the whole Greek mainland, with the exception of those points which were still held by Venice. At the end of the sixteenth century, the Greek race was divided in very unequal proportions between Ottoman and Venetian masters. The Republic had then only lately lost Cyprus, and besides several other points, insular and continental, it kept the great islands of Crete and Corfu. In the ceaseless wars between Venice and the Turk, the frontier of the Republic constantly fell back, save for one moment, when Venice, at the end of the seventeenth century, expelled the Ottoman from the whole of Peloponnêsos. The short Venetian occupation of the peninsula did much towards promoting the advancement of the Greek people. It is the bright spot in the history of Venetian rule in the East, and forms a marked contrast to the general character of the dominion of the Republic in Crete. The conquest of Peloponnêsos was effected in a moment of recovered dignity, by the agency of the last great man that Venice produced, the last of her princes who has won for his name a place in the pages of history. The spirit of Morosini was impressed on his conquest; the Peloponnesian Greeks now gained thirty years of better government than they had probably ever enjoyed since the days of the Macedonian Emperors. But the deliverance was but for a generation. The last of Venetian triumphs was owing to the untimely greatness of one man; and when Morosini was no more,

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* He was not of the imperial family, and must not be confounded, as he sometimes has been, with the wretched Despot Thomas.

when the Western Cæsar proved faithless, the crescent was again planted upon the Larissa of Argos and the height of Akrokorinthos. Still all memory did not pass away of the days when the winged Lion of St. Mark had grasped between his strong claws "one fourth and one eighth of the Empire of Romania." When all the other powers, Greek and Frank, had been swallowed up by the advancing tide of barbarian conquest, she who so long had been "Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite" still remained mistress of no small or insignificant part of the Hellenic race.

By the means then of the Venetian power a remnant of the Greek people was always kept for Europe and for Christendom, under a rule which, if foreign, was civilized. The once Venetian island of Corfu is the one Greek land, insular or continental, which can boast that it has never seen the barbarian in any character but that of a momentary invader. Everywhere else within the Greek lands the Turk has ruled for a longer or a shorter time. Here and there, among the crags of Tainaros or of Souli, some untamed tribe might preserve a wild and precarious independence; but, wherever there was anything which diplomatists would recognize as a "government," the representatives alike of old Greece and of old Rome found their "sovereign" in a barbarian and infidel invader—the Padishah who wielded the sword of Othman and of Bajazet—the Caliph who represented upon earth the person of the Prophet of Arabia.

Thus, from the fifteenth century onwards, no part of the Greek nation possessed a national government; by far the greater portion sank below the condition of ordinary subjects, even of a foreign power; they became the rayahs of the Turk. Now this condition is not to be confounded with the ordinary relation of subjects even towards a despotic sovereign. The nation became in its own land subject to another nation. Two nations dwelled in the same country; one born to rule, the other to serve; one to bear arms, the other to remain defenceless; one to receive, the other to pay, custom and tribute. The first principles of a Mahometan government require that the tributary infidel, the *rayah*, should always remain in a condition of political and civil degradation. The payment of his *kharatch* redeems indeed his life and property; it procures him the free exercise of his religion, and puts him under the nominal protection of the law. But he still remains a member of a subject caste; apostasy alone can put him on a level with his Moslem neighbour; while he cleaves to his own faith, he is in no sense the fellow-citizen or fellow-subject of the professors of the dominant creed. The ruler of his land is not the head of his own people, but the head of strangers and invaders; his government can never inspire loyalty; it can be obeyed only through fear or sordid self-interest. Such has been the condition of the Christian subjects of the Turk for ages; and such it must remain until either the yoke is broken or till the Turk ceases to be a Turk.

And yet the very depth of bondage into which the Greeks and the other subjects of the Turk now fell was, like the lighter yoke of the Latins, a means of preserving national life. There was no chance either of the conquerors assimilating the conquered or of the conquered assimilating the conquerors when the only possible form of assimilation was apostasy on the part of the conquered. The nations under Turkish bondage have, on the whole, remained faithful, in a measure which is indeed wonderful when we remember that the life of a Christian people under Moslem rule is one long confessorship. But the Greeks have been the most faithful of all. The one island of Crete, where a large proportion of the inhabitants are Greek by descent and Mahometan by religion, is the only land where any considerable part of the Greek nation preferred apostasy to bondage. Their Orthodox faith has been the badge of their nationality. This zeal has indeed cut two ways: it has preserved the nation, but it went far to destroy the Empire. Constantine Palaiologos died in communion with the Old Rome, the willing martyr of subjects who shrank from him as a heretic. The Orthodox duke Notaras had said that he would gladly see the Turkish turban within the walls of Saint Sophia rather than the papal tiara. He had his will and he lost his head; but the Orthodox monk Gennadios survived to receive the crosier of the patriarchate from the hands of the infidel victor. For, if Mahomet the Conqueror was a bloody and faithless tyrant, he was also a profound statesman, who knew that tyranny, when carried beyond a certain point, defeats its own end. Both he and several of his successors fully understood that the prosperity and even the existence of the Moslem domination rested on the maintenance of a subject race, who must neither be exterminated nor oppressed beyond endurance. Mahomet knew too that in his quarter of the world religion was the badge of nationality. He took advantage of the sectarian madness of men like Notaras, and declared himself the protector of the Orthodox Church. Thus the Greek Church, while remaining the centre of the national life, was turned into a convenient instrument of Turkish domination. But by this process not only was the Greek nation—still in official Ottoman phrase the *Roman* nation—distinctly organized as a nation; it became, even in its bondage, in some sort a ruling nation. The nation was organized on an ecclesiastical pattern. The Patriarch and the Holy Synod, looked on as its heads, were clothed, under the rule of the infidel, with greater authority than would have been allowed them by any Christian government; but they held it by the precarious tenure of servile submission to their masters on the part of themselves and of their flocks. High in wealth, honour, and power, the Greek prelates became too often the slaves of the infidel, the tyrants of the Christian. The Patriarch, surrounded by a guard of Janissaries, obtained his office by corruption, and was deposed by the like means: happy indeed he was if no revolt among a people for whom he was deemed responsible hurried him without trial to the block or to the gallows. Still, all this helped to keep up national life; it enabled the Greeks to remain a nation, and that at once a dominant and a subject nation. The subtle Greek, once subdued to Ottoman designs, was converted into a means for pressing the yoke on other races. The Orthodox Church took in not only the Greeks, but the great mass of the other subject nations; but it was the Greeks alone who had any share in its rule. The Slavonic lands were thus placed under a twofold subjection, to the Turk and to the Greek. The complete humiliation of Servia in the last century was marked by the abolition of its national Church; the Porte united the Servian patriarchate with that of Constantinople, and began the practice of placing Greek ecclesiastics in all the high ecclesiastical places of Servia. So in our own day the first step towards the emancipation of Bulgaria was the separation of the Bulgarian Church from the Byzantine patriarchate. In all these ways, for good and for evil, the Greek Church has preserved the Greek nation; but it is to the virtuous and patriotic, however illiterate, rural clergy, rather than to the learned and dignified occupants of the patriarchal throne, that the merit of the good work must be ascribed. The genuine and healthy life of the nation was preserved mainly among those classes whom their superiors, alike Christian and infidel, alike spiritual and temporal, too often united to oppress.

The chief business of Finlay's history lies with Greeks and not with Turks; but he has given, in the first chapter of his "Othoman and Venetian Domination," the best general sketch of Turkish rule to be found in the English language. He clearly brings out two points which were lightly touched on in an earlier essay.* He shows the thoroughly artificial nature of the Ottoman people, and how completely the institution of the tribute-children was the very keystone of the Ottoman dominion. They won the empire for the Turk, and they kept it for him. The Greeks were an artificial nation, inasmuch as various non-Hellenic nations had adopted the language and culture of Greece. But the Ottomans were an artificial nation in a far truer sense; their whole strength was drawn from the constant accession of individual proselytes from other creeds and races. During the most brilliant days of Ottoman greatness the native Turks were well-nigh brought down to the condition of a subject caste. Manumitted bondmen from the East, voluntary renegades from the West, Greek and Slavonic tribute-children, directed the councils and commanded the armies of the Sultans. A Grand-Vizier or a Capitan Pasha born in the faith of Islam was indeed noted as a portent. Never did the craft and subtlety of devil or man devise such a tremendous engine of tyranny. The chains of the conquered nations were riveted by their own hands. Their best blood was drawn away to provide against any degeneracy in the blood of their conquerors. Their strongest and fairest children, the most vigorous frames and the most precocious intellects, those whom nature had marked out as the chiefs and liberators of their own race, were carried off, to become the special instruments of their degradation. This fearful institution, combined with the possession of Constantinople, and with the marvellous hereditary greatness of the ruling family, preserved the House of Othman from the common fate of Oriental dynasties.

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* See above, p. 272.

Yet the condition of the rayahs of the Turk varied much in different ages and in various parts of his vast dominion. At the breaking out of the Revolution, it ranged from the state of the Hydriot tributary enjoying full local independence, to the state of the Cretan whose life, property, and honour was not safe for a moment. Between these two extremes, the inhabitants of Northern Greece were generally better off than those of Crete, worse off than those of Peloponnêsos. There were also specially favoured districts; Mount Athos was left to its saintly inhabitants: Magnêsia was hardly more troubled with the presence of Turks than Hydra itself. Athens itself was under a lighter bondage than most cities. In Cyprus the imperial taxes were unusually heavy; but the relations between Turks and Christians in the island were unusually friendly.

To rule whether the condition of the rayahs at the time of the Revolution was better or worse than at the first conquest is less easy. It involves several considerations. First of all, we must observe that the Sultan himself, as opposed to inferior governors, may always be considered as a comparative friend of the rayah. Hence it follows that the greater the power of the Sultan, the better for the rayah. Now, the early Emirs and Sultans were mostly great men and great rulers; their government was vigorous, and, if stern—often cruel—it was far from being always unjust. But the line of the great Sultans ended with Suleiman—Suleiman, known in the West as the Magnificent, but among his own people by the worthier title of the Lawgiver. After him the external splendour of the empire was still preserved, but its internal administration became corrupted. The wretched tyrants and voluptuaries who now held the sceptre were utterly incapable of maintaining the same measure of good government as their predecessors. They lost their influence over remote provinces and powerful lieutenants, and the mass of daily local oppression always increases when the protecting hand of the central power is withdrawn. Add to this that, even in the best times, the principles of the Mahometan law ordain a thoroughly vicious administration of justice; add also that even the great Sultans, much less then their successors, were not free from a vice which Christian Byzantium learned only in its last decline—that systen of fraudulent dealing with the coinage, which really works quite as much misery as more open acts of tyranny. This particular wrong of course affected all the subjects of the empire, but it must have fallen most heavily upon the Greeks, as interfering with the commercial instincts of their race. In short, the whole empire declined, but the evils of its decline were felt most severely by its Christian inhabitants. The early part of the seventeenth century seems to mark the lowest point of their wretchedness and degradation.

We have said that a permanent improvement in the principles of Ottoman rule was impossible in the nature of things. The temporary reforms wrought by one or two enlightened and tolerant Grand-Viziers, by one especially of the famous house of Kiuprili, could bring about no lasting benefit; yet, towards the end of the seventeenth century, several circumstances worked together to hold out brighter prospects to the Eastern Christians. The amount of irregular local oppression did not diminish; in truth it increased with the increasing weakness of the central government; but the greatest of all signs of hope now appeared. The tribute of children gradually ceased. The Mussulman population had now greatly increased, less perhaps by the natural multiplication of the native Turks than by the apostasy of large bodies of Christians. The Janissaries now formed a hereditary caste, and they preferred to have vacancies filled up from among their own children rather than from among the children of their infidel kinsmen. From all these causes, the tribute gradually fell into disuse. It became rare during the latter half of the seventeenth century, and only one levy was made after the beginning of the eighteenth. The Christians were thus at last released from this horrible impost. Their domestic feelings were no longer thus cruelly outraged; and, more than this, the stoutest hearts and strongest arms of their race were no longer pressed into the service of their tyrants, but were left free to become the leaders of their own people. The Revolution could never have taken place under a system which would have placed its leaders on the Turkish side. Under Suleiman the Lawgiver, Maurokordatos would have been a Grand-Vizier, and Miaoulês a Capitan Pasha.

The extension of Greek commerce, which has been going on down to the present moment, dates also from the seventeenth century. Intelligent Greeks were thus led to settle in foreign lands; they learned their arts and civilization, and were led to look with a patriotic eye upon the wrongs of their own country. Still more beneficial to the bulk of the people, though less brilliant to the imagination, was the general improvement which began to take place in the condition of the agricultural population. As the Turkish feudal system declined, serfdom gradually died out. The Greek peasant became a free tenant, often a free owner of land. He was still the political slave of the Sultan; he still had small chance of redress against irregular local oppression; but he was no longer the personal bond-slave of an individual master. In all these ways, though the central power grew weaker, and therewith the amount of irregular local oppression increased, yet the germs of lasting improvements in the condition of the subject nations began to take root in various shapes.

Most of these causes, above all the cessation of the tribute of children, affected all the subject nations alike. There were some other causes which affected the Greeks only. There were several causes which directly affected particular classes of Greeks only, which did more for their political advancement than for their moral improvement, but which may still have done something to bestow a kind of dignity on the nation in general. The Greek inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire formed two widely different classes. The distinction, as we have seen, existed in the fifteenth century, and it exists to the present day. The valiant peasantry of old Hellas was, alike in the fifteenth and the nineteenth century, of another mould from the nobles and prelates of the imperial city. Little indeed in either century was done for the cause of Greek independence by those who seemed marked out as the natural leaders of the Greek nation. Those in the later period were those great Fanariot families of Constantinople who grew into a kind of hereditary aristocracy, and decked themselves with high sounds, often with imperial names. The class was not without its merits. Many of its members—the house of Maurokordatos above all—deserved well of their countrymen on the score of liberal help towards education and towards intellectual movements generally;

but politically both they and the great dignitaries of the Orthodox Church were often on the opposite side to that of their countrymen. Throughout the land the high prelacy and nobility were too often the willing slaves of the oppressor, while the flame of patriotism still smouldered on in the breasts of the brave and honest peasant, and of the simple priest who shared alike the virtues and the failings of his flock. The importance of the Greek aristocracy of the Fanar took swift strides in the course of the seventeenth century. Just as the Turks were fast losing their old energy and their old position —no doubt because they were losing it—they were brought into closer contact with the nations of Christian Europe. By the end of the seventeeth century the Turks had ceased to dictate, and were driven to negotiate, their treaties. Hence arose the necessity of a diplomatic class, which it was utterly impossible to supply from among the arrogant and bigoted Moslems, ignorant of foreign languages, and despising the manners of foreign nations. Moreover, as the position and dignity of the Porte declined, the supply of Christian renegades in its service naturally declined also. The Sultans were driven to look to their Christian subjects for men who could cope on equal terms with the diplomatic agents of other powers. The subtle intellect and not overscrupulous honesty of the Fanariot Greeks supplied exactly the men for their purpose. The Prince of the True Believers was therefore represented in every foreign negotiation by a dog of an infidel, and was driven to choose a brother of the same despised race to fill, as chief interpreter, a position of high dignity at home.

About the same time, posts of still higher dignity became open to the same class of rayahs. The Danubian provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, lands which had never formed part of the Eastern Roman Empire, but which had been settled by Rouman immigrants from lands which had formed part of it, became tributary to the Turk in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. By the terms of their submission, they were to keep their own national governments, and to choose their own princes, subject at most to the Sultan's confirmation. Christianity was to remain the religion of the country; indeed the settlement of Mahometans within its limits was strongly forbidden. But the Sultans gradually took to influencing the elections of the princes, and finally to appointing and deposing them at pleasure. To have sent a Turkish Pasha might have been too gross a breach of the original engagement; so the office was bestowed on these same Fanariot Greeks. The person appointed, rich doubtless and influential at home, but still a member of a subject and degraded race, went down to his principality with the state of a Byzantine Emperor, and carried with him a hungry swarm of his countrymen, whom he decorated with titles of nobility and enriched with the highest offices in the province. Thus the strange sight arose of a race who were slaves in their own lands converted into the rulers and oligarchs of a foreign land.

The opening of offices of this kind to the Greeks, and to the Greeks alone, among the subject races, doubtless conferred distinction on the whole people, and served to cherish the feeling of nationality. It was a sign of the approach of better times. If Greeks were capable of representing the Porte in its foreign relations, if they were worthy to rule over foreign principalities, it was no unnatural inference that they were worthy and capable of ruling over their own land, and of dispensing altogether with the presence of their alien masters. But the system in itself was thoroughly bad on all sides. These Greek princes, being at once slaves and tyrants, were placed in the most unfavourable of all positions. Rich and influential as they seemed, they were still, no less than the most wretched Cretan peasant, shut out from the highest earthly ambition, that of a direct share in the government of their own land. By cringing to a foreign master, by intriguing and bribing his ministers and favourites, they could obtain the right of representing him among foreigners, or of avenging their slavery upon slaves of their own. But the Greek ambassador of the Turk could not go forth with the honest wish of serving his own country; he appeared in other lands as the representative of one whom in his heart he cursed as an alien usurper. The Greek prince of Wallachia had not obtained by honourable service an honourable place among his own people; he was sent to bear rule over strangers, by a master who was a stranger to both alike. The effect was that, as a rule, intrigue and bribery ruled everything. There were indeed exceptions: the Fanariot hospodars were not all black. Some of them did some good to the oppressed peasantry; many more followed the true Greek instinct in promoting education; but, on the whole, a worse system of government could not be devised. Still one remark may be made with regard to all the Greek servants of the Turk at this time. As long as there was no hope of deliverance, there was no treason in making the best of the state of things in which they found themselves. By winning the favour of the Turk, they might, and sometimes did, do something for their oppressed brethren. Many an innocent life has been saved by the intercession of Christians in favour with the Sultan or with his ministers. The men of those days had not sunk to that lowest depth of moral baseness which we have seen in our own day. They at least did not take the money of the barbarian to stand up in the face of Europe and argue against the deliverance of their own people.

One of the worst features of the Turkish conquest was that the Turks, unlike the old Persians, were led so largely to occupy the towns. The result was to turn what should have been the centres of civilization into centres of barbarism. If Larissa, Thessalonica, Constantinople itself, had remained Greek republics paying tribute to the Sultan, they might have kept up the old Greek life in its civilized form. This was actually done for some while by the Greek city of Jôannina, that illustrious outpost of Hellas amid surrounding darkness. But generally each great town became an Ottoman garrison; the rayahs either dwelled in the towns as a subject caste or were left in occupation of the rural districts. Still they were allowed to keep on rude forms of municipality and self-government, which ought to have been taken as the groundwork of the future constitution of liberated Greece. Nothing could save them from tribute to their foreign master, but its immediate assessment was in the hands of the elders of their own people. But here again the chiefs or *proestôtes* of these little republics were exposed to the same temptation as the patriarchs and princes of the Fanar. They had at once to satisfy the Turks and to enrich themselves; so that often the poor rayah was no less oppressed by his own brethren than by his foreign master.

In the Ægæan Islands, above all in Psara and in the Albanian islands of Hydra and Spetza, local independence was carried still further. They annually contributed their contingent of money to the coffers, and of men to the fleets, of the Grand Signor; but they were heedless of his existence during the rest of the year. No Turk dwelt among them; they formed perfect republics, aristocratic or democratic at pleasure, as freely as the old islanders two thousand years before.

Other classes of rayahs indeed, even on land, were enabled to preserve a wilder and more precarious independence. When a land is held down by strangers—when their rule is one merely of terror or of sordid interest—when what calls itself law and government is looked upon as an enemy and not a friend—the distinction between the patriot and the robber becomes very feeble indeed. Robbers of this class, the "klefts" of Pindos and Olympos, the "heyducs" of Servia, did but carry on, in a less regular shape, the work of Scanderbeg and Constantine. They were the defenders of freedom, who would not bow to the stranger, but who lived at his cost, at least not more robbers than he. If their exactions sometimes extended to Christians as well as infidels, their general position made up for occasional outrages; popular feeling was always on their side, and the successful kleft figured as the hero of the national poetry. The Turkish power, unable to uproot them, sometimes strove to win them to its own ends. Bodies of Christians were, in these districts, allowed to bear arms, and were regarded as a sort of armed police. But if the kleft sometimes turned *armatole*,* the armatole also turned kleft, pretty much at discretion. In either case he was an armed Christian, an armed Greek, a standing witness that Greek nationality was not utterly extinct.

All these various influences helped to keep up the spirit of the nation. One class of men showed that Greeks could resist the dominion of the Sultan; another class showed that the Sultan could not do without the services of the Greeks; both showed that the Greeks could very well do without the Sultan altogether, whenever the sword of the kleft and the wiles of the Fanariot should be united against him. They still spoke the tongue which had lived on through republican freedom and imperial slavery; the rude *papas* still in his humble chapel celebrated the rites in which Emperors had joined in Saint Sophia; Greek warriors still fought in the cause of freedom; Greek commonwealths still exhibited freedom in a more settled form; nay, Greek princes ruled over subject nations, and Greek diplomatists took their place among the representatives of European powers. The nation was not dead; a long train of circumstances combined to strengthen its feeble life, and to make it ready for the struggle when the day of its full awakening drew nigh.

During the latter part of the last century and the early years of the present, a long train of events prepared the way for the final and glorious outbreak of 1821. Circumstances of various kinds threw nearly the whole commerce of the Levant into Greek hands; wealthy Greek merchants settled all over Europe, and both they and the Fanariot nobles of the capital gave most liberally towards spreading literature and enlightenment among their countrymen. Hellenic schools arose in various places; Jôannina, true to its old fame, and the unfortunate Kydonia on the coast of Æolia were among the chief. The spirit of the nation rose; intercourse with the West became more common; the study of the old Greek poetry and history began to revive. As the stores of old Hellenic literature were opened, as a new Hellenic literature rose into being, the Greek learned what men born on his own soil and speaking his own tongue had done in defence of Grecian freedom against barbarian despots. As he turned the pages of Herodotus and Æschylus, as he listened to the song of his own Rhêgas, the thought could not but arise, May not we do and dare as much against a foe compared with whom the kings and satraps of old were civilized and merciful? The intellectual movement strengthened the yearnings of the national spirit for emancipation from the yoke, and showed that the day was coming when those yearnings should no longer be in vain.

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* Ἀρματωλοί = *armed* men, one of the Latin words in Byzantine Greek still living on.

Meanwhile every example of the foreign or domestic weakness of the Turk—above all, every triumph of Christians against him—was of course felt as an additional call to liberty. Not less effective in the same direction was every fresh instance of the cruelty and perfidy of the barbarians. While the mountaineers of Maina maintained their practical independence, while those of Czernagora laughed to scorn even the nominal supremacy of the infidel, there was hope for redress from their own good swords. While the Turk, once the terror of Europe, was yielding province after province to a power which at least called itself their friend, while sympathy for their Eastern brethren was at last beginning to touch the hearts of Western Christians, there was hope that the civilized world might yet arm to help the cause of justice and freedom. And the strange shiftings which went on among the former Venetian islands at least showed that the Greek race might once more be reckoned among the nations. Hard by their own shores, a part of their own people received at least a nominal enfranchisement, successively under Russian, French, and at last English protection. It may not be easy to reconcile the existence of an independent republic with the presence of a foreign executive ruler; yet the United States of the Ionian Islands did at least show before Greek eyes a Greek national flag respected by foreign powers; their strange constitution did at least clothe a part of the Greek race with the rights of men and with some imperfect instalments of the rights of citizens. In a more distant corner of the Turk's dominion they saw another race assert its rights and again take a place among free states. Czerny George and his Servians could withstand the whole weight of the Ottoman power; was the Greek of Peloponnêsos or of Thessaly less worthy of freedom than his insular brother, less capable of winning it than a half barbarous Slavonic tribe? Then the strange career of Ali Pasha, while dealing out fresh evils on their race, on the whole tended to raise their hopes. Ali was a rebel against the Turk, a tyrant towards the Greek, a cruel oppressor of Christian and Moslem alike. Yet his career on the whole advanced the Greek cause. The lion of Jôannina was indeed one of the most bloodthirsty and faithless of tyrants, but he was at least not a Mahometan fanatic. He employed Moslems to wreak his vengeance on Christians, and Christians to wreak his vengeance on Moslems. If he had any definite scheme of policy beyond his own personal aggrandizement, it was to subject Greek and Turk alike to the rising power of Albania. His whole career showed how well the Sultan's power might be defied; and, as an enemy to the Porte, his last days were spent in alliance with its enemies. The devastator of Chimara, of Souli, and of Parga became the accomplice of the *Hetairia*, the confederate of insurgent Greece. In some of his wars Greeks had shared his triumphs; in others they won a purer fame in resisting his attacks. In either case he taught them their own strength. A hundred victories under his banner hardly gave them so true a lesson as the long resistance of Souli, the new Messênê—as the heroism and the end of its Aristomenês and its Theoklos, of Photos Tzabellas and Samuel "the Last Judgement." *

The growth again of the Russian power—a power sharing their faith, waging warfare against their enemies, professing to be their protector—was another strong incentive to shake off the yoke. Catharine bestowed on her second grandson the imperial name of Constantine, as one who was destined to raise again the throne of the Flavii and the Palaiologoi. A large portion of the Greek nation were willing to accept him as their Emperor. The only Greeks however who gained anything from Catharine's policy were those who individually obtained Russian protection, and those who, under her auspices, colonized afresh the old Milesian sites on the Euxine. Under the former character the mercantile islanders of the Ægæan flourished; but on the mainland Russian interference was simply mischievous. The Russians, when they landed in Peloponnêsos, expected a more general and numerous rising; the Greeks expected more extensive support from their ally. The result was that the unlucky Peloponnesians were forsaken, and were given over for years to the merciless Albanians, till their common Ottoman masters stepped in, and the savages were quelled by the combined strength of Greeks and Turks. Little indeed did the Greeks directly owe to Russia; but the course of the war accustomed them to measure their strength with the infidels; its closing scene added to the score of vengeance; even the tardy help which the Turk gave them against their immediate tyrants made them feel more strongly the weakness of a power which its own subjects could so long defy, and which needed their help to carry out its decrees. The nation was alive again. National patriotism began to take the place of mere sectarian fanaticism. Greeks began to acknowledge the claim of brotherhood among all the men of

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* Ἡ τελευταία κρίσις. Such was the strange name which the monastic hero of Souli gave himself.

their own race, and even to allow something of more distant kindred among Christians of other sects and countries. The Hellên, so long disguised under the names of Roman and of Christian, began to find out that Christianity did not, as interested Patriarchs had so often taught him, enforce submission to the infidel as a religious duty. He woke also, sometimes perhaps too keenly, to the thought that the inheritance of Hellenic blood and speech was something which might well raise a nobler pride than his worn-out connexion with the masters of the world.

We have now reached the time of the Greek Revolution, the way for which was paved by all these different causes of improvement in the condition of the Greek people. As always happens in such cases, the insurrection did not take place when habitual oppression was at its height. At such moments a nation cannot revolt; it is only when its wrongs have been a good deal lightened that it has strength for the effort. And as Greece did not revolt till her condition was largely bettered, so the parts of Greece which were the foremost in the struggle were just those parts where the yoke pressed most lightly, where local independence and local well-being were greater than elsewhere. It is well that tyrants are sometimes so slow in learning the lesson that, where an inch of freedom is given, an ell is sure to be taken. It was precisely because Hydra, Spetza, and Psara enjoyed so large an amount of local freedom that they dared to venture all in the cause of national independence.

In estimating the character of the Revolution, we must bear in mind the difficulties under which the Greeks laboured, and the wide differences between the circumstances of their revolt and those of the other events in European history with which it seems most natural to compare it. Take for instance the revolt of the Netherlands against Philip of Spain. There men had an earlier settled order of things to fall back upon; there were familiar institutions and authorities which only needed reviving or clothing with additional powers. In Greece there was nothing of the kind. The only bond of union was afforded by the secret society, the famous *Hetairia*, by which the Revolution was planned. The Greeks had no national centre, no traditional authority, to restore or to develope. Ottoman barbarism had trampled everything in pieces, except those rude municipalities which, valuable as they were in many respects, must have greatly tended to strengthen the spirit of local isolation. A political system had to be reared up from the ground while the nation was engaged in a struggle for life and death; and it had to be so planned as to approve itself to the most opposite classes and to reconcile the most opposite interests. It was hard to make either the kleft or the Fanariot go hand in hand with the hard-working peasant who knew nothing of the world beyond his own valley, or with the soldier or merchant who had seen every country in Europe. An army had to be raised from districts divided by local antipathies—an army which had to fight, not in any political quarrel for the peace of Europe or for the balance of power, but to avenge the wrongs of ages upon cruel personal oppressors. It is no great wonder then if it was found hard to fulfil every conflicting need—if the course of the revolution was stained by some political follies, by some military excesses, by many instances of local and personal jealousy. Crushed down and corrupted by so fearful a yoke, the real wonder is that the Greeks succeeded so well as they did, that they pulled together so well as they did, and formed so near an approach to a regular government. Nor is there anything wonderful in the greatest misfortune of regenerate Greece, namely that the Greek Revolution produced no one man clearly marked out to take the lead among his people. Greece had no Aratos, no William the Silent, no Washington, hardly even a Czerny George. Such a man must be at once statesman and soldier; and he is by no means the worse for possessing hereditary influence. It may be that the fact that the

Revolution began with a body like the *Hetairia* made it impossible that the nation should rally round one man, as Servia rallied round her one hero. But for any man to have united all the qualities necessary in a general leader of regenerate Greece would have been a moral miracle. Maurokordatos, a Byzantine civilian — Dêmêtrios Hypsêlantês, a civilized European soldier — Kolokotrônês, a captain of klefts—Mauromichalês, the prince of the local Peloponnesian aristocracy—Kountouriottês from Hydra, and Metaxas from Kephallênia—the qualities which made any one of them acceptable to any one class made him unacceptable to others. The real marvel is that they were anyhow able to liberate their country and to defend it for four years against the whole power of the Ottoman—that Maurokordatos secured as much obedience as he did for the central power — that Kolokotrônês and his followers did not do far greater harm to the common cause. Noblest of all were the true heroes, the men who smote the infidel by land or sea, but who took but little part in political dissensions. Such on land was Mark Botzarês, such on sea were Andrew Miaoulês, Constantine Kanarês, and not a few others of those brave and devoted men whose merchant-brigs became the terror of barbarian frigates. But among the leading characters of the Revolution, among the men who played a prominent political part, Alexander Maurokordatos was undoubtedly the one most entitled to honour, the one who best deserved to be the leader of his country. He was the representative of humanity and moderation, of regular civil government, as opposed to either military or aristocratic license. As a civilian playing the soldier he might easily be an object of ridicule both to regular and irregular warriors; but if he showed no special strategic talent, he showed some of the highest natural qualities of the soldier. There is hardly a nobler sight in history than that of the Fanariot oligarch who threw in his lot with his own people, who among his own people learned to rival the deeds of Armatoles and

Hydriots, and to stand alone and unmoved till he beheld the whole power of the barbarian broken before the mud walls of Mesolongi.

Again, no truthful friend of Greece will deny that her righteous cause was disfigured by many acts of cruelty and perfidy. That is to say, as their own historian Trikoupês forcibly puts it, the Greeks often showed themselves but too apt learners in the school of their Turkish masters. But there is this marked difference between the two cases. The cruelty and perfidy of the Turks was constant, it was deliberate, it was, then as now, the work of the highest personages in the empire, Sultan Mahmoud himself, the mirror of reforming despots, being the blackest criminal of all. That of the Greeks was the natural result of their position. They rose against the tyranny of ages, the greatest evil of which was that it had made its victims well-nigh as barbarous as its ministers. The war was necessarily fought with irregular troops, and we know what irregular troops have been in all ages. Tales of the most heroic valour alternate with ludicrous tales of panic cowardice; the most devoted attachment to their chiefs alternates with an utter contempt of discipline, and by occasional recklessness of the very cause in which they fight. Such troops will now and then indulge in deeds of needless slaughter, and will not always regard the capitulations signed by their commanders. The Greek saw in his enemy the personal foe of his race and his religion; his sight called up the thought of his enslaved country, his desecrated altars, his plundered home, perhaps his murdered kinsman, his sister, his daughter, or his son, carried off to the harem of a Pasha. It is one thing to fight in an orderly, respectable way, as a matter of professional duty; it is another when the smothered revenge of ages bursts forth upon the oppressor. Every act of cruelty on the part of the Turk was the insolence of wanton barbarity; in the Greek it was the terrible call of vengeance for the greatest wrongs that man can suffer,

Παίδων, παρθένων, γυναικῶν, ἀνήκουστον φθορεῖαν.

Yet, whenever capitulations were broken on the Greek side, it was always the work of undisciplined multitudes, which no controlling force could control. No act of treachery can be brought home to any of the great Greek leaders of any party; in this respect the hands of Kolokotrônês are as clean as those of Maurokordatos. Treachery too was seldom deliberate even with the wildest hordes of Maina or Albania; in the worst case, the massacre of the Turks who surrendered at Athens, the guilt rested far more with the modern Athenians than with either the civil or the military leaders.

To turn our eyes to the other side, the greatest horrors were the work either of the Sultan personally, or of the fanatical Turkish populace. The muftis and cadis often honourably opposed themselves to the popular frenzy. The head of the law at Constantinople was deposed by the Sultan, the head of the law at Smyrna was murdered by the populace, because, like righteous predecessors in earlier times, they would not give their sacred sanction to massacres of Christians wholly guiltless of the revolution. And despite the deeds of Kara Ali in unhappy Chios, there were even pashas and beys who seem just and merciful compared with their imperial master. Day by day did the father of Turkish reform drink his fill of innocent blood in the Imperial city. It was by Sultan Mahmoud's own act that the Patriarch of the Eastern Church, who at the Sultan's order had anathematized the insurgents, without crime, without trial, without indictment, was seized on the holiest day of the year, immediately after the celebration of the holiest rite of his creed, was hanged before his own palace, a lying accusation affixed to his body, and his corpse at last given up to the worst of indignities, to the mockery of the Jewish rabble. It was by Sultan Mahmoud's own act that the streets of Constantinople were deluged with the blood of victims slaughtered daily without offence or trial; it was by his act that the law of nations was violated, that the crew of a friendly ship were murdered for attempting merely to shelter men striving to escape from a land where their race and creed seemed doomed to extermination. That vessel bore the flag of Sardinia; and Sardinia, now grown into Italy, may carry on the same good work by helping to free some few more square miles of Christian soil from the common enemy of Christendom.

The character of the Greek Revolution would be wholly mistaken if it is thought that the insurrection was confined to the narrow limits of the present kingdom. The kingdom indeed pretty well answers to that portion of continental Greece which unassisted Greeks proved capable of defending against unassisted Turks. But the movement was a general movement of the whole Greek race, except those parts of it which were either morally or physically incapable of joining in it. A rising could hardly be expected in Asia among a Turkish majority, or at Constantinople under the eye of Sultan Mahmoud. But all European Greece rose; Greek Macedonia, Chalkidikê, Olympos, Thessaly, Crete, Magnêsia, Samos, Psara, had as great a share in the first stages of the Revolution as Hydra or Maina. The Turks recovered Macedonia; they won a wilderness without inhabitants on the rock of Psara; but Macedonians and Psariots still shone on their several elements as long as the war lasted. Not all the power of the English Harmost could keep back the Greeks of Kephallênia and Zakynthos from sharing in the earlier Peloponnesian campaigns; and at a later date it was by the help of the people of those islands that Mesolongi was enabled to endure through the second of her two glorious struggles. Nor was the movement merely Hellenic; it took in the Christian Albanian no less than the Greek. Botzarês and Miaoulês, the mountaineer of Souli and the seaman of Hydra, were among the noblest champions of Greece, but they had no claim to a Greek lineage. The Vlachs of Pindos were represented in Greek councils in the person of John Kôlettês; even more distant lands gave help to the holy cause: Bulgaria forgot the wrongs of her blinded children of an earlier day; the countrymen of Samuel fought side by side with the countrymen of Basil; and Hadji-Chrêstos won no mean place among the warriors of Hellas. The united efforts of Greeks and Albanians succeeded, during 1821, in freeing all Greece south of Thermopylæ, and in the three following years, in successfully defending it against repeated Ottoman invasions. When the satrap of Egypt deigned to prop up the falling power of his master, their combined forces were too much for the insurgents to resist. The Turk had been driven to seek foreign aid; the time was come for Greece to receive it also; the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia crushed the naval power of the infidel at Navarino, and the arms of France expelled him for ever from the mountains and valleys of Peloponnêsos.

The history of the War of Independence naturally divides itself into four periods. The first takes in the year 1821, in the course of which the Turks were driven from Greece itself, the whole of Peloponnêsos and the adjoining provinces, and a national government was established. In the second period, 1822–4, we find the vain attempts of the Porte single-handed to recover the revolted provinces, and the unhappy dissensions among the Greeks themselves. The third, beginning in 1825, gives a new character to the war by the appearance of Ibrahim Pasha in Peloponnêsos. In the fourth, the great European powers step in, and take the settlement of the affairs of Greece into their own hands.

The first stage unhappily takes in that part of the War of Independence which it is most difficult to justify, the invasion of the Danubian principalities by Alexander Hypsêlantês. All that can be said for it is that it acted as an important diversion of the Ottoman power from Greece itself. Yet one could have wished that such heroes as Olympian George and the gallant youths of the Sacred Band had shed their blood more directly for Greece itself; and we cannot look with the same sympathy on a Greek war in Moldavia as on a Greek war in Attica or Thessaly. In the Danubian lands the cause was not a national movement; the Greeks were there as much aliens as the Turks themselves. This part of the war too was stained by some of the worst of the acts of cruelty which disgraced the Greek cause, and those which came nearest to being the acts of the actual commanders.

From this picture we gladly turn to the events in Greece itself. The first year and a half of the war showed what each party could do without the intervention of foreign powers on either side. The insurrection began in Peloponnêsos on the famous March 25th, and in a few months the whole of the Greek race in Europe and the islands, except where they were overawed by the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, took arms against their barbarian masters. But in Macedonia and Thessaly the Greeks could only maintain themselves in the mountains; the forcing of the lines of Kassandra crushed the revolt in those regions. But from Oitê to Tainaros the Greeks themselves held their own ground for four years against their gigantic enemy. The field of Baltetsi taught that the Turk might be beaten, as the first fight of Marathôn had taught that the Persian might be. That field and the storm of Tripolitza confined the infidels in Peloponnêsos to four beleaguered fortresses, and, except the momentary invasion of Dramales, the peninsula remained free from serious attack till the expedition of Ibrahim. The provinces north of the Isthmus had, during 1822, 1823, and 1824, to endure several Turkish invasions; but the Ottoman armies were either successfully driven back or else fell to pieces of themselves. The Greeks always remained in possession of the country. By sea too the navies of Hydra, Spetza, and Psara maintained the superiority of the independent flag. Chios was made a wilderness; Psara was lost; but her sons remained afloat, and helped to baffle Ibrahim himself. Crete too held out till the Egyptian invasion ruined the Greek cause in that island. At the close of 1824, Greece, in its narrower sense, was *de facto* an independent state; but it was less successful in maintaining internal tranquillity than in defending its territory against the enemy.

During these years no foreign power openly interfered. The Greeks looked from the beginning for the support of Russia, but no Russian support came. Alexander, busy with his brother despots at Laybach, refused all help to revolutionists, even though support of this particular revolution would so well have fallen in with the traditional policy of Russia. Later came the scheme for dividing Greece into four principalities, standing in the same relation to the Porte as those of Moldavia and Wallachia. That such a scheme met with little approval in Greece needs hardly be added. But it was not till after the accession of Nicolas that Russia stepped forward prominently on the scene.

England was at first deeply and deservedly unpopular among the Greeks. The fate of Parga rankled in men's minds, and the sight of brother Greeks fighting in good earnest for Greek independence naturally brought out more strongly the anomaly of the Septinsular Republic. Volunteers from Kephallênia and Zakynthos swelled the insurgent army in defiance of proclamations of neutrality. But the reign of King Tom did not last for ever, and the Greeks gradually found that all Englishmen were not of his mould. Philhellenism gradually spread, and became one of the badges of liberal principles at home. English men and English money were contributed to the good cause. Byron and Hastings and Church and Cochrane took their place among the native defenders of Hellas; and Greece began to transfer to England the affection which she had been so long wasting upon Russia. Even the powers that be began to relent: Greek blockades were recognized, and the infidels were no longer openly abetted; till at last the general voice of humanity throughout Europe compelled the Western Governments to deal seriously with the affairs of Greece.

From the Congress of Verona the Greeks had been dismissed with contumely. The representatives of legitimate monarchy could have no dealings with rebels; let them return to dutiful submission to their own sovereign. But in the beginning of 1825 it was hard to avoid recognizing the Greeks of southern Greece as an independent nation. For three years they had successfully withstood every attack upon their territory. They had a regular government, which just then was universally obeyed, and which had just discharged the favourite function of legitimacy; it had put down a rebellion. Even on diplomatic principles, it was hard to see on what ground Hellas was to be refused admittance into the circle of nations. In 1825 the scene began to change. The task of conquering independent Greece, which the Grand Turk and all his host had found beyond them, was handed over to a power which was, to all practical purposes, a foreign ally. Mahomet Ali might owe a nominal allegiance to the Porte, but in truth he was as much the independent sovereign of Egypt as any of the old Pharaohs or Ptolemies. In the course of the two following years the disciplined bands of the merciless Ibrahim did what the Ottomans alone had failed to do. He conquered nearly all Greece, both within and without the Isthmus, and the fearful war of extermination which he waged plainly showed that his purpose was no other than the utter destruction of the Greek nation.

Never did Greece, throughout her struggle, rise higher or fall lower than in this its most fearful period. Never were her internal dissensions more violent; never were her deeds of heroism more glorious. Her navies still rode triumphant; as in the days of Xerxes, the barbarian might lay waste her shores, but she still kept the empire of the waves. Hellênes and philhellênes shone side by side; the glory of Frank Abney Hastings is entwined with that of Constantine Kanarês; Kolokotrônês and Odysseus might show selfishness by land; but old Miaoulês, the valiant, the disinterested, could cheerfully yield to a stranger the obedience which was refused to rulers of their own race. And on land too Greece in these years could exhibit one spectacle whose glory surpasses that of every event of modern times. What heart capable of any generous feeling does not kindle at the name of Mesolongi? The second defence of these mud walls is one of those events in the world's history which make us proud of being men. Month after month the little band of heroes beheld land and sea covered with the camp and the fleets of the barbarians; as far as the eye could reach, the abomination of desolation rose on every mast and every standard. Yet not a man dreamed of surrender; what men, with arms in their hands, could dream of it, while they saw priests and women and children writhing on the stake beneath their walls? At last came that terrible night, that fearful sally, which surpasses the fame of Plataia and of Eira. Not the savage hordes of Reshid, not the disciplined battalions of Ibrahim, could endure that desperate charge. Mesolongi fell, but she fell as Saguntum, as Numantia, and as Zaragoza; and a cry went up from her ruins which brought down the vengeance of God and man upon the destroyer.

The patience of Christendom was at last worn out. Nations, and even governments, could no longer sit by and look unconcerned on such a scene. They had indeed lingered; England, above all, had let the happy moment pass. In 1824 and 1825 England was at the height of her popularity in Greece. A national vote was passed in August, 1825, formally putting Greece under British protection, and asking for the appointment of Prince Leopold as king. Had England stepped in at that moment in 1825, as she did in 1827, she would have stepped in in the glorious character of the defender of the oppressed, the protector freely chosen by their own will. As it was, England held back, and instead of Leopold for a king, the Greeks got Capodistrias for a dictator. And, when we did interfere, we did nothing till we had two other great powers to back us. By fighting the battle of Navarino and then drawing back, we drew on us the ill-will of the Turk without the glory of freeing the Greek. We left it to France to deliver Peloponnêsos from her Egyptian bondage; we left it to Russia to put the finishing stroke to the definite independence of Hellas. That independence was not formally acknowledged by the Sultan till the treaty of Hadrianople. That is to say, it was wrung from him by the presence of Russian troops south of the Balkans. Never was the diplomacy of Russia more successful. Yet the most enterprising of her campaigns was followed by the smallest of her territorial gains. The treaty of Hadrianople made no perceptible difference in the map of Europe; it made but a very trifling difference even in the map of South-eastern Europe. But Russia gained something much better than another slice of Moldavia. She increased her moral influence among the Eastern Christians. In a word, the boon which might have come, and ought to have come, from England in 1825, did come from Russia in 1829.

In establishing a Greek state, three main questions arose. What should be its extent? What should be its political constitution? What should be its external relations? Should it be an absolutely independent state, or one, like Servia, in any way tributary to the Porte? All these questions were closely connected with one another. In 1826 Maurokordatos and the present Lord Stratford de Redcliffe agreed upon the tributary relation, and a vote to the same purpose was passed in the National Congress of the same year. Northern Greece, Peloponnêsos, and Crete were to have an independent administration; the Sultan was to withdraw his troops from the Greek fortresses; but he was to be acknowledged as overlord and to receive a tribute. It must not be forgotten that at this time there really was something to be said for the tributary relation both in Greece and in Servia. One great object was to keep up some kind of tie among the South-eastern nations who had so long been used to look to the common centre at the New Rome. And as long as the New Rome was held by the Turk, it was not an unnatural idea to admit the overlordship of the Turk till such time as the Turk should pass away and some better form of union take his place. This view has now ceased to be practical; but it was practical in 1829. In the first draught of the settlement of that year, the Turk's overlordship was retained. It was afterwards withdrawn. A smaller independent state was substituted for a larger tributary one.

The absurdly narrow dimensions of the present kingdom at once fail to satisfy the national instincts of the Greek race, and to answer the political objects of its Western protectors. The enemies of Greece still sneer at her as a "petty state," as they used to sneer at her for being under the government of such a king as Otho. To talk of this kind it was and is answer enough that Greece neither fixed her own frontier nor chose her own king. If Greece is a petty state, it is not by her own fault, but by the fault of Europe. Greece, we are told, is "petty," Greece is ill-governed; if Greece is ill-governed, the main reason is because Western diplomatists decreed that Greece should be petty.

Another evil was the kind of government which was set up. Geography and tradition pointed to a federal commonwealth; but if a prince was needed, the prince need not have been either bureaucratic or Bavarian. A native prince was ideally the best; but no such prince appeared, nor might the princely houses of Europe have liked to see an upstart kleftic or Fanariot dynasty sitting alongside of Bourbons and Hapsburgs. Among princely foreigners no one can doubt that Leopold was the best choice; but Leopold was wise enough to refuse the crown of a Greece from whom Crete was cut off. Again, the geographical aspect of the country, the instincts of the people, their history for three thousand years, all taught the lesson that, if actual federalism could not be had, still the institutions of the country ought to have been grounded on as broad a basis of local and municipal independence as was consistent with the existence of a strong central power. The municipalities of Greece had lived on through ages of Frankish and Ottoman bondage. Next to her national Church, they had done more than anything else to preserve her national existence. They bore her safe through the revolutionary war, only to be wiped out by Capodistrias and the Bavarian regency. What did unlucky Hellas at last receive from her protectors? Neither a territory large enough to make her respectable and independent, nor a form of government in any way suited to her wants. No federal commonwealth, no municipal liberties, no native prince, no foreign prince chosen for merit. What she did get instead is best told in the pithy words of Colonel Leake.

> "Had it been the intention of the Powers to retard the advancement of the Greek nation, nothing could have been better designed than the plan which they adopted. To govern a country composed of islands and peninsulas, a young prince was selected from the centre of continental Europe, and a regency appointed during his minority: who, instead of founding its measures of government upon the municipal system derived from remote antiquity, which, with assistance of their Church, had preserved the Greeks as a nation during the long winter of Turkish servitude, indulged themselves in making experiments of German despotism and German pedantry; and instead of promoting the commerce and agriculture of the Greeks, which had been totally ruined by the war, and were their only means of existence, built a palace for their sovereign of paupers, and formed military and naval establishments, for a people who were protected from war, and prevented from engaging in it, by the very act which founded their independence."

In putting together materials partly fifteen, partly three and twenty years old, I find much bearing on the state of Greece at those several times, both for good and for evil. But it is better now to continue our historical view with regard to the frontier. At the later of the two dates just spoken of, though no increase had been made to the extent of independent Greece on the mainland, a considerable addition had been made in the islands, by the cession of the so-called Ionian group, from Corfu to Cerigo. In this the England of that day had done something. If we had had our share in past times in leading Greece astray, we wiped out the wrong by doing more than any other European nation has done to render Greece powerful and independent. The general facts of the case were plain enough. When the connexion of England with the islands first began, English connexion was a privilege. While all other Greeks were the rayahs of the Turk, those Greeks who were under British rule were the best off of all Greeks. But as soon as an independent Greek state arose close to their shores, the instinct of nationality at once called for union with that Greek state. It is in vain to say that the islands were, in all that relates to material prosperity, better governed than the kingdom. So they doubtless were in one sense; that is, a great deal of English money was spent in them of which they now feel the loss; but human nature is such that men had rather govern themselves ill than be governed well by strangers. As in all other such cases, the better the local government, the greater the degree of local freedom, the stronger will be the desire for national independence. England did her duty by giving up a burthensome and unprofitable trust, which merely supplied her enemies with a retort whenever she complained of the foreign rulers of other lands. By the cession of the Seven Islands the Greek kingdom gained an addition of territory which restored to the Hellenic fold a population in whom the Hellenic spirit is as strong as in any part of the mainland. But as yet nothing has been done *—till last year nothing was even promised to be done —to redress the wrong and folly of the frontier on the mainland. That frontier is absolutely indefensible on any ground. No reason can be given for setting free one part of the nation and leaving another part in bondage. If Turkish rule was the blessing which diplomatists seem to deem it, if the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, or of what is left of it, is that precious thing which treaties affirm it to be, no reason can be given why Attica

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* June 1879.

or Peloponnêsos, Euboia or Naxos, should have been cut off from its beneficent sway. If it was that accursed thing which those deem it who know best what it is, no reason can be given why Epeiros and Thessaly and Macedonia, why Crete and Chios and Rhodes, and Psara the birthplace of Kanarês, should have been condemned to abide in barbarian bondage, while kindred lands were set free. The whole Greek people had risen wherever it was physically possible that they should rise; all had suffered the same wrongs; all had the same claims, the same hopes, the same feelings of revived nationality. The dictate of common sense was: "As you have suffered together and striven together, the chains of all of you shall be broken together; you shall together enter into the joys of freedom." The answer of diplomacy was: "No; I will set part of you free and leave the rest in chains. I will draw an arbitrary line; those on one side of it shall have all that you have striven for; those on the other side of it shall be left for the Turk to deal with as he lists. Crete has fought so valiantly for freedom that its freedom might lead to some new danger. If Crete is added to the new kingdom, the wisest prince in Europe will not refuse its crown. Crete therefore shall not be part of the new kingdom. The Sultan has so fully exercised his sovereign rights, especially the divine right of massacre, in Chios and in Cyprus, that we cannot think of interfering with his rights in those parts of his empire." Common sense said: "If a new state is to be formed, it should be large enough and strong enough to act as an independent power—strong enough to feel its resources and to exercise them—strong enough to walk alone, and not to be cut off from that first instinct of newborn powers, which bids them grow if they can." Diplomacy ruled that the new state should be small, weak, forbidden to act, forbidden to grow—condemned, as far as the bidding of diplomacy can condemn an energetic race, to remain for ever in tutelage, to remain for ever a swaddled child, instead of going forth in the free vigour of renewed youth. The professed object of diplomacy is to avoid "difficulties" and "complications"; the common work of diplomacy is to create them. Never was a more fertile crop of them sown than when Epeiros, Thessaly, and Crete were forbidden to form parts of free Greece. Nothing leads to difficulties and complications so surely as reasonable discontent. And to draw such a frontier as was drawn was to plant the most reasonable, the most righteous, the most lasting, discontent on both sides of the unnatural line.

There can be only one excuse for doing things by halves, for beginning a good work and leaving it unfinished. That is, when physical strength fails to finish it now, and when a fair hope is left of finishing it another time. There was no such excuse for those who invented the Greece of the present map. The Turkish power was broken; Mahmoud was on his knees; it was as easy to wrest twenty provinces from him as to wrest one. Crete could have been declared free as easily as Euboia; Thessaly could have been declared free as easily as Attica. Yet the one thought of the diplomatic mind seems to be: We must set free some part of the Greek nation; let us set free as small a part as may be.

The time has come again. No diplomacy can again set up an independent Turkish power in Europe. No reason, except sheer delight in the horrors of his rule, can be given for prolonging his rule for another moment over any spot of European ground. Every reason that can be pleaded for free Servia, for free Bulgaria, pleads no less for free Crete and free Thessaly. We must not be led away by diplomatic fictions. The real question is, not what free Greece is, in the usual phrase, to "get"; but what enslaved Greece is to get. Greece, we have been told, "can wait." Perhaps, free Greece can wait for an enlargement of her borders; but enslaved Greece cannot wait for deliverance from the barbarians who are still encamped upon her soil. For this we cannot wait; there are some things which inherent justice demands for which we may wait awhile. But the eternal Eastern question will never be settled till the Greek nation once more has its own. We claim for that nation that whole extent of land in Europe and Asia where the Greek race and speech is the race and speech of the Christian population; and with that we claim for them their own ancient capital, the city of the Constantines, the Leos, and the Basils. We claim all this on the score of simple justice, on the score of that general philanthropy which, when Greeks are concerned, is not ashamed of the name of philhellenism. But the same cause may be supported on quite other grounds, on grounds of policy and expediency, perhaps even of "British interests." In very truth, if people are afraid about the Straits, the Straits cannot be in any hands so safe as those of a people who would receive from the beginning, as part of the conditions of their position, whatever regulations with regard to these Straits the wisdom of Europe might light upon. The Straits would be far safer in the hands of the independent Greek than they can be in the hands of the vassal Turk. If a barrier is needed against Russia, no barrier will be so sure as an independent people who will owe nothing to Russia. Far better indeed would it have been to work out some scheme which might have kept the South-eastern nations together by some kind of federal or imperial tie. But that hope was taken away when the other powers left South-eastern Europe to its fate and left Russia to do the work in her own way. Russia did her work, so far as she was allowed to do it at all, in her own way, a way which, naturally enough, was good for the Bulgarian and bad for the Greek. Russia was not likely to do anything for Greece, when Greece was kept back from taking any part in the work which Russia was left to do alone. When the army of free Greece was standing ready to go to the help of her enslaved brethren, as the armies of the free Slavonic lands had gone to the help of their enslaved brethren, her hands were mysteriously tied. Her people had to stand by and keep themselves how they could from the work for which they were ready, the work to which the highest duty called them. And later again, when the strain could be borne no longer, when the liberating army had actually passed the frontier, diplomatic pressure again stepped in and bade the liberators stand by, while their brethren were left to do what they could single-handed against their tyrants. Greece, so cruelly hindered from acting for herself, has the more right to look for favourable help from others. Free Greece must be extended far beyond the present absurd boundary. Wherever Hellênes form the mass of the Christian people, that land must be Hellas. It matters not that Hellas, so defined, will be anything but a continuous territory. Greece is now, and must ever be, a scattered land, a land of coasts and islands and peninsulas, where the communication between one part and another is mainly by sea. Such a scattered land could afford to allow her inland neighbours to come down at this or that point to the great highway of commerce. A Greek state might well stretch from Durazzo to Trebizond. But it need not stretch continuously now, any more than it did of old. The Slave must have his outlet to the sea in Europe; the Turk—the old Seljuk Turk, not the robber-gang of the Ottoman—may well have his outlet to the sea in Asia. We have already seen how nearly the map of such a Greek state as we have sketched out answers to the map of many periods of past history. It does so, because the same causes have worked in past times and in present. The massive inland region of South-eastern Europe has become the home of the Slave. The massive inland region of the Western Asiatic peninsula has become the home of the Turk. But the coasts, the islands, the long and slender peninsulas, all that caused South-eastern Europe first to become Europe, belong to the people who led the way in European civilization, and who now, refreshed by adoption, taught by adversity, are far from being left furthest behind in the race which they began. Greece claims her own. It may not be won all at once. It may be in the fates that the Turk shall linger on in the New Rome as the Courtenays and the Palaiologoi lingered on. But Epeiros and Thessaly, Chalkidikê and Crete, must be at once set free from the yoke, if the South-eastern lands are to have even a breathing space. To a considerable part of this scheme of liberation the faith of Europe is pledged; and when the work is once taken in hand, it will be as easy to do the whole of it as merely to do a part.*

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* June 1879.

IX.

THE SOUTHERN SLAVES.

In a former essay the attempt was made to trace out the true meaning and the true bounds both of the doctrine of nationality and of its wider developement, the doctrine of race. It was there pointed out that the events of our own day have brought these doctrines into a prominence which they never had before, and had moreover brought them into the closest connexion with the great political changes of our time. It was further implied that the feeling of race in the modern sense, race, as we have defined it elsewhere, race, as distinguished from the narrower feeling of nationality, is chiefly confined to one of the great branches of the European family. The feeling of nationality is strong enough in other cases. That feeling has, within the last twenty years, built up two of the great powers of Europe. It has given the world an united Italy and an united Germany. And it may be as well to remember that, as the wider doctrine of race is made a matter of mockery now, so the narrower doctrine of nationality was, only a few years back, made an equal matter of mockery. We were told that an united Germany and an united Italy were mere dreams of enthusiasts, dreams which lay as far out of the range of practical politics as any dreams of Slavonic enthusiasts can lie now. But united Germany and united Italy now stand before us, not as dreams, but as facts, in the face of all Europe. The reunion of both lands was a strictly national reunion. It did not come within the range of the wider doctrine of race. Whenever the doctrine of race, as distinguished from the doctrine of nationality, was brought forward in discussions on the reunion of Germany or of Italy, it really was brought forward in a shape which might fairly be called the dream of heated enthusiasts. In the case of Germany the rational and practicable union was simply the union of the German nation, not the union of the whole Teutonic race. We feel instinctively that the union of the whole Teutonic race under a single government, or even under several governments united by ties of common feelings and policy, would be simply a dream. To go no further, questions would at once arise, What is the Teutonic race? and what right has it to the name? This leads us at once to the widely different position held by the Slavonic race, as a race, from the position held by any of the other great races of Europe. The difference lies on the surface. When we speak of the Celtic or the Teutonic race, we are dealing with a fact of science, a discovery of learned inquiry, which is marked by an arbitrary scientific name. When we speak of the Slavonic race, we speak of a fact which is plain to the eyes of all men, and which is marked by a name which has been in unbroken popular use for fourteen hundred years. In the case of the Celtic and Teutonic races, their names are arbitrary; the affinities of their members may be called in question. If we speak of Celt or Teuton, we use a term of art, a name which has no popular life—a name which no one uses except under the conscious influence of learned inquiry—a name which is open to dispute, both as to its propriety and as to its extent. There is no reason for giving the Celtic name to those nations which modern inquiry classes together as Celtic, except that they must for scientific purposes have some name, and that the Celtic name will do as well as any other. But it is not, and never was, the name of the race, immemoriably acknowledged by all the members of that race. With regard to the Teutonic name, it is not even clear whether the name is not altogether out of place—whether it is not, in truth, a Celtic name applied only by mistake to any part of the race which now bears it.* At all events, it is not, and never was, a name in real general use among all those to whom it is applied. It is, in its wider use, simply a name devised by scholars, and scholars themselves are not always agreed as to the fitting extent of its range.† With the Slavonic name it is otherwise. That name has been in use everywhere from the first days when the race itself comes into notice. It has been equally familiar on the lips of the people who bore it and on the lips of their neighbours and enemies. German writers give us the history of the Slaves‡ on the Baltic and the Oder. Greek writers give us the history of the Slaves on the Danube and the Strymôn. The common kindred of the nations who bear the name is no discovery of learned research; it is, and has always been, a living fact, admitting of no dispute. The name by which that kindred is marked is no arbitrary invention of scholars: it is as truly the acknowledged name of the race as the lesser national names which it takes in are the acknowledged names of particular nations.

Of course, in saying this we speak from the point of view of general history. We do not commit ourselves to any theory as to the origin and use of the name in præ-historic, or even in early historic times. Along with the Slavonic name, in its endless forms, we find other names that may well be as ancient, perhaps as widely spread.[*] We do not presume to rule that the Slavonic name is the oldest of all, nor to rule how early and by what steps it came to be the common name of the race. It is enough for us that it is such a common name in a sense which is not shared by either of the names which stand beside it in ethnological inquiries. Nor is it for any one who knows but a few words of the Slavonic speech to decide dogmatically as to the origin of the Slavonic name. It may be the "glorious" folk, or it may be the "speaking" folk—the speaking folk as opposed to our "dumb" selves; for such we seem in Slavonic ears.[†] In either case the two ideas run nearly into one another. And one thing is certain in any case, that no national name ever had so deep a fall. In most European tongues the name of *Slave* has become equivalent to bondman; it has displaced the earlier names by which the bondmen were called. From Constantinople to Cordova, the *Slave* had, through endless wars and leadings away captive, become a *slave*. And the word in this latter sense is familiarly used by many to whom its national meaning is perhaps wholly unknown. Other national names have undergone the like kind of fate; but none has undergone it so fully, or in so many tongues.[‡] The parallel which most concerns ourselves is the fact that, in our own island, the name by which we chose to call the Briton, the *Wealh* or stranger, became, especially in its feminine form, one of the usual names for the state of bondage.*

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* See First Series, p. 398.

† In English we commonly apply the name *German* to the particular German nation, perhaps without giving enough heed to the distinction of High and Low Dutch. *Teutonic* we commonly use in a wider sense. German writers, on the other hand, call their own nation *Deutsche*, while in the wider sense they commonly use *Germanen.*

‡ [I spell this name as I have been used to spell it all my life, as all those who spelled it at all spelled it twenty years back or less. The new spelling *Slav*, and the still uglier *Sclav*, have three things to be said against them. First, No English word ends in *v*. Secondly, We form the names of other nations in another way: we say, a *Swede*, a *Dane*, and a *Pole*, not a *Swed*, a *Dan*, or a *Pol*. Thirdly, It is important to bear in mind the history of the word—the fact that *slave* in the sense of δοῦλος is simply the same word with the national name.]

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[*] The earliest names of the Slaves are discussed at length by Schafarik, *Slawische Alterthümer*, i. 69, ii. 3 et seq. The name *Serb* seems to be as old as the name *Slave*, and only less widely spread. If Schafarik be right in taking the word Σπόροι in Procopius (Bell. Goth. iii. 14) to be the same word as *Serb*, he distinctly makes it the common name of the whole race. Καὶ μὴν καὶ ὄνομα Σκλαβηνοῖς τε καὶ Ἄνταις ἓν τὸ ἀνεκάθεν ἦν, *Σπόρους γὰρ τὸ παλαιὸν ἀμφοτέρους ἐκιλουν, ὅτι δὴ σποράδην* (!) *οἶμαι διεσκημένοι τὴν χώραν οἰκοῦσι.* The name of the Antæ gradually goes out of use, while the Slavonic name grows and flourishes. Schafarik (ii. 25 et seq.) has collected endless forms of the name. As no Greek word begins with *σλ*, the Greeks put in, sometimes a *θ*, but more commonly a *κ*. Yet, except a few words beginning with *σκ*, as *σκληρός*, those combinations of letters are hardly more Greek than the *σλ*.

[†] The German nations, alas, are called by the Slaves *Nemci*, or the "dumb." The name *Slave*, in this relation, has a certain analogy to *Thiotisc*, *Dutch*, and the like, the tongue of the people, the *þeod.*

[‡] Schafarik (ii. 27, 47) collects several forms of the name *slave* in this sense in several languages; but he leaves out the Greek *σκλάβος*, *σκλαβία*,

Our present subject however has least to do with that part of the Slavonic race whose history caused the Slavonic name to undergo this frightful fall. It was mainly the wars of the German kings, dukes, and knights with the Slaves of the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula, which caused the Slave to give his name to the state of slavery. We propose now to speak mainly of the southern branches of this great race, those who have had, like other nations, their ups and downs of victory and defeat, and who, if the greater part of them have fallen under a worse bondage than their northern kinsfolk, have at least shown themselves able and worthy to win back their freedom. We wish to take up the thread of a former essay, in which we traced the history of one important part of the lands which are now Slavonic down to the moment when they became so. In speaking of the Illyrian Emperors and their Land, we traced the fate of the Dalmatian cities down to the great Slavonic immigration of the seventh century. We propose now to take up again our story from that point, with only such a view of the earlier history of the Southern Slaves, or of any other branch of the Slavonic race, as may be needed to make an intelligible story of the Slavonic settlements in the lands between the Danube and the Cretan sea.

If we cast our eye over an ethnographical map of Europe, we see at once that the Slaves occupy, in point of mere space, a region far greater than is occupied by the nations

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σκλαβόνω, &c., words which should be remembered through the poem quoted by Byron—

Εἰπέ μας, ὦ φιλέλληνα, πῶς φέρεις τὴν σκλαβίαν.

* *Wealh* means slave or servant in several compound words, and the feminine *wylne* has altogether got the sense of a female slave. That is to say, in the process of English conquest, while the men were slain or driven out, the women were often saved alive.

either of the Teutonic or of the Romance speech. These two latter groups of nations have the advantage in many ways. The Slaves have lagged behind, while the other two groups of nations have occupied the most valuable parts of the continent and its great islands, and have played the foremost part in their history. But in mere extent of geographical surface neither of them can for a moment compare with the Slaves. The extent of unbroken Slavonic territory, from eastern Russia to Bohemia, makes the geographical aspect of the other races seem something altogether insignificant. If those vast regions were as thickly covered by man and his works as England, Belgium, or Lombardy, there would seem to be hardly room for any other people to stand by their side. But besides this great continuous Slavonic mass, the map also shows another Slavonic region, a region large in itself, but which looks small beside the other, a region which is cut off from the greater Slavonic mass by other nations which seem, as it were, thrust in between them. This second Slavonic region is the home of that group of Slavonic nations which form so large a part of the subjects of the Austrian and the Turk.* The Austrian indeed, in his character of Bohemian king, has a share in the northern mass also. But though, by dint of isolated, or nearly isolated, patches, the northern and the southern, the greater and the lesser, Slavonic regions come in many places very near to one another, yet they hardly actually touch. The two are parted asunder on the modern map by two nations, both of whom seem strangely out of place. Setting aside smaller settlements of other races, the Teutonic among them, the great mass of the territory which lies between the Northern and the Southern Slaves has its western part occupied by the Turanian Magyars, its eastern part by those Roumans who proclaim their Romance character in their very name. This non-Slavonic region placed between the two Slavonic regions consists of the Magyar, Saxon, and Rouman districts of the Hungarian kingdom, of the

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* [1877.]

Rouman principality itself, and of the Rouman land east of the Pruth which has passed under the dominion of Russia.

It is a strange anomaly to find such a discordant pair of nations as Magyars and Roumans, people of agglutinative and people of Latin speech, filling up the space between the two great Slavonic masses. Of the Roumans and their migration to the lands north of the Danube we have already spoken.* The presence of a Romance-speaking people in these lands is one of the eccentricities of history, the strange and unexpected result of special causes. But the presence of the Turanian Magyars is a far more important fact. Their presence is the latest result of the old destiny which made the lands on the Lower Danube and its great tributaries the highway of all wandering nations. Teutons, Slaves, Turanians, have marched along that highway, and have either found homes elsewhere to the west or south, or else have altogether vanished, whether by destruction or by assimilation to their neighbours. At last one Turanian people, the Turks of Byzantine, the Hungarians of Western history, the Magyars as they call themselves, the Ogres of popular legend,† turned the highway into a settled dwelling-place. They sat down alongside of the Teuton and the Slave, and founded a kingdom which has become European in all except the abiding life of its old Turanian tongue. It is these Turanian incursions, from the Huns of Attila onwards, which have done more than anything else to part asunder the two great Slavonic masses, and their history has always had a deep influence on the history of the southern division of the Slaves.

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* See above, pp. 217, 234. It is worth noticing, though it does not necessarily prove anything, that Nikêtas (p. 482, ed. Bonn) identifies the Roumans with the older inhabitants of the peninsula. They are *οἱ κατὰ τὸν Αἷμον τὸ ὄρος βάρβαροι, οἱ Μυσοὶ πρότερον ὠνομάζοντο, νυνὶ δὲ Βλάχοι κικλήσκονται.*

† [Diez derives *Ogre* from *Orcus:* but it is hard to get over such evidence as will be found in Roesler, *Romänische Studien*, pp. 150, 156, 159, 260. Something which we should naturally write *Ogre* seems to be the true name, which a nasal change has turned into Οὔγγροι, *Ungri*, *Ungarn*, and the like. *Moger*, *Magyar*, seems to be one variety of a more general name. The use of the name as a word of fear is exactly like an use of the name *Turk* which I can remember in my childhood.]

But while the Slaves lie in two great geographical masses, we must, for historical purposes, make a threefold rather than a twofold division of the race. One great group of Slavonic nations has had its main historic being in relation to the Eastern Empire and the power which has supplanted it. These are the Southern Slaves, who form our special subject, the Slaves of the Danube, the Balkan, and the Dalmatian Alps. They have their own history. The north-western group, the Slaves of the Elbe, the Oder, the Vistula, and the Baltic coast, the Slaves of Poland, Bohemia, and that great Slavonic region which has gradually put on a German garb, have another history. Their history stands mainly in relation to the Western Empire, but not till the Western Empire had itself become German. These two masses have their history apart. The close original kindred of the nations which form the two masses is shown by the appearance of the same national names in both. There is a northern and a southern Servia, a northern and a southern Chrobatia. But after the kindred tribes were once parted, after the Avar and his successor the Magyar had thrust himself in between them, the history of the one group had little to do with that of the other. But to the east of that group whose dealings lay so largely with the Western Empire lies a vast Slavonic mass, which is geographically contiguous to the north-western Slaves, but whose history, in different aspects, is closely connected both with them and with the Southern Slaves. These are that great group of Slavonic nations which, gathered together under Scandinavian princes, received from those princes the name of Russians.* Russia, geographically near to the north-western Slaves, has found its neighbourhood lead only to a long series of wars and rivalries, of alternate conquest and alternate oppression. That is, community of race has proved less strong than the causes, religious and political, which drew Catholic Poland into the system of the West and Orthodox Russia into the system of the East. Meanwhile in language, in religion, in all that makes up the life of a people, the tie of Slavonic brotherhood, which found everything to weaken it between the Pole and Russian, found everything to strengthen it between the Russian and the Southern Slave. The centre of their political and religious reverence was not the power which sat on the seven hills by the Tiber, but the power which sat on the seven hills by the Bosporos.

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* On the origin and use of the Russian name see Schafarik (*Slawische Alterthümer*, ii. 65 et seq.). He makes the name, the indeclinable 'Ρῶς, strictly to mean the ruling Warangian settlers from Scandinavia. In this way, the use of the Russian name would be exactly analogous to the use

It has been pointed out more than once that the position of these nations with regard to the Eastern Empire does in a general way answer to the position of the Teutonic nations with regard to the Western Empire. The analogy is marked on the face of it; but the points of unlikeness are quite as marked as the points of likeness. The analogy, in short, is a real one; the likeness is as close as, under the circumstances, it could be; but there was enough of difference in the circumstances to bring many points of unlikeness into the two relations. The Teutons in the West, the Slaves in the East, were severally those among the younger nations of Europe with which the two Empires, Western and Eastern, had most to do. The Teutons in the West,

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of the Bulgarian name. In both cases the name of the ruling people would be transferred to their subjects. Constantine Porphyrogennêtos often opposes *Ῥωσιστί* to *Σκλαβινιστί*. But the most curious illustration of the original meaning of the name comes in the annals of Prudentius of Troyes, a. 839. (Pertz, i. 454.) Certain ambassadors come from the Eastern Emperor Theophilos to Lewis the Pious, and with them certain persons "qui se, id est gentem suam, Rhos vocari dicebant . . . quorum adventus causam Imperator diligentius investigans comperit eos gentis esse Sueonum." So Liudprand, Antapodosis i. ii. v. 15, in reckoning up the enemies of the Eastern Empire, besides "Bulgarios nimium sibi vicinos," reckons "Rusios quos alio nos nomine Nordmannos appellamus."

the Slaves in the East, were the nations which settled within the Empire, who became the conquerors of its provinces, and at the same time largely became disciples as well as conquerors. Neither within the Eastern Empire nor on its borders did the Teutonic nations make any lasting settlement. The Goths played a great part in the history of the Eastern peninsula in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries; but it was not till they had passed westward into Italy, Gaul, and Spain that they founded lasting kingdoms. On the northern frontier, beyond the Danube, two Teutonic kingdoms did arise, those of the Gepidæ and the Lombards. Had they lasted, the whole history of Eastern Europe might have been changed. The part which was played by the Slave in the Eastern peninsula might have been played by the Teuton; the part which the Teuton actually did play in the West could hardly have been played by him in the East.

Some of the differences between the two cases are manifest at a glance. In the West, the Empire was, at least by a legal fiction, transferred to a Teutonic king, who kept on the titles and traditions of the elder Empire, and who made the Old Rome, if not his capital, at all events his crowning-place. In the West too new nations arose through Teutonic settlements in Roman lands, nations which kept their Roman speech with Teutonic infusions and modifications. No new nations have in the same way been formed in the East through the invasions of the Slaves. The Slavonic settlers within the Eastern Empire might profess an allegiance to the Empire which was sometimes practical, sometimes merely nominal; sometimes no such allegiance might be professed at all. Independent Slavonic princes might imitate imperial titles and imperial manners. The new settlers, whether subject or independent, might adopt the religion of the Empire, and might cultivate its language and literature alongside of their own. In some districts they might even lose their national speech and being, and be lost among some one or other of the earlier races of the

Empire. Furthermore, men of Slavonic birth might enter the service of the Empire and might rise to its highest places, the Imperial crown itself not excepted. All these things they did; but they did not create anything in the East which exactly answers to the Romance nations in the West. The one Romance nation in the East is far from being untouched by Slavonic influences. Still the Rouman speech and the Rouman nationality can hardly be said to have been modified by Slavonic influences either in the same way or to the same degree in which the Romance tongues and Romance nationalities of the West were modified by Teutonic influences. But the true Eastern parallel to the Romance tongues and nations of the West would be a tongue and a nation in which Greek and Slavonic elements answered to the Latin and the Teutonic elements in the tongues of Gaul and Spain. And this, at all events, is nowhere to be found. The mass of the Slavonic settlers remained distinct from the earlier inhabitants in the form of separate nations. Where they do not remain as separate nations, they have been altogether assimilated. Servia and the other strictly Slavonic lands answer to the lands where the Teutonic conquerors really displaced the Roman inhabitants and the Roman language; that is, to Germany west of the Rhine and south of the Danube. But there is no country in the East where the position of the Slave has been exactly what the position of the Teuton has been in Gaul and Spain. So again, though the East was ruled by whole dynasties of Slavonic Emperors, yet there is nothing in Byzantine history which at all answers to the Teutonic Emperors, Frankish and Saxon, in the West. Men of Slavonic birth became subjects of the Empire, and, when they had become subjects of the Empire, they might, like any other of its subjects, become its rulers. The Empire had Slavonic Emperors, just as at an earlier time it had Illyrian Emperors, just as it had Isaurian and Armenian Emperors. There was nothing in this to make the Empire Slavonic, Isaurian, or Armenian. It was altogether another process when the Old Rome deliberately chose a Teutonic king to be her Emperor. The last thing which the New Rome would have thought of at any stage of her history would have been to bestow her crown on Bulgarian Simeon or on Servian Stephen.

Here then are the chief points of difference between the position of the Teutons in the West and the position of the Slaves in the East. Both were conquerors; both were disciples; but they were conquerors and disciples of very different kinds. While in the West new nations were formed and the Empire itself passed into Teutonic hands, in the East the old and the new nations remained distinct, and the Empire itself went on in quite another sense from the way in which it went on in the West. The Western succession is made out only by assuming the Eastern succession; the Eastern succession goes on without break or change. These are the two main differences, and their causes are not far to seek. We might almost sum them up in an epigram, and say that the difference between Eastern and Western Europe, between the history of the Slave and the history of the Teuton, came out of the fact that New Rome was New Rome, and not Old.

We have seen that, within the Eastern Empire, the influence of Rome and its speech remained a purely political influence, that it never could displace—that it never tried to displace—Greek culture and intellectual life, that it never tried to displace the Greek tongue as the tongue of literature and religion. Hence, while in the West the Teutonic nations were brought face to face with an unmixed Roman influence pervading and animating everything, in the East the Slavonic nations came face to face with a divided influence, an influence partly Latin, partly Greek. In the West the Empire and the Church both spoke one tongue. The bishop gave his blessing, the general gave the word of command, in the one Latin speech of Western Europe. In the East the Empire spoke one tongue and the Church another: the general gave the word of command in the tongue of Camillus and Cæsar, the bishop gave his blessing in the tongue of Athanasios and John Chrysostom. A divided influence like this, a power which had, as it were, two minds and spoke with two tongues, could never work with the same effect on its half-conquerors, half-pupils, as the undivided Roman influence worked on the minds of the half-conquerors, half-pupils, of the Empire of the West. The elder nations of the East had bowed to the undivided influence of Greece; so the nations of the West bowed to the undivided influence of Rome. Gaul and Spain were romanized; Asia Minor was hellenized. But the power which was neither wholly Roman nor wholly Greek had not the same magic charm. The invading Slave became in many ways an apt disciple of the New Rome; but he never laid aside his own speech and national being; he could not thoroughly merge himself in a system which spoke with an uncertain voice. He became a disciple; but in becoming a disciple he became also, in a way in which the Teuton of the West never did, a rival and an enemy.

But there was another cause which also hindered the Slavonic settlers in the East from standing in exactly the same relation to the Empire in which the Teutonic settlers stood in the West. We see that, as we have already drawn it out.* This is the difference in the local position of the two Imperial cities. The Old Rome ruled by a moral influence which came in the end to have but little to do with the local city; the influence of the New Rome depended mainly on the position, political and military, of the local city itself. This enduring life of Constantinople as a local seat of dominion, the peculiar character of its civilization, as having no national basis, as being on one side Roman and on another side Greek, have mainly caused the difference between the position of the Teutons in the West and that of the Slaves in the East. Still, notwithstanding these important points of difference, the general analogy between the two settlements is plain on the face of it. The Teutons in the West, the Slaves in the East, answer to one another, as being severally the representatives of the second set of Aryan settlements, those which came after the establishment of the Roman power. Out of their relations to the two parts of the Empire have grown the modern nations in their several parts of the world, as distinguished from the older nations which were there before the establishment of the Roman power, the Greeks, Albanians, and Roumans—as distinguished too from those nations wholly alien to the Aryan stock, whose abiding presence the West has not had to undergo, but who have played so great a part in the history of the East.

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* See above, p. 249.

This last, as we remarked in an earlier essay, is the feature of Eastern Europe which more than all distinguishes its history from that of Western Europe. The appearance of Turanian nations, not as mere invaders and ravagers, but as lasting settlers, has done more than part the Northern and Southern Slaves asunder: it has been the great feature in the special history of the Southern Slaves. We are not as yet thinking of the settlement of the Ottoman Turk; that has its parallel in Western Europe in the long occupation of Spain, the shorter occupation of Sicily, by the Saracens. A Mahometan occupation has a special character as a Mahometan occupation. In such a case ethnical distinctions are of small moment compared with religious distinctions. There was no doubt a considerable difference between occupation by the Semitic Saracen and occupation by the Turanian Turk. Still the difference between the two was as nothing compared with the difference between Mahometan occupation and occupation of any other kind. To the Slave of South-eastern Europe, as to the other nations of South-eastern Europe, the last Turanian invader, the Mahometan Turanian, the Turanian who came in by the road south of the Euxine, that is the Ottoman Turk, has ever been simply an alien enemy and an alien master. The enemy with whom there could be no community of thought or feeling, of creed or manners—was an enemy to be submitted to as long as his power was overwhelming, but whose yoke was to be cast off as soon as there was strength in his victims to cast it off. The relations of the Southern Slaves with the earlier Turanian invaders, the heathen Turanians, the Turanians who came in by the road north of the Euxine, have been of quite another kind. Those relations do not stand out so prominently among the broad facts of history, but in a certain sense they are of far greater historical importance. The relations between the Southern Slaves and these earlier Turanian settlers have affected the national being of both to its innermost core. Drive out the Ottoman, plant and build where he has laid waste, and there will be nothing to show that the Ottoman has ever been there. But the lands north and south of the Lower Danube can never be as though Huns, Avars, Bulgarians, Magyars, a crowd of less famous nations which are negatively at least of the same family, had never pressed into them. The presence of these nations adds another point of difference—the most striking point of difference of all—between the history of Eastern and of Western Europe. It makes a difference between the position of the Slave in the East and the Teuton in the West, even greater than the differences which spring from their different relations to the Roman power and to the nations which were older than the Roman power.

We now see the vast importance of that intermediate land which lies between the Northern and the Southern Slaves, that which, as we have said, answers roughly to the kingdom of Hungary and its dependencies and to the Rouman principality. It has been by this road that the Turanian nations, pressing in one after another from the lands north of the Euxine, have made their way in the heart of Europe, and have in two cases settled down and changed themselves into European nations. It is not of much moment for our purpose carefully to distinguish their ethnical relations among themselves. How much is Turkish, how much is Finnish, how much is Mongolian, are points which deeply concern the scientific inquirer into the races and tongues of the non-Aryan nations. For the mere European historian it is almost enough that they are non-Aryan and non-Semitic; for his purposes Huns, Turks, Bulgarians, Magyars, to say nothing of Patzinaks, Chazars, Cumans, all belong to one group, a group which is very clearly, if not negatively, defined. For his purposes it is convenient to call them Turanian, though any other name, if only it be defined at starting, will do just as well. The Magyars appear in the Byzantine writers as Turks; modern scientific inquiry calls them Fins.* So again, the Bulgarians used most commonly to be set down as Turks; one eminent scholar labours hard to make them Huns; now the belief in their Finnish origin seems established. So again, in the ancient writers, Eastern and Western, Huns and Avars, Huns and Bulgarians, are names which often get confounded. The general historian need hardly concern himself with drawing these distinctions, or in attempting to decide which theory is the most correct. For the broad purposes of European history all these nations may be classed together. They all lie outside the European and Aryan world, the world of Rome and of the Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic disciples of Rome. They lie equally outside the Semitic world, the world of the Phœnician, the Hebrew, and the Arab. They have had much to do with both of these worlds, but they belong to neither. On Western Europe these nations made but little impression. The first inroad of the Huns led to the great movement of the Goths in the fourth century. That movement seemed for a moment as if it were going to make the Eastern peninsula a Teutonic land; but it ended in the Goth marching off to establish himself in Italy, Gaul, and Spain. All these non-Aryan invaders play their part in Western history, the part of momentary ravagers and destroyers, but only of momentary ravagers and destroyers. The Hun was beaten back by the sword of Aëtius and the West-Gothic Theodoric. The Avar bowed to the power of Charles the Great. The Magyar, after ravaging well-nigh all Europe, was cut down by the sword of Henry and Otto, and was bridled by the erection of that Austrian mark whose dukes were one day to grow into his own kings. Even the Bulgarian has his share in Western as well as in Eastern history; if we find him, as we should not have looked to find him, spoken of in one age as a bulwark of Greece, we find him in an age a little later, as what we should have looked for quite as little, a peaceful settler in Southern Italy.* On the South-eastern nations, above all on the South-eastern Slaves, the effect of the coming of these nations has been far deeper. Their greatest settlement has, as we have seen, placed a lasting barrier between the two great divisions of the Slavonic race which stand so far apart on the map. The Magyar power, thrust in like a wedge, divides the Old Servia from the New, the Old Croatia from the New. But, more important even than this, one great division of the Slavonic race, the greatest division of the Slaves of South-eastern Europe, passing under the rule of Turanian princes and taking a Turanian name, became in one age the most terrible of enemies to the Byzantine rulers of New Rome, and in another the most helpless of the victims of her Ottoman rulers. The Bulgarian stands out as the great example of the assimilation of a Turanian minority by a Slavonic majority. As such, his history is the most instructive of all histories for the present moment. When the Turanian came as a mere heathen savage, he could be Christianized, Europeanized, assimilated by an European and Christian nation. He could become a pupil. There was nothing but difference in race and speech to be got over. When he came in a positively higher position there was more than difference of race and speech to be got over. Burthened with the half-truth of Islam, with the half-civilization of the East, he could not be assimilated, Christianized, Europeanized. Neither could the nobler representative of the same system at an earlier day. The Saracen was once an unnatural excrescence on the south-western corner of Europe. The Ottoman still is an unnatural excrescence on the south-eastern corner of Europe. He cannot become a real pupil of Christian civilization; he cannot take real root on European soil; he can only remain for ever the alien and barbarian intruder which he was at his first coming.

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* See especially the thirty-eighth and fortieth chapters of Constantine Porphyrogennêtos, *De Administrando Imperio.* His Turks are always Magyars, but he says that their earlier name was *Σαβαρτοιάσφαλοι.* Zeuss (710) insists emphatically on the Hunnish origin of the Bulgarians.

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* The earliest mention of the Bulgarians seems to be in the reign of Theodoric. Ennodius in his Panegyric speaks of the Bulgarians as overthrown by Theodoric (5, 12); and in a second, a rather obscure passage, his words are, "Græcia est professa discordiam, secum Bulgares suos in tutela deducendo." But we find them not long after (see the Chronicle of Count Marcellinus 499, 502) engaged in the more natural work of harrying Thrace. The victory of the Goths over the Bulgarians is again mentioned in Cassiodorus, *Var.* viii. 21. Paul Warnefrid (i. 16, 17) describes Bulgarian wars with the Lombards; but, in v. 29, we read how "Vulgarum dux Alzico nomine, incertum quam ob causam, a sua gente digressus, Italiam pacifice introiens, cum omni sui ducatus exercitu," comes to King Grimuald, who quarters him and his followers in the parts of Beneventum. There they lived in Paul's own day "usque hodie in his ut diximus locis habitantes, quamquam et Latine loquantur, linguæ tamen propriæ usum minime amiserunt." Of this original Bulgarian speech we shall be glad to have some specimens.

We may divide the Slaves of the South-eastern peninsula into two great classes—those which did, and those which did not, come into relations of ethnical connexion with the successive Turanian settlers. It is easier to divide the two classes than to give them appropriate names. The former class may, with strict accuracy, if the historical origin of the name be remembered, be called Bulgarian. The other class we are tempted to call Servian, from the name of its most prominent member. But the Servian name cannot with any accuracy be extended to the Croatians, distinct as they were in the days of Heraclius, distinct as they remain now. We are tempted to distinguish this group as Illyrian Slaves; but, if this name is used, it must be remembered that it is used in a purely geographical sense, and not as implying that the Slaves of that region stand in at all the same relation to the old Illyrians in which the Slaves of the other region undoubtedly stand to the old Bulgarians. In any case, it should be remembered that the Servian name is the genuine native name of a Slavonic people, while the Bulgarian name is merely the name of Turanian conquerors assimilated and adopted by their Slavonic subjects and neighbours. For that very reason the names, if used in this way, will have a significance; they will distinguish the Servian, the pure Slave—sometimes indeed politically the subject of the Turanian Magyar, but in an ethnical point of view neither influencing him nor influenced by him—from the Bulgarian, the assimilated Slave, the Slave brought into close ethnical connexion with the Turanian, influencing him and influenced by him.

Leaving the special historians of the Slaves to trace out their earlier history, authentic or legendary, their first appearance as important actors in European history begins in the sixth century. We have a picture of them as they were then, in their seats beyond the Danube, painted by a writer who, in an age of ecclesiastical controversies and barbarian invasions, seems to belong to the band of historians of old Hellas. Procopius sets before us the Slaves of his day, like many other nations at the same stage of their growth, as living a just and peaceable life among themselves, but as capable of every excess of cruelty toward enemies in time of war. They lived in a rude and simple fashion, in houses far apart from one another. Among them the primitive democracy flourished; they had no single chief, but everything was settled in the assembly of the nation or tribe.* This of course marks a political stage common to Slave and Teuton, and to every branch of the Aryan family. It does not shut out the authority—if we may transfer our own Teutonic names—of the *ealdorman* in peace and the *heretoga* in war. But it does shut out any one armed with the powers of a Byzantine or a Persian despot. It may well mark the stage of government by ealdormen of tribes, as distinguished from kings of nations. But these people, among whom in their own homes crimes of fraud and violence were almost unknown, laid waste every accessible province of the Empire without mercy. They wasted, they destroyed, they carried off captives, they slew, they tortured; even the refined cruelty of the stake was not unknown among them.* All this went on, almost unchecked, while the armies of the Empire were winning back Africa and Italy. Justinian saw his provinces wasted by men who he had perhaps forgotten were his own countrymen. Meanwhile he sent mercenaries of the same race, as of all other races, under a commander of their own race, to drive the Teutonic conqueror from Carthage and from Old Rome. For, if Justinian was a Slave, so was Belisarius; the codifier of the Roman law, the reviver of the Roman military power, both came of the blood of the barbarians by whom the provinces and cities of the Roman Empire were turned into howling wildernesses and desolate heaps. But inroads of this kind

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* The Slaves came over and over again in the Gothic war of Procopius. Their special picture is given at iii. 14. Τὰ γὰρ ἔθνη ταῦτα, Σκλαβηνοί τε καὶ Ἄνται, οὐκ ἄρχονται πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἑνὸς, ἀλλ' ἐν δημοκρατίᾳ ἐκ παλαιοῦ

βιοτεύουσι, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο αὐτοῖς τῶν πραγμάτων ἀεὶ τά τε ξύμφορα καὶ τὰ δύσκολα ἐς κοινὸν ἄγεται. Further on he says: *Πονηροὶ μέντοι ἢ κακοῦργοι ὡς ἥκιστα τυγχάνουσιν ὄντες, ἀλλὰ κἀν τῷ ἀφελεῖ διασώζουσι τὸ Οὐννικὸν ἦθος.*

* See the account of their cruelties in Procopius, Bell. Goth. iii. 37, 38. The impaling is minutely described. *Ἔκτεινον δὲ τοὺς παραπίπτοντας οὔτε ξίφει οὔτε δόρατι οὔτε τῷ ἄλλῳ εἰωθότι τρόπῳ, ἀλλὰ σκόλοπας ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς πηξάμενοι ἰσχυρότατα, ὀξεῖς τε αὐτοὺς ἐς τὰ μάλιστα ποιησάμενοι, ἐπὶ τούτων ξὺν βίᾳ πολλῇ τοὺς δειλαίους ἐκάθιζον, τὴν σκολόπων ἀκμὴν γλουτῶν κατὰ τὸ μέσον ἐνείροντες, ὠθοῦντές τε ἄχρι ἐς τῶν ἀνθρώπων τὰ ἔγκατα οὕτω δὴ αὐτοὺς διαχύσασθαι ἠξίουν.* In the sixth century there were no British consuls in those parts, or some of them might have reported that the sufferers were bean-bags or curious spectators.

are, with Aryan nations at least, the mere forerunners of more lasting settlements, and we can hardly doubt that, from this time onwards, large tracts, from the Danube southward, were permanently settled by the Slavonic inhabitants who hold them still. Then and now alike, the boundary, geographical or political, is hard to draw. Which tribes asserted complete independence, which acknowledged some relation of vassalage or tribute to the Empire on whose soil they had settled, were questions the answers to which would have changed from year to year, according to the fluctuations of warfare and policy. We should be safe in saying that, in all parts, the coast and the great cities always remained to the Empire, while the greater part of the inland country was often practically, if not formally, cut off from it. In the sixth century, in the reign of Justinian, we may place the real beginning of the process by which the Slaves have become, in point of population and geographical extent, the greatest of all the races of the South-eastern peninsula.

The Slavonic settlements of which we have just been speaking must for the present be left without a name; the name which became theirs in later history had not yet been borrowed by them. The Bulgarian has not yet begun to play his historic part. The forefront of Turanian invasion is now held by the Avar, nor is it always easy in the sixth and seventh centuries to distinguish the acts of the Avars from the acts of the Slaves.* One is tempted to think that Avars and Slaves must, at the beginning of the seventh century, have stood towards one another, less extensively and less permanently, in the same relation in which Bulgarians and Slaves had begun to stand to one another at the end of the seventh century. The invaders against whom Belisarius was called forth on his last efforts seem to have been strictly Huns, rather than either Avars or Bulgarians.* But in the wars of the first half of the seventh century the Avars filled the foremost place. And in the later years of the century before that, the Avars are mentioned in one special conquest, which it is clear was in its essential character Slavonic. This is no other than that Slavonic occupation of Greece itself which has been the subject of so much controversy, and a right understanding of which is so needful for any thorough grasp of the general relations of the south-eastern nations of Europe to one another.†

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* In one of the passages already quoted from Procopius there seems to be a tendency to imply that there was something Hunnish about the Slaves. By Western writers the two are not uncommonly confounded. See Schafarik, *Slawische Alterthümer*, i. 327, 512; ii. 6, 364. Constantine Porphyrogennêtos twice, in his twenty-ninth chapter, identifies Slaves and Avars. *Σκλάβοι οἱ καὶ Ἄβαροι καλούμενοι.* Slaves and Huns, or Avars, appear acting together in Theophanês, i. 360, 414, and Nikêphoros, of Constantinople, 20, 40 (ed. Bonn). The two sets of names seem to run naturally together in the iambics of George of Pisidia, Bellum Avaricum, 197,—

Σθλάβος γὰρ Οὔννῳ καὶ Σκύθης τῷ Βουλγάρῳ
αὖθίς τε Μῆδος συμφρονήσας τῷ Σκύθῃ

and some way further on (409) he distinctly speaks of—

Σθλάβων τε πλήθη Βουλγάροις μεμιγμένα.

According to the well-known theory of Fallmerayer,‡ the whole Greek race was utterly rooted out between the sixth and the ninth centuries; the later inhabitants of Greece are simply Slaves and Albanians who learned the Greek tongue. Such a theory does in truth go far to answer itself. If the Greek race was wholly destroyed in old Greece, how came the Slaves and Albanians to adopt the Greek language in that particular part of the Empire, while they kept their own languages in other parts? The Albanian language is still to be found in Greece as the fruit of much later colonization. Of the Slavonic language there has been no trace for ages. This alone is enough to show that however large was the amount of Slavonic settlement in Greece, yet the Hellenic stock—in old Greece we may use the word—was strong enough to assimilate what must have been the less strong Slavonic element. But the whole matter has been fully examined by the minute and unwearied scholarship of Hopf, and the baselessness of Fallmerayer's theory has been thoroughly shewn. Hopf is followed in his conclusions by Hertzberg and Mr. Tozer. The Slavonic immigration is a fact, and a certain amount of Slavonic blood must have been assimilated by the modern Greek nation, as a certain Slavonic infusion has made its way into the modern Greek language. But this is all, and this is really no more than might have been looked for from the general history of the South-eastern peninsula. There can be no doubt that in the eighth century, if not earlier, the greater part of Greece was practically torn from the Empire by Slavonic invaders; but they never occupied the whole land. The chief cities always remained Greek, and in the latter part of the eighth century and the beginning of the ninth, the land was won back again. Old Greece formed so small a part of the Eastern Roman Empire that it is only from slight and incidental notices that we are able to put together the history of this loss and this recovery. All the facts which tell at all in his favour have been put together with great skill by Fallmerayer.* But it is hard to see how his facts bear out his conclusions, and some of his facts have been set aside by Hopf. In the year 577, and again in 584, the Slaves, possibly under Avar leaders, made their way into Peloponnêsos. But it would seem that the effects of this invasion have been a good deal exaggerated. But it is clear that from this time Slavonic settlements in Greece went on forming, and a plague in the days of Constantine Koprônymos marks a special æra. From this time we are told that the parts which they occupied were altogether cut off from the Empire, and that a Roman—in modern phrase a Greek—was hardly ever seen among them. At last, in 775, Eirênê, being at peace with the Saracens, sent Staurakios to subdue the Slaves in Hellas. He entered Peloponnêsos, and brought its Slavonic people into at least a tributary relation to the Empire. But nearly thirty years later, in 802, the Slaves had again won strength enough to attack the city of Patrai with the help of a Saracen fleet. And they were defeated, in the belief of the time, only by the personal intervention of the Apostle Andrew, who is spoken of in the West as the mildest of saints,* but who, at such a moment as this, showed himself as a mounted warrior, weapons in hand. When Constantine Porphyrogennêtos wrote, a hundred and forty years later, he knew of only two Slavonic tribes in Peloponnêsos. These two, the Milêngians and the Ezerites, kept their freedom, on a mere payment of tribute, in the mountains of Taÿgetos and on the shore by Helos. But it is quite certain that the Slaves were not utterly rooted out. We hear of them again in the days of the Frank conquest of Morea, and they may even be traced down to the days just before the Turkish conquest, when Peloponnêsos was again won back by Constantinople. In the last struggle with the Turk, the remnant of the Peloponnêsian Slaves seem to have been content to merge themselves in the Greeks, exactly as the Albanians of Greece did in the War of Independence.†

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* Cf. Theophanês, i. 360, with Agathias, v. 11.

† See above, p. 332.

‡ *Geschichte der Halbinsel Morea während des Mittelalters.* Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1830.

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* See his third and fourth chapters, and Finlay, Mediæval Greece and Trebizond, p. 14 et seq.; Zeuss, *Die Deutschen und die Nachbarstämme*, 624; the chapter in Schafarik's second volume, *Die Bulgarischen Slaven*; Hopf, *Griechische Geschichte*, i. 100; Hertzberg, *Geschichte Griechenlands seit dem Absterben des antiken Lebens*, i. 120. The most important passages have often been quoted. The date 584 comes from a writing of the Patriarch Nicolas in the time of Alexios Komnênos, who speaks of it as *καταστροφὴ τῶν Ἀβάρων*, though the colonization was certainly Slavonic. See Zeuss, 625; Jireček, 121 et seqq.

We thus have full proof of a long Slavonic occupation of a great part of Greece, an occupation which cannot fail to have caused a considerable admixture of Slavonic blood in the veins of all the latter inhabitants of Greece. In the eyes of the outer world, perhaps Peloponnêsos in particular, certainly the coast of the South-eastern peninsula in general, was *Sclavinia,* just as Dalmatia was, just as Mecklenburg was.* But there is nothing in all this to justify the notion that the modern Greeks are nothing but Slaves who have learned Greek. Fallmerayer's own story shows that, during the whole Slavonic occupation, the chief towns and the greater part of the coast were still held by the Empire. He enlarges almost with unction on the strictly Hellenic character of Monembasia. Nor does he fail to quote the emphatic witness of the imperial geographer, that the men of Maina, who kept their wild independence then as they did down to our own times, were no Slaves, but descendants of the old Romans—stiff-necked pagans, unbaptized till the days of Basil, who still cherished the worship of the gods of Hellas, the only people who still bore the name of Hellênes. Fallmerayer himself gets specially eloquent on this last point, enlarging on the three religions which existed side by side in the peninsula. While Christ and the Panagia were still worshipped at Patrai and Corinth, altars still smoked to Zeus and Apollo among the mountain holds of the Mainotes; and to Radagast and the other idols of the Slaves in the mountain holds of the Ezerites.† The history of the Slavonic occupation and of the Greek recovery of Peloponnêsos is clearly written in the local nomenclature of the land. Alongside of the old Hellenic names which have lived on to our own day, we find a crowd of Slavonic names of smaller places. And we find too a more remarkable class of names still, names unknown in ancient times, but as truly Hellenic as the ancient names.

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* Saint Andrew appears in England as "sanctorum mitissimus." His warlike exploits at Patrai are recorded by Constantine Porphyrogennêtos (De Ad. Imp. 49). See above, p. 335.

† See Finlay, Mediæval Greece and Trebizond, 268, 275. The last mention of the Slaves in Greece is as late as the first years of the fifteenth century.

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* Σκλαβινία, *Sclavinia,* means any Slavonic land. In our own day it has specially settled down on the land between the Save and the Drave. Fallmerayer and Finlay (19) quote a passage from the *Acta Sanctorum,* in which Monembasia is said to be in "Slavinica terra." But a good deal of doubt is thrown on the application by Hopf.

† See Fallmerayer, 260, and above, p. 331.

These could only have been given in the process by which the men of the Peloponnêsian cities again won back the Peloponnêsian land. The Taÿgetos of old Lakonian geography, the stronghold of the Slavonic Ezerites, is known to Constantine by the name of Pentedaktylos, a name than which nothing can be more purely Greek, but which, as the name of a Peloponnêsian mountain, would have been as little understood by Libanius as by Homer.*

The Slavonic occupation of Peloponnêsos stands as a kind of episode in the general history of the relations of the Southern Slaves towards the Empire. From the time of their first settlement, their history, so far as we know it, stands by itself, and may be followed out by itself to the end. Still it is part of the great settlement of the sixth century, the general settlement of the Slaves in the lands stretching from the Lower Danube to the Ionian and Ægæan seas. But before the events which gave that settlement its special character, another chain of events had founded another set of Slavonic settlements, whose history is in some points distinct from theirs. *After*, so to speak, Bulgaria had come into being, but before it had become *Bulgaria*, the Slavonic settlements in Illyricum, in the narrower sense, the settlements in Servia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, as distinguished from those in Mœsia, Thrace, and Macedonia, had begun. The lands in the triangle between the Save and the Hadriatic had been wasted over and over again by Slaves and Avars, when Heraclius bethought himself of planting a wholly new race of colonists on the wasted land. They were Slaves, but Slaves from more distant lands. They were Slavonic foes of the Avars, who craved help of the Roman power against the common enemy, and whom the Roman Emperor was well pleased to plant in that distant corner of his nominal dominions as a bulwark against the Turanian invader. Detachments of two Slavonic nations were led to change their seats for the purpose, and to come from the lands watered by the Elbe and the Vistula into the lands watered by the great tributaries of the Danube. Modern geography has forgotten their names in their older seats; but in the outlying colonies they still remain, after twelve hundred years' occupation, after endless revolutions, changes of dynasty, changes of masters. It may surprise some to look for the older Servia in the land which is now familiar as the kingdom of Saxony. But there lies the old Servia or Sorabia—the spellings of all their names are endless—which, like most of the earlier seats of these migratory nations, is distinguished as the Great or the White. By the time of Constantine Porphyrogennêtos it was distinguished as the Unbaptized. Apart from the old Serbs lay the old Chrobatians or Croats, the people of the Old or White or Unbaptized Chrobatia, in the south-western part of what afterwards was Poland.* These tribes occupied

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* Fallmerayer is rich in his lists of Slavonic names; and there is no denying that a large part of the nomenclature of modern Greece is Slavonic, any more than that a large part of the nomenclature of northern England is Danish. But some of the names, while they prove the presence of Slaves, prove something else also. Such a name as *Σκλαβοχωρίον*, like *Φραγγοχωρίον* in later times, exactly answers to our own Danby and Nor[th]manton. These names imply the presence of Slaves and Franks; but they imply also that the general population of the country was not Slave or Frank. In p. 247 he compares the process by which the Slaves were hellenized with the process by which the Teutonic settlers in Italy were romanized. The parallel is ingenious, but fallacious, and it tells against its own argument. No large part of Italy was wholly settled by Teutonic colonists. The parallel, in short, would tend to make the Slavonic occupation of Greece less extensive than we have every reason to believe that it was.

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* The geography of Constantine's account (31) is worth noticing. Ἰστέον ὅτι οἱ Σέρβλοι ἀπὸ τῶν ἀβαπτίστων Σέρβλων τῶν καὶ ἄσπρων ἐπονομαζομένων κατάγονται, τῶν τῆς Τουρκίας ἐκεῖθεν κατοικούντων εἰς τὸν παρ' αὐτοῖς Βοΐκι τόπον ἐπονομαζόμενον, ἐν οἷς πλησιάζει καὶ ἡ Φραγγία, ὁμοίως καὶ ἡ μεγάλη Χρωβατία ἡ ἀβάπτιστος ἡ καὶ ἄσπρη προσαγορευομένη. Elsewhere (c. 30), οἱ Χρωβάτοι κατῴκουν τηνικαῦτα ἐκεῖθεν Βαγιβαρείας, ἔνθα εἰσὶν ἀρτίως οἱ Βελοχρωβάτοι. See Schafarik, ii. 242 et seqq. The Βελοχρωβάτοι and the ἄσπρη Χρωβατία translate one another. It is worth noticing that the imperial geographer is led away by one very false bit of etymology: Σέρβλοι τῇ τῶν Ῥωμαίων διαλέκτῳ δοῦλοι προσαγορεύονται . . . ταύτην δὲ τὴν ἐπωνυμίαν ἔσχον οἱ Σέρβλοι

Illyricum by imperial authority, and for some ages they kept on a nominal and precarious allegiance to the Empire, in opposition, first to the Avar and then to the Bulgarian. And, as subjects and champions of the Christian Empire, some at least had from the beginning embraced the religion of the Empire. But both their Christianity and their allegiance seem to have sat lightly upon them. The Imperial geographer is driven to confess that, down to the accession of his grandfather, not only the Slavonic settlers, but even the Dalmatian coast towns became practically independent of the Empire, and that the greater part of the Slavonic settlers were still unbaptized.* It is plain however that the coast towns never wholly cast aside their allegiance.

When Charles the Great spread his power over a large part of these Illyrian Slaves, he respected the tie which bound the coast cities to the rival Empire.† But it was not till the reign of Basil the Macedonian that either Christianity or the Imperial power again won back any firm footing in these lands. By his zeal the greater part of the Illyrian Slaves were converted to the faith. His grandson always pointedly contrasts the baptized Croats and baptized Serbs, who were nominally at least his own vassals, with the unbaptized Croats and Serbs who lived far

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διὰ τὸ δοῦλοι γενέσθαι τοῦ βασιλέως Ῥωμαίων. It is not always clear what language is meant by *ἡ τῶν Ῥωμαίων διάλεκτος*: here it plainly is Latin. On this matter, and on the whole early history of the Serbs and Croatians, see the chapters in Schafarik's second volume, *Die Serbischen Slawen* and *Die Chrowatischen Slawen.*

* According to Constantine, De Adm. Imp. 29, all the people of these parts had become practically independent. *Γεγόνασιν αὐτοκέφαλοι, μήτε τῷ βασιλεῖ Ῥωμαίων μήτε ἑτέρῳ τινὶ ὑποκείμενοι . . . ἀλλὰ οἱ πλειόνες τῶν τοιούτων Σκλάβων οὐδὲ ἐβαπτίζοντο, ἀλλὰ μέχρι πολλοῦ ἔμενον ἀβάπτιστοι.* He then goes on to describe the missionary work of his apostolic grandfather.

† Einhard (Vita Karoli, 15) describes the conquests of Charles the Great in these regions as "Utraque Pannonia, et adposita in altera Danubii ripa Datia, Histria quoque et Libernia atque Dalmatia, exceptis maritimis civatibus quas, ob amicitiam et junctum cum eo fœdus, Constantinopolitanum imperatorem habere permisit."

away in their old homes. But even now the re-establishment of the Imperial power in these regions was but nominal. The cities clave to the Empire; but it was found expedient to allow them to pay tribute to the Slavonic chiefs in their neighbourhood. And one stiff-necked portion of the settlers altogether refused to accept either the dominion or the faith of the Empire. Between Spalato and Ragusa lay the land of the unconverted Narentines, the *Pagania* of those days.* And, besides their possessions on the mainland, the Pagans of Constantine's day held several of the greatest of the Dalmatian islands. Pharos, then still Pharos, but now Lesina, the old Parian colony of Dionysios—busy Brazza, whose name has not changed—Meleda, the Dalmatian rival of Malta for the honour of having sheltered the Apostle, with her long line of coast rising from the sea, jagged like a comb, or like a range of barrows covering the bones of the men of forgotten days—the northern Korkyra too, black Korkyra, with her thick woods, so rare a crown among the Dalmatian coasts and islands—all these, among the loveliest regions of the lovely shore of the Hadriatic archipelago, formed, in the days of the Imperial geographer, part of the land whose name proclaimed that there the rule of Christ and of Cæsar was alike unknown. For one who has seen those lands, indeed for any one who, even without seeing them, has caught in any measure the charm of their wonderful history, the minute picture which the Imperial geographer draws of the Illyrian land, and especially of the Dalmatian shore, has a surpassing interest. His whole book is read with a singular feeling, one common indeed to the whole range of Byzantine writers, but which seems especially drawn forth by the writings of Constantine. There is something taking in a picture of a large part of Europe in days that are comparatively modern, put forth by an Imperial hand, in a tongue which, setting aside the inevitable technical terms, differs but little from the tongue, if not of Attic, at least of Alexandrine, times. There is something which is in a manner unexpected, when we find Russians and Saracens and Hungarians, though the last are veiled under the name of Turks —when we read of Charles the Frank and Otto the Saxon, and Lewis and Hugh the kings, the *ῥῆγες*, of Italy—not for the world would the Eastern Augustus give them his own style of *βασιλεύς*—spoken of in a tongue in which we are more accustomed to read the acts of Lysandros and Alkibiadês. The whole takes us out of our ordinary range of thought; it brings together lands, and names, and tongues, which in our ordinary range of thought are kept apart, and is a living witness to the truth that their history is one. We read of Russia in her earliest days, in her first greatness, presently to be shivered by internal divisions and by Mongolian inroads. We see her in the days when the Slavonic subjects of Scandinavian rulers came down the Dnieper in their canoes, not then to set free, but to threaten, the imperial city by the Bosporos. We read the long tale of Chersôn, the city where Greek life and Greek freedom lived on so long by the northern shores of the Euxine; where, unknown we may well believe to most of the combatants on either side, the war of Sebastopol was fought in our days over the ruins of the most abiding of Hellenic commonwealths. But there is no part of his work over which our Imperial guide evidently lingered with greater interest than over his picture of the whole Illyrian land, and especially of the Dalmatian coast. It is inconceivable that he can ever have visited it for himself; we may be sure that Constantine seldom trusted himself very far from the walls of the New Rome. Yet he must have taken a special interest in the land, an interest which he did not feel when he wrote his strictly geographical work on the provinces of the Empire, but which had come upon him before he sat down to write the more elaborate work in which he teaches his son how a wise Emperor ought to deal with Russians, Turks, Patzinaks, and Chazars. By the time that he wrote the *De Administrando Imperio* he had learned something more about the land of Diocletian than when he wrote his youthful exercise on the Themes. It is significant that he has no Bulgarian chapter. The subjects of Simeon were a race beyond the reach of diplomatic tricks, a race on which a Macedonian Emperor who could not foresee the mighty deeds of his own grandson would not dwell with the same satisfaction with which he dwells on the story of Servians and Croats brought within the fold by his grandfather. We follow him along the shore; we might almost use him as a guide-book. It is with a strange feeling that the traveller who has seen, who has perhaps almost found out for himself, the wonderful round church of Zara, with its mighty columns still grand amid neglect and desecration, turns to find a building which many modern writers seem to have passed by without notice minutely and accurately described by the Imperial penman nine hundred years back.* We read how ruined Salona gave way to Spalato, how ruined Epidauros gave way to Raousion or Ragusa, the city of the rocks. We follow our guide up the inland sea of Salona to the island city of Tetrangourion, to Träu, with the wondrous portal of its *duomo.* We sail in with him to the mouths of Cattaro, the Dekatera of his day. As usual, we puzzle over his etymology, but we acknowledge the accuracy of his description of the narrow sea, surrounded by the heaven-reaching mountains. We go with him inland to his Terbounia, now Trebinje in its Turkish bondage.† One short chapter, drier and less instructive than most, wakes up a thought which, in a work written nine hundred years back, could only be conspicuous by its absence. There is not much to learn from his thirty-fifth chapter, devoted to the land of Dioklêa. He who in other parts of his work traces the advance of Mahometan power in earlier times—he who traces back the name of Dioklêa to the days and the works of Jovius—he who has traced the migration which brought the Slaves into the Illyrian land, and which caused the wide line to be drawn between the converted and unconverted Serb—could not foresee that, five hundred years after his day, a wild mountain within that obscure district of Dioklêa should become the last citadel of Slavonic freedom and Christian faith. He could not foresee that in that land such a bulwark could be needed against the creed which, in his day was terrible on the Euphrates, but was known on the shores of the Hadriatic only by rare visits of plunder from Africa or Sicily. He who next writes the history of the land of Dioklêa will have a longer tale to tell. Within its narrow bounds rises the Black Mountain, the stronghold where barbarian foot may never tread,* before the sight of whose valiant sons the hosts of the barbarian quail in deadly terror, and leave only to the lying scribes of the vanquished Porte the poor satisfaction of writing, in this or that note or protocol or circular, that they *"regard Montenegro as an integral part of the Ottoman Empire."* †

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* See above, p. 25.

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* De Adm. Imp. c. 29. But our guide is more lucky in his architecture than in his etymology. What can he mean when he says, Τὸ *κάστρον τῶν Διαδώρων καλεῖται τῇ* Ῥωμαίων *διαλέκτῳ ἰάμ ἔρατ, ὅπερ ἑρμηνεύται ἀπάρτι ἦτον· δηλονότι ὅτε ἡ* Ῥώμη *ἐκτισθη, προεκτισμένον ἦν τὸ τοιοῦτον κάστρον;*

† [1877.]

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* [Or only to be driven out again, as in 1877.]

† [The reference given in 1877 was to the Turkish answer to the Protocol of April in that year. It is now more useful to mark that in the Treaty of San Stefano, Article II., the words were: "La Sublime Porte reconnaît définitivement l'indépendance de la Principauté de Monténégro." This was a different formula from that employed in Articles III. and V. with regard to Servia and Roumania, where the word "définitivement" was not used. The difference was clearly meant to mark the undoubted fact of past history and present politics that, while Servia and Roumania had been tributaries of the Turk up to that moment, Montenegro had never been his tributary at any time. But though the fact could not be denied, it seems to have been thought inconvenient in some quarters, as we read (Protocols of the Congress of Berlin, 147): "Lord Salisbury dit que son gouvernement n'a jamais reconnu cette indépendance et demande la suppression du mot 'définitivement.'" A process described as an "exchange of ideas" now follows, the result of which seems to be that Russia, Austria, Germany, and France, had all acknowledged the independence of Montenegro in one way or another. But *it is only the Russian Plenipotentiaries* who say manfully, "que leur gouvernement n'a jamais cessé

Here then is one of the great divisions of the Slavonic settlers in the South-eastern peninsula, the division which is traced up to the settlements under Heraclius in the seventh century. These are the Slaves who form the main part of the population of old Illyricum. Of them came the Servian and Croatian kingdoms, the momentary Servian Empire of the fourteenth century, the later kingdom of Bosnia, and the duchy of Santa Saba, so well known to us for the last two years under the name of Herzegovina. Of them came the Slavonic subjects of Venice on her Dalmatian coast, the *Sea-Vlachs*, the *Morlacchi*, and the valiant men of the shore of the *Bocche di Cattaro*. The fluctuations of boundaries between these several powers was endless. So were their fluctuations towards their neighbours on all sides, to the Eastern Roman Empire, to the Bulgarian and the Magyar, and in after days to the Venetian and the Turk. Among them the Croats are the branch which makes the smallest figure in general history. Between their days of subjection, at one time to the Eastern, at another to the Western, Empire, their day of independence was short, though they did for a moment show themselves rivals of the growing power of Venice. But for ages the Croatian crown has been worn by the Hungarian kings, and the large adoption of the Latin faith has tended greatly to cut off this branch of the Slavonic

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de la reconnaître, puisque les Princes de Monténégro n'étaient point confirmés par le Sultan et ne payaient point de tribut." Nevertheless, though all the facts and all the ideas seem to have been on one side, the word "définitivement" disappears from the treaty, and the clause finally appeared in this shape (Article XXVI.): "L'indépendance du Monténégro est reconnue par la Sublime Porte et par toutes celles des hautes parties contractantes qui ne l'avaient pas encore admise."

The inference would seem to be that there are minds which think that the facts of both past and present can be got rid of because they do not choose to acknowledge them—which think it to their credit that a record of their ignorance or obstinacy should go forth to the world—and which further think it dignified to offer a petty insult to a small power guilty of the crime of maintaining its independence, because they find themselves unable to take its independence away.]

race from the general Slavonic cause in the south-eastern lands. The Servian race, in all its forms and all the shiftings of its territory, has a higher interest, an interest which gathers in a higher degree round the principality of Montenegro, which has ever remained as the abiding representative of Servian independence, than even round the larger Servian principality which has won back its freedom in our own times. Geographically however this last comes nearer to representing the old Servian kingdom, though it is far indeed from representing it in its full extent. When we say this, we mean the Servian kingdom proper. Shifting as its boundaries were on all sides, it still kept up some kind of geographical continuity, and the modern principality represents it as a part represents the whole. The Empire of Stephen Dushan, when the Servian Czar reigned from the Danube to the Corinthian Gulf, was but the wonder of a moment. It naturally broke in pieces on the death of its founder, and left a crowd of small states, Slave, Greek, and Frank, for the Turk to devour, all but one. Yet the kingdom of Servia which still went on, made tributary by the fight of Kossovo, then alternately independent or tributary, as Timour broke in pieces the Ottoman in Asia or as Huniades cut him short in Europe, lived in one form or another till its final incorporation by Mahomet the Conqueror. And it is with strangely mingled feelings that we read how the warriors of tributary Servia, doing service to their Ottoman overlord, turned the day for Islam and against Christianity at Nikopolis. It is as when, almost a thousand years before, the East-Goth marched under the banner of Attila to meet, but not to overcome, Aëtius and Theodoric on the Catalaunian Fields. Another form of interest and instruction is supplied by the history of the Bosnian kingdom, the newest of the chief Slavonic powers in this region, but the last, save the unconquered remnant on the Black Mountain, to maintain its independence of the Ottoman invader. No history teaches more clearly how closely interwoven in these lands the two notions of religion and nationality have ever been, and how completely it was owning to disunion, mainly to religious disunion, that these lands came under the power of the barbarian. Bosnia, after endless shiftings, comes out in the fourteenth century as a separate kingdom, ruled by Catholic kings and closely connected, both in war and peace, with Catholic Hungary. It has a somewhat different history from Orthodox Servia, and from Bulgaria, a land essentially Orthodox, though its princes so often coquetted with the Pontiffs of the elder Rome. In all these lands the Bogomilian heresy, the remnant of the old Paulicians or Manichæans, lived on to form both a religious and a political difficulty. But it was in Bosnia that it assumed especial importance, and was the cause of special weakness when the strife with the Mussulman came. In no Christian land, save in Albania, did apostasy take place on so great a scale. But there is a marked difference between apostasy in Bosnia and apostasy in Albania. In Albania apostasy might almost be called national; whole tribes at least embraced Islam. In Bosnia the nobles embraced Islam, in order to keep their estates and the dominion over the rest of the people under a new title. Here, as in Crete, the Mussulman population is of native descent, as truly Greek in one case, as truly Slave in the other, as their Christian neighbour. The mass of the Christian population of Bosnia is now Orthodox; but it is the Mahometan and the Catholic who keep up the traditions of the Bosnian kingdom. The heart of the Orthodox Bosnian is with his Orthodox brethren in Servia.

At this point some other considerations with regard to the Illyrian lands are strongly forced upon us by comparing their early history with their present state.* We are brought back to the argument of our former article. For a few centuries in the world's history Illyricum was an united land, and, while it was an united land, it was a flourishing land. The history of Illyricum down to the Roman conquest sets before us a barbarian land famous only for robbery and piracy, fringed by a few Greek colonies, of late foundation and quite secondary importance, on its coasts and islands. Under the *Pax Romana*, Illyricum became one of the most flourishing regions of the earth. This prosperity lasted through the days of direct Roman rule, down to the time of the Avar and Slavonic inroads. That is to say, during those few centuries the body and its mouths were united; the great mainland watered by the tributaries of the Danube had its natural outlet in the Dalmatian havens. Before and after this time the body and the mouths were parted asunder. Never since the sixth century, among all the strivings of Slave, Frank, Magyar, Venetian, Turk, Frenchman, and Austrian, amid all the tossings to and fro between one master and another, have these lands again been what they were from Augustus to Justinian, when they were a really united body, in which the mainland and the coast were not unnaturally kept asunder. The extreme

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* [I thought it best to leave this paragraph, at the expense of some little repetition, exactly as it was written in 1877. Since then Bosnia and Herzegovina have passed under Austrian rule, in a shape and after a fashion which has discontented both Christians and Mussulmans, but which may lead to some better state of things in the long run. At all events the body and the mouth are again united, and in any future arrangements the

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fate of the two cannot be kept apart. Thus far a point for the future has been gained, though at the cost of much immediate wrong and suffering. Whatever passes away from the Turk to any European power is so far a gain. The treatment of Montenegro is another matter. Her warriors had again won their way to their own sea from which she had been so long cut off; but, of the three havens which they had won with their own right hands, one is given back hopelessly to the barbarian—another is seized by the coward power which has not pluck to do either good or evil, but which stands by to steal the fruits from those who do either—the possession of the third is indeed left to those who have won it, but clogged by the most insulting restrictions which the brute force of great powers ever imposed on an independent state whose littleness is in truth its glory. Base as was the filching of Cattaro, the filching of Spizza by Austria, the betrayal of Dulcigno to the Turk, was baser. To the filching of Spizza the two usual arguments of "felix Austria" do not apply. It had neither been held by some predecessor in remote ages, nor had any nearer forefather found a wife there.]

point of unnatural division is to be found on the coast of the *Bocche* and at the foot of the Black Mountain. The Montenegrins, with their perfect independence—the men of the *Bocche,* under civilized but still alien rule—the men of Herzegovina, in their barbarian bondage—are parted from each other by nothing but the merest political accident. They feel as brethren; they act as brethren; when one of the three draws the sword, the other two draw it also. And be it remembered that only a few years past the Austrian, as well as the Turk, had to learn what the pistols and yataghans which hang in every man's girdle can do in time of need.* This is the extreme case of unnatural disunion; but unnatural disunion is the fate of the whole land, and the cuckoo-cry about the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire means, among the other evil things that it means, the continuance of this disunion. The Magyar is perhaps chiefly led by blind hatred to the Slave; but every statesman of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy instinctively feels that the Eastern question touches him as well as the Turk. So far as the Eastern question is a Slavonic question, so far it will never be settled unless the lands under Austrian rule, as well as the lands under Turkish rule, are taken into account. We do not presume to say what the final solution ought to be, whether it is to be sought in empire or in federation, in founding new states or in enlarging old ones. It may be that two years back † the self-styled Emperor, more truly the King of Illyria, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, had the game in his own hands, if he had known how to play it. Instead of stooping to be the treacherous jailor of Ljubebratich, Francis

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* Some account of the insurrection in the *Bocche di Cattaro* in 1869 will be found in the seventeenth chapter of *Le Monténégro Contemporain,* by G. Frilley and Jovan Wlahovitz (Paris, 1876). The general relations of the Montenegrins, the *Bocchesi,* and the people of Herzegovina, may be well studied in Mr. Stillman's book, *Herzegovina and the late Uprising, and the Causes of the latter, and the Remedies* (London, 1877), the work of one who records what he himself saw, and whose Cretan experience made him better able to understand what he saw.

† [That is, in 1875.]

Joseph might well have become the liberator of the Slavonic lands. He might perhaps have carried out the dreams of Charles the Sixth, and have exchanged his sham Imperial crown for a real one.* The question is again further complicated by the yearning of at least a party in Italy for the Italian-speaking cities which fringe the Slavonic coast. We do not take upon ourselves to draw out a scheme, or to draw out a map; things turn out better when events are left to shape themselves. But we do lay it down as a principle, that no settlement of these lands will be wholesome or lasting which does not make the coast and the land behind it, in some shape or another, parts of one political whole. Above all things, one deed of justice should be done. It is like a feeling of being in prison to stand on the Black Mountain, to look down on the *Bocche*—to look across the narrow ridge that fences in the *Bocche* to the wide Hadriatic itself—and to feel that the unconquered land has no outlet to the sea, that it is left to the mercy of its jealous neighbours. Talk not of this or that paltry creek, of the navigation of this or that paltry stream to be ceded by or wrested from the Turk. Give back to the men of the Black Mountain the haven which they won from the common enemy of Europe when Englishmen and Montenegrins fought side by side. The city at the bottom of the ladder must again be joined to the mountain plain at the top of the ladder. The men of the mountain and the men of the *Bocche*, brothers in arms in so many struggles, must live under a common and national rule. Cattaro, which Austrian and Frenchman joined to filch from Venice—which, when the plunderers quarrelled, the Austrian could not keep from the Frenchman—which the Montenegrin won from the Frenchman with his own right hand, in the common cause of Europe—which the Austrian filched back again, and which Russia and England stood by and saw him filch—the old Dekatera of Constantine, the whole shore of that lovely gulf and the valiant men who dwell upon it, must be again joined to the dominion of the only ruler whom they will acknowledge as a national sovereign. The men of the *Bocche* may be constrained to look to Francis Joseph of Vienna as an alien lord: it is Nicolas of Cettinje to whom alone they look as the prince of their own race.

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* [See First Series of Essays, p. 282. But the Roumans have since shown themselves worthy of independence, and the Magyar kingdom has declined the honourable task then suggested for it.]

This may be enough with regard to that section of the Slaves who settled in what is now the north-eastern corner of the Ottoman dominions, and in the adjoining Austrian, Hungarian, and Montenegrin lands. Their history, as we have sketched it, has in some sort interrupted the history of the other great division of their race in the South-eastern peninsula; those namely who came more distinctly under Turanian influences. We have seen that the Slavonic settlements in Mœsia, Macedonia, and Greece began before the settlements in Illyricum;[*] but it was not till shortly after the Slavonic settlement of Illyricum that the event took place which gave those settlements their special character. That connexion between the Slaves and the Turanian nations, which took a less lasting shape in the case of Huns and Avars, became one of the great facts of history in the case of the Bulgarians. Exactly as the name of the original Scandinavian Russians passed to their Slavonic subjects, and so became the name of one of the great divisions of the Slavonic race, so the name of the original Turanian Bulgarians passed from them to their Slavonic subjects, and became the name of another great division of the Slavonic race.[†] We left the Slaves of

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[*] The way in which all this land had become Slavonic nowhere comes out more clearly than in a few words inserted in the *Chrestomathia*, or extracts from Strabo, in C. Müller's Geographi Græci Minores, ii. 574. Νῦν δὲ πᾶσαν Ἤπειρον καὶ Ἑλλάδα σχεδὸν καὶ Πελοπόννησον καὶ Μακεδονίαν Σκύθαι Σκλάβοι νέμονται. Is it too great a refinement to hint that Σκύθαι Σκλάβοι might mean Slaves under Scythian, that is Bulgarian, rule?

[†] Two Byzantine writers, Theophanês (i. 544, ed. Bonn) and Nikêphoros of Constantinople (38), give accounts—that in Theophanês a rather minute

Mœsia and Macedonia without a name when we passed to the history of the Slaves of Illyricum. The Slaves of Illyricum had not been long in their new land before their brethren to the south and east of them got them a name through the great Turanian inroad which gave the old Bulgarian a home south of the Danube. Hitherto we have heard of Bulgarians, as of other Turanian nations, as occasional plunderers. In 679* they crossed the great border stream, and founded a lasting kingdom in the land which has ever since borne their name. Settled in a Slavonic land, ruling over a vast majority of Slavonic subjects, the princes and the whole ruling order of the old Bulgarians were gradually lost in the general Slavonic mass. They adopted the Slavonic language of their subjects, while their subjects adopted the name of their Bulgarian rulers. The case is exactly analogous to a far more famous case in Western Europe. The romanized inhabitants of Gaul gradually took the name of their Frankish conquerors, while their Frankish conquerors gradually adopted the Latin speech of their subjects. Modern Bulgaria and the modern Bulgarians have come to bear the name by which they are now called through exactly the same process by which modern France and the modern French have come to bear the name which they now bear. The case would be very much the same if England were called Normandy, and her people Normans. The Bulgarian land on the Volga—Great Bulgaria—kept its name long after the New or Black Bulgaria arose on the Danube.† It remained Turanian; it became Mahometan; it

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account—of the original Bulgarians. They both connect them with the Huns. Theophanês speaks of the seven Slavonic tribes which the Bulgarians brought under their power.

* [It is somewhat singular that, though 1879 has seen the new birth of the latest Bulgaria, no one, even in these days of centenaries and millenaries, seems to have remembered that it was the twelfth hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the first Bulgarian state south of the Danube.]

† Ἡ πάλαι καλουμένη μεγάλη Βουλγαρία, says Theophanês. The land immediately south of the mouths of the Danube commonly goes by the

flourished as a Mahometan power, till, in the fifteenth century, it yielded to the advance of Russia, and gave the Russian Czar one of his endless titles.* The modern Bulgarians then may be distinguished from the Illyrian Slaves as Slaves who have been brought under a certain measure of Turanian influence, and who have taken the name of their Turanian masters. Either this or some other cause has undoubtedly given the Bulgarians a nationality of their own, distinct from that of the other Slaves. They speak too, so Slavonic scholars tell us, a distinct dialect of the common Slavonic speech. How far its special character is due to Turanian influences or to Turanian infusion it is for Slavonic scholars to settle; but it is plain on the face of general history that the Bulgarians had, and still have, a very distinct national life of their own. Their relation to the Empire was wholly different to that of the Illyrian Slaves. These last kept up some kind of relation to the Empire almost down to the time of the Latin conquest. They were sometimes independent, sometimes tributary, sometimes under Byzantine governors, as the Empire was weaker or stronger from time to time. But the theory at least of overlordship was never given up. The Slaves of Thrace, Macedonia, and Greece were, at least in Imperial eyes, simply revolted subjects who were to be brought back to obedience whenever it was possible. Towards them no definite frontier could be drawn, because in them no measure of independence was ever formally acknowledged. But Bulgaria, whether as a kingdom of heathen Fins or of Christian Slaves, was another matter. Its princes were the only neighbours in whom the Emperors stooped to

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name of *Mauroboulgaria*, or Black Bulgaria; but Fallmerayer sees in the former part of the word a Slavonic name for the sea, just as in *Morea*.

* [See Roesler, *Romänische Studien*, 249. Not long ago some zealous patriot fished up the fact that the Russian Emperor is "Prince of Bulgaria," to use it as a new charge against the supposed enemy. Never having heard of Bulgaria on the Volga, he fancied that the title referred to Bulgaria on the Danube.]

acknowledge something like equals. What passes into their hands openly passes away, at least for the time. There was a frontier, a frontier which was often fixed by treaty, a frontier which indeed often changed, but which still was an acknowledged frontier while it lasted. The Bulgarians, in short, as long as their national life lasted, showed themselves in no character but that of the most terrible and determined enemies of the Empire. They were its disciples so far as to become its rivals; but it was only under the mighty hand of Constantine's grandson that they became its subjects.

We may safely say that to the great mass, even of intelligent and well-read Englishmen, Bulgarian history has hitherto been something almost utterly unknown. Some may have learned something about them from Gibbon and Finlay. He must be a careless reader of either of those historians who has not at least carried away the great names of Simeon and Samuel. He may perhaps have smiled at the zeal with which the newly-converted Bulgarian hastened to call his princes after Hebrew patriarchs and prophets; but he can hardly have failed to carry away some remembrance of those princes themselves and their great deeds. Some may even have gone beyond their Gibbon and their Finlay to learn something from the original Byzantine writers themselves. Still this is not Bulgarian history; it is Byzantine history, so far as Byzantine history has been affected by the Bulgarians. But the Bulgarian people have a history of their own, a history in every way worthy of study, and we are glad that we can point to a recent work in which that history can be mastered with pleasure and profit. This is the History of the Bulgarians by Constantine Joseph Jireček.* It is a thorough history of the Bulgarian people at every stage of their national life, save the very last. Published in 1876, but with its preface bearing date in 1875, the work of Jireček was written in time to record the doings of Midhat when he reigned alone in Bulgaria. It was not written in time to record those later doings of Midhat and his fellows which have made the world ring with the Bulgarian name. He gives us, in short, all Bulgarian history save the last chapters of all.

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* *Geschichte der Bulgaren*, Prag, 1876.

We may now mark the steps by which Bulgaria took its definite place among the Christian and Slavonic nations of South-eastern Europe. For two hundred years after their settlement south of the Danube, the Bulgarians, at all events their princes, remained heathens. How far either Christianity or Islam—for Islam too made its way among them*—had been embraced by either their Turanian or their Slavonic subjects it is hard to say. Yet some tinge of Greek culture must have reached them even before the general conversion. A Greek inscription is preserved of the days of the Bulgarian Khan Omortag, who reigned from 815 to 836, a fierce enemy of the Empire, a persecutor of Christian missionaries, but who appears in this inscription as at least a theist. There is no sign of the special teaching either of the Gospel or of the Koran; but Omortag at least calls on a single God, and, if the version of his interpreter be right, he calls on that God for the forgiveness of his sins.† Have we here something answering to the theism of the early Mongols, a theism which might well pave the way either for Christianity or for Islam, which in the one case did pave the way for Islam, and in the other for Christianity? Before the century was out, Boris was a Christian king of a Christian people. The only question was, whether the new Bulgarian Church should throw in its lot with the Eastern or with the Western side of Christendom.

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* See Jireček, 134. It should be remembered that the Russian Vladimir also made a deliberate choice between Islam and Christianity.

† This inscription is given by Jireček (148). The latter part runs thus: *Το δε ονομα του αρχοντος εστην Ωμορταγ καν. να συ βιβη ο δεος ανοσι αυτον ζισσετ. ν : ρ.* We can simply copy Jireček's version, without professing to see every word of the latter part in the original—"und der Name des Fürsten lautet Omortagkan, Gott möge ihm seine Sünden vergeben; lebet wohl." Whatever the inscription may prove as to Omortag's theology, it is almost more precious than the scraps of Greek in Liudprand as a witness to the pronunciation of Greek in those times. If either the Bishop of Cremona or the Bulgarian stone-cutter had known how to spell, we should have lost a great deal of knowledge.

And now, in the early years of the tenth century, comes one of the great figures in Bulgarian history, one of the figures best worth studying in the history of Eastern Europe, one who would have doubtless found many to study him if he had appeared in another age and in another land. Simeon—the zealous Christian, the learned scholar, as deeply versed in old Hellenic lore as his rival at Byzantium,* but withal the terrible warrior and conqueror, who spread the power of the Bulgarian realm far over Thrace and Macedonia, far over Servia at one end and Albania at the other—stands out as one of those princes to whom we mourn that fate denied an Einhard or an Asser to paint them more in detail. From his capital in Marcianopolis, in his day the Great Peristhlaba,† he ruled over the largest part of the Eastern peninsula, and seemed to place an impenetrable barrier between Byzantium and the outlying lands on the Hadriatic. The ruler of such a realm was not satisfied to be a mere barbarian *khan*, a mere Slavonic *kral*. No title was worthy of him but that which was borne by the princes whom he kept, as it were, shut up in the New Rome. First of his race, he bore the imperial name, and handed on the title of *Cæsar*, in its shortened form of *Czar*,‡ to a long line of Bulgarian, Servian, and Russian successors.

Simeon stands by himself in his generation. The scholar-prince who stood beside him, and who, against his will, has become one of his historians, could wield the pen only and not the sword. Two generations later, two mighty forms stand forth together to dispute the dominion of the South-eastern lands. The New Rome has awakened in one of those fits of renewed strength which seemed to bring back the most triumphant ages of the Old. The Caliph trembles on his throne before the approach of Nikêphoros, conqueror of Crete and Antioch; Russian and Bulgarian fall beneath the sword of John Tzimiskês. The Roman frontier again reaches to the Danube, and the capital of Simeon is again a dependency of the older Empire. But far away to the west, in the furthest land to which the Bulgarian power had reached, far away by the lake of Ochrida, a new Bulgarian throne arose. It was the throne of a Bulgarian kingdom which was no longer washed by the Euxine, but which stretched from the Danube southward into Thessaly and Ætolia. The first Bulgaria had been primarily a Mœsian realm; the second Bulgaria was primarily a Macedonian realm. Over that realm, from his seat at Ochrida, ruled the Czar Samuel, the hero of his race in that struggle of twenty years which, for Ochrida and Constantinople, ushered in the second millennium of our æra. Equal in strength, in firmness of purpose, in military skill, the lords of the two rival empires, Bulgarian Samuel and Byzantine Basil, held each other for years together in the death-grasp. At last the destiny of Rome prevailed. Ochrida was but for a moment; but Rome, even in her translated seat, was eternal. The realm to which Samuel had given the name of Empire became, as it had been ages before, a province of the true successor of the Cæsars. Basil the Bulgarian-slayer ruled over such a realm as Justinian himself had hardly ruled over. He no longer ruled over Palestine and Egypt, over Sicily and Spain, but he held his own peninsula with a grasp firmer than that of any Emperor since the Goth first crossed the Danube. But it shows the innate vigour of the Bulgarian nation that, even after such utter overthrow, the realm of Simeon and Samuel could rise again. In that new

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* Liudprand first mentions Simeon in the Antapodosis (i. 5): "Simeon fortis bellator Bulgariis præerat, Christianus, sed vicinis Grecis valde inimicus." Afterwards (iii. 29) he says, "Hunc Simeonem emiargon, id est semigrecum, esse aiebant, eo quod a puericia Bizantii Demostenis rhetoricam Aristotelisque silogismos didicaret." He adds that he left his secular studies, entered a monastery, and then came out to reign.

† See Jireček, 165.

‡ Jireček (168) undoubtingly makes *Czar*—in his spelling, *Car*—the Slavonic form of *Cæsar*, a derivation which has been called in question.

Bulgaria at its first creation the Rouman might claim his share as well as the Slave; but the Rouman element in the new kingdom seems to have passed away north of the Danube. It was again an essentially Slavonic state which warred with the latter Frank and Greek lords of Constantinople, and which at last fell piecemeal into the jaws of the Turk.

This new Bulgaria of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is perhaps most famous from the overthrow of the first Latin Emperor at the hands of its king. Baldwin in the hands of Joannice fared rather as Valerian at the hands of Sapor than as Rômanos Diogênes at the hands of Alp Arslan. But Joannice founded what was for a while a powerful kingdom. During part of the thirteenth century, under the Czar John Asen the Second, the realm of Tirnovo bade fair to win back the place of the older realms of Peristhlaba and Ochrida. Its prince boasted, truly or falsely, that he reigned on the three seas, and left to the Latin Emperor nothing but the *Czarigrad* itself. But his power was as momentary as that of Samuel, and it fell in pieces without a Basil to crush it. The new Bulgaria was cut short on all sides by Greeks, Servians, and Magyars, and it was a realm split into fragments which stood ready for the Turk to seize after Kossovo. From that time to our own, Bulgaria has been in bondage, a bondage which had known no such alternations of freedom and half-freedom, of momentary transfer to civilized rule, as Servia saw in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and eighteenth centuries. Even when Huniades crossed the Balkan, he restored the freedom of Servia, but he left Bulgaria in bondage. Of all the races under the rule of the Turk, the Bulgarian, whose name was so terrible from the days of Theodoric to the days of the Palaiologoi, has been to all appearance the most submissive. The revival of Bulgarian nationality in our own day is therefore the more wonderful, the more admirable; and small as was the Bulgaria which fell before the Ottoman compared with the Bulgaria which threatened the Eastern Roman, yet the older and greater days of Bulgarian power have left their mark on the events and on the controversies of our own day. When some were amazed in our own time to hear of Bulgarians in other lands than those between Hæmus and Danube, to those who knew the history of those lands the very fact of their amazement was a speaking memory of the days of Simeon and Samuel. When the modern Bulgarian claims Alexander as his countryman, the claim is indeed a wild one; but it is no wilder than the confusion which makes many an Englishman see a countryman in British Arthur. The realm of Alexander is now largely a Bulgarian land. It is Bulgarian in the sense in which any land is Bulgarian, a Slavonic land which took the name of its Bulgarian masters. And thereby hangs a controversy which, more than any other, darkens the hopes of the regenerate nations of South-eastern Europe. The feelings of race and nationality cut two ways. They have given to both Greek and Bulgarian a national life such as neither of them have had for ages; but they have turned Greek and Bulgarian into rivals, almost into enemies, in the face of the common enemy of them and of all mankind. It is the story of inland Illyricum and the Dalmatian coast in a more dangerous form. Things have come back to the state in which they were before the establishment of the Roman power. Through a large tract of the lands washed by the Ægæan and the Euxine, the Greek holds the coast; the race which is not Greek holds the mass of inland territory. The two races are geographically intermingled in a way in which the frontier of Briton and Englishman, of Dane and German, give us but a faint idea. But for the moment there is only one lesson to be taught. We would say to the Greek and to the Slave, Let your own disputes be lulled into silence before the great controversy which is laid on both of you. It matters little if this or that Greek district is joined to a Slave state, if this or that Slave district is joined to a Greek state, in face of the great work of delivering both from the common enemy. A day may come, it may be near, when a greater controversy still will have to be decided than drawing a frontier line at this or that distance from

Philippopolis or Thessalonica. The question may soon be asked whether the next Christian prince to be crowned within the church of Justinian shall be a successor of Basil or a successor of Samuel. We will not rule so great a point of controversy; of one thing only we may be sure, that if the mighty men of past time could speak from their graves, Basil and Samuel alike would willingly place his rival on his own throne rather than see the heir of Othman on the throne of Constantinople, with Ochrida and Peristhlaba among the spots from which the cry goes up to heaven for deliverance from his yoke.*

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* [I leave this ending as it was written in the first half of 1877; for the warning which it contains is as needful now as it was then. But since those words were written, while Ochrida remains in bondage, Peristhlaba has no need to cry for deliverance. Instead of tributary Roumania and enslaved Bulgaria, a free Roumania and a tributary Bulgaria now appear on the map of Europe. A great work has been done; but that work is still imperfect, and, worse still, much that had been done has been undone. The arms of Russia gave practical freedom to the whole Bulgarian nation. The diplomacy of those who claim to represent England has ruled that that freedom should be taken away again from the greater part of the Bulgarian nation. Northern Bulgaria has become free, saving only a tribute to the Turk. Southern Bulgaria, or part of it, is put into a state of what diplomatists call "administrative autonomy," a phrase whose meaning is not clear, and which one would be glad to see translated into either English or German. It is however defined as a state consistent with the presence of Turkish troops within the province, and of the interference of the Turk in various ways. It needs no proof that, if "autonomy" means "freedom," these conditions are inconsistent with freedom. As yet the Turk has been kept out; unless he is kept out for ever, the "autonomy" will be only on paper. Lastly, south-western Bulgaria is left for the Turk to do what he pleases in without any "autonomy." To say nothing of the sin of throwing men back into bondage who have been already set free, it needs no argument to show that this unnatural division of the Bulgarian nation is in its own nature temporary. No formulæ on earth can make it lasting. All that has been done is this: whereas the work was going to be done at once and peacefully, it will now have to be done at some future time, and that perhaps not peacefully. The only result of the interference of those who profess to speak for England is the creation of an immediate wrong, with a likelihood of future bloodshed.

With regard to free Bulgaria, even there too wrong has been done. Bulgaria is burthened with a tribute to the Turk, and with a share of the Turk's debts. Now money paid to the Turk goes to one or other of two purposes. It either goes to keep up the vices and follies of the Sultan's court, or else it goes towards keeping down the nations which are still in bondage. No Christian people ought to be taxed for either purpose. It is specially hard on a people who have suffered so much at the Turk's hands as the Bulgarians have done, that their money should be taken from them, either to pay for the Turk's slave-girls and ironclads, or to pay the wages of European traitors in his service. It is equally unjust to charge Bulgaria with a part of the Turk's debt. This comes of the common confusion of diplomatists, who insist on treating the organized brigandage of the Turk among the nations of South-eastern Europe as if it were a "government" on the same level as European governments. An European government, at least ostensibly, borrows money in the general interests of the inhabitants of the country; it borrows money in short for national purposes. If part of the territory of that government becomes a separate state, or is transferred to another government, it is quite reasonable to transfer to the new government a proportionate part of the debt of the old. But this argument does not apply to the Turk. The Turk does not borrow money in the interests of the people of South-eastern Europe; he borrows it to act against their interests. He does not borrow money for national, but for anti-national, purposes; he borrows it, partly to spend on his own pleasures, partly to spend on the oppression of the subject nations. It seems then hard indeed that a nation which has been set free should be made to take on itself part of the debt which was contracted to supply the means of its former oppression. The Turk borrowed money that he might be better able to oppress Bulgaria; it is a clear wrong that Bulgaria should be made to pay the interest of a debt which was not only not contracted in her interest, but was contracted for the express purpose of doing her wrong.

The interests of "bondholders" are of course not to be thought of. Those who deliberately lend their money for the support of evil must take their punishment when evil ceases to pay.]

X.

SICILIAN CYCLES.

A great island, placed near to a greater island or peninsula, is marked out by nature for a special historical destiny. The question will always arise, Is it, or is it not, to cast in its lot with the neighbouring mainland? Its position is one which almost unavoidably suggests the two ideas of incorporation and of isolation, and suggests them as distinctly antagonistic ideas. It may well be that, though both are sure to occur, neither is so obviously the right thing as wholly to shut out the other. It is very likely to be an instance in which there is much to be said on both sides. It is putting the case in a pessimist kind of shape to say that most likely the disputed land is too large for incorporation and too small for separate being. Take, for instance, the case of Great Britain and Ireland. It is quite certain that, come what may, the inhabitants of the greater and of the smaller island will never feel in exactly the same way as to the fitting relations between the two. Englishmen, Welshmen, Scotchmen, have agreed to forget their differences, or rather to keep them up just so far as to avoid a dull monotony. Why cannot Irishmen do the same? Simply because no physical barrier separates Englishmen, Welshmen, and Scotchmen from one another, while a physical barrier does separate all of them from Irishmen. Call it as we will, a "streak of silver sea" or the "dissociabilis Oceanus," those few hours of water just make all the difference. But in the case of the two great Oceanic islands of Europe there has at least been only one question. Shall Ireland form part of one whole with Great Britain, or shall it have a separate being of its own? It could never be seriously asked whether Ireland should become part of the same whole with some other land than Great Britain. Wild nonsense has before now been talked about an union of Ireland, sometimes with France, sometimes with the United States. Now such an idea is no natural idea, no idea which could spring up of itself. It is simply suggested by opposition to another idea. No one would ever have thought for a moment of such an union except by way of direct antagonism to the idea of union with Great Britain. And such an union could never be an union of the same kind as union with Great Britain might be. Ireland might conceivably be either a protected ally or a favoured dependency of France or of America. It never could be united with either of them into a single state, as Great Britain and Ireland are now. It could never even be united with either of them after the fashion of dualism, like Sweden and Norway, like Hungary and Austria, like Great Britain and Ireland themselves for eighteen years in the last century. The geographical position of Ireland compels it to stand in some relation towards Great Britain. The two islands must always think a good deal about one another; they cannot agree to take no notice of one another. On the other hand, they never can be so thoroughly united as the three parts of Great Britain are united. The royal style shows it. No common name can be found—in English at least—for the United Kingdom. The style is driven to be descriptive; it is the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. No name can be found which takes in the two islands in the same way in which the name Great Britain takes in England, Scotland, and Wales.

If we change our survey from the great islands of the Ocean to the great islands of the Mediterranean, we shall, in the case of several of them, find the same questions occurring, and other questions occurring as well. There is the question whether they shall or shall not be part of the mainland with which they seem to have a natural geographical connexion;

there is sometimes also the further question whether they shall or shall not become part of some more distant land in a sense in which Ireland could never become part either of France or of the United States. And we may add to this that no parts of the world have ever been the objects of fiercer struggles between creeds and races than the great Mediterranean islands. From Cyprus to the Balearic Islands, they have been struggled for between Aryan and Semitic man, between the faith of Christendom and the faith of Islam. And in the case of several of them, before they were struggled for between the later Aryan and the later Semitic creed, they were struggled for between an earlier Aryan and an earlier Semitic creed. For the struggle between the Greek and the Phœnician was a struggle of creed as well as of race. The Greek might adopt some Phœnician ideas—some would have us believe that he adopted some Phœnician deities—but the Greek and the Phœnician creeds could never be really fused together, as one Aryan creed could be fused together with another. Zeus and Jupiter, originally one, could be fused together again; neither could be worshipped with the rites of Baal or Moloch. Cyprus and Sicily, above all, have been, over and over again, in various shapes, the subjects and the scenes of this undying strife. And Sicily, even more than Cyprus, stands out as the island which has been twice struggled for between Europe and Africa, between the Aryan and the Semite—in one age between the faith of Apollôn and Athênê and the faith of Moloch and Ashtaroth—in another age, as a continuation of the same strife, between the faith of Christ and the faith of Mahomet.

Sicily looks at first sight on the map as a natural appendage to Italy. A very narrow strait separates them. But another glance may suggest the question whether the attitude of the peninsula and the island is exactly an attitude of mutual attraction. The boot, or the leg within the boot, looks rather as if it were kicking the island away from it. And of the three faces of Trinakria none can be said to be directly pointed towards Italy, at all events to the nearest parts of Italy. One side looks distinctly towards Africa; another looks, more directly, though at a greater distance, towards Greece. The third side does in a way look towards Italy, but only to see Italy stretching away from it with all speed. And, if the south-western side of Sicily looks towards Africa, the northern end of that side, the north-western cape, certainly does not. It looks neither to Africa, to Italy, nor to Greece, but far away towards Spain. All these geographical facts are the outward expression of the history of the island. The history of Sicily is the history of its relations to Italy and to Spain, to Greece and to Africa. Gaul and England have their points of connexion with Sicily at various times during the last eight centuries. But they come in only as episodes, as appendages to something else. The essence of Sicilian history consists, at its earliest and latest stages, of the relation of the island to Spain and Italy, while the two periods of its history which stand out most prominently in the history of the world are those which beheld the struggle for its possession, first between pagan Greece and pagan Africa, and again between Greece when she had become Christian and Africa when she had become Mussulman.

The history of Sicily is a series of cycles. Its earliest inhabitants were, as far as we can see through the dark glimmerings of præhistoric times, of a race akin to the earliest known inhabitants of Spain. Had we been writing twenty years ago, we should have said that the main end of later Sicilian history had been to restore the early connexion with the Iberian peninsula. We should have said that the connexion between Spain and Sicily was an affair of six centuries' standing. We should have said that the result of all the conquests, all the settlements, all the struggles, of Sicily had been, in the thirteenth century to give her Kings of a Spanish house, in the fifteenth to unite her to a Spanish kingdom, in the sixteenth to merge her into a vast Spanish dominion, in the eighteenth and the nineteenth to show that it was vain to attempt to give Sicily a Savoyard or an Austrian King, and that it was her destiny to go back to a dynasty which, if French by remoter descent, had come to her crown in the character of Spanish princes. The last eighteen years have broken the spell; they have put Sicily in a position for any approach to a parallel to which we must look to the days of Theodoric, and to the days of Theodoric only. Over and over again has Sicily been brought into close relations with Italy or with some part of Italy; it was under Victor Emmanuel that she was for the first time merged in Italy. Let it be granted that her first inhabitants were akin to the first inhabitants of Spain; they were most likely, on the same showing, akin to the first inhabitants of Italy. And it is more certain that the first among her inhabitants who play any part in history were closely allied to one of the great races of Italy. Whatever we make of Sikania and Sikanians, Sicily, *Σικελία*, is the land of the Sikels, and the Sikels were surely nearly akin to the Latin settlers on the *arx* of Tusculum and on the Palatine of Rome. We cannot answer for Elymoi from Troy; we tremble a little as we write of Sikanians; but with the Sikels, the people of Douketios, we feel on firmer ground. Yet we know them only as a people whose day was past, a people who were waning away before the advance of nations mightier than themselves. Sicily, in our first clear historic view of the land, has already become the battle-field of Aryan and Semitic man, of the votaries of Zeus and of Moloch. Her earlier inhabitants of all races had sunk into a secondary position in their own land before the pressure of a crowd of foreign settlements, Phœnician and Greek. The eastern side of the triangle had not looked in vain towards the Grecian seas. The settlers at Naxos had led the way, and the whole of the eastern coast had been studded with Hellenic colonies, mighty Syracuse towering above all others. The side which looks to Africa had not had its dumb call so fully answered. The Greek had found his way thither also, and Akragas was second only to

Syracuse among Sicilian cities. The Canaanite was still in the land, but he had been driven to the north-western angle and to the northern coast. There all, save Himera at a later day, was, if not everywhere Phœnician, at least everywhere non-Hellenic. The coasts on all sides were in the hands of the two great colonizing nations. The Sikel could nowhere maintain his independence save in the mountainous inner regions of the island. Then came the first time of struggle between the two contending powers—this time the Greek and the Carthaginian—the time of struggle to which belongs the warfare of Gelôn, of Dionysios, of Timoleôn, and of Agathoklês. We are perhaps tempted too much to overlook this side of Sicilian history. We are tempted to think only of the Greek commonwealths and tyrants and their relations to the cities of old Greece. The immortal tale told by Thucydides has somewhat disturbed the proportions of Sicilian history in its œcumenical aspect. But the Carthaginian sack of Akragas really stands out as a more marked and emphatic event in the history of the island than the fate of Nikias and Dêmosthenês. The tyrants themselves, Agathoklês himself, rise in this view to a higher place as champions of Greek nationality against the Phœnicians. When Agathoklês carried the war into Africa, the act was the forerunner of many a daring enterprise, of the expedition of Hannibal and of the expedition of Heraclius. The end of the strife between Greek and Phœnician was the political dominion of the Roman over both, a dominion which swept away the Phœnician element, and left the land a Greek island subject to Roman influences and containing Roman colonies. By this time the older inhabitants must have been pretty thoroughly hellenized; the distinction between the *Sikel* and the *Sikeliot*, the native and the Greek settler, so strongly drawn in the days of Thucydides, seems to have been forgotten in the days of Cicero. Sicily thus came into close connexion with Italy under the rule of a city whose first settlers were most likely closely akin to her own Sikels. But a part of Italy she emphatically was not. Sicily was the first Roman province, the first subject land beyond the bounds of Italy. The question with regard to its position seemed now to be settled. The Greek and the Phœnician had colonized the land; but politically it had ceased to be either Greek or Phœnician. It had not been incorporated with Italy, but it had become a possession of the ruling power of Italy. From that time onwards for many ages Sicily remained a portion of the dominions of Rome. Under Sextus Pompeius it might seem for a moment as if Sicily was to become a separate maritime power, perhaps a pirate power, like Crete in days both earlier and later. Under Genseric it seemed for a moment as if Sicily was to become again a possession of a ruler of Africa, a ruler not this time Phœnician but Teutonic. Under Theodoric the island came nearer to incorporation with the neighbouring peninsula than at any other time before our own day. We need not go about to prove that Theodoric was not King of a kingdom of Italy; but the King of the East-Goths ruled, by whatever title, over a dominion of which Italy and Sicily were so far the most prominent parts that we are apt to forget the Rætian, Illyrian, Gaulish, and Spanish lands which obeyed the same master. Belisarius won back Sicily to its imperial allegiance before Italy was won back. Again an immediate province of Rome, the island could not have dreamed that, in again becoming Roman, it had again become Greek, that it was again to be disputed between the old foes in a new shape, between Greek-speaking Emperors and new Semitic lords of Africa. Sicily, it must be remembered, after the final separation of the Empires, never formed, any more than Venice, part of the Empire of the West, and this though, in times far apart from one another, four Western Emperors have been her Kings. Along with the neighbouring lands of Italy, Sicily clave to the New Rome, to be wrested from her dominion in the course of the ninth century by the Saracens of Africa. Thus the strife of the Greek and the Semitic man was fought over again on the same ground. Saracen fleets from Sicily ravaged the coasts and islands of Greece; Byzantine armies went far to win back Sicily to the Empire. But, as before, another power, a power which had grown up on the Italian mainland, stepped in to win the prize from both Greek and Saracen, to rule over Greek and Saracen alike. What neither Emperors nor Emirs could keep was grasped by the firm hand of the Normans of Apulia, and the most brilliant days of Sicily, the time of her highest European power, now set in.

The Norman period of Sicilian history is far too important politically, artistically, and in every way, to be spoken of hastily at the end of a sketch like this. Our present object is to call attention to the cycles in Sicilian history, to show how Greek and Semitic man twice strove for the island, how both times the prize fell in the end to a third neighbour, physically nearer than the others. Then came the momentary dominion of the Frenchman, quenched for ever in the blood of the Vespers. Then came the long connexion with Spain in so many forms, diversified by the rule of one Savoyard and of one Austrian King, the fourth of Sicily's Imperial sovereigns. In our own day, for the first time, Sicily has been incorporated with Italy. She has for the first time a King in whose royal style she does not appear, a King of whose kingdom Sicily forms no component part, but has become simply the antiquated geographical name of so many Italian provinces, as Normandy or Aquitaine is the antiquated geographical name of so many French departments. Within the last month* endless voices have been proclaiming that Victor Emmanuel was the first King of Italy. That he was not the first King of Italy we need not go about to prove. Neither was he the first King of Italy and Sicily. What is really distinctive of his position is that he was the first King under whom the name of Italy has come to take in, not only the continental lands which so strangely came to bear the name of a second Sicily, but the insular Sicily itself. Sicily had been a group of colonies and commonwealths; it had been a province, an independent kingdom, a kingdom held with a crowd of other kingdoms, a kingdom united with a part of the Italian mainland. But now for the first time Sicily has wholly passed away; her name has become a geographical expression. Ireland at least forms part of the royal style of her sovereign; she has great officers of her own; her name is in constant official use. Wight, Anglesey, Bute, Jersey, Guernsey, Man, are all recognized names of dependencies, shires, or divisions of shires. But the great Mediterranean island, the land of Hierôn and Roger, has now, as a part of the earth's surface holding a recognized political being of any kind, ceased to have any longer a place except in the history of the past.

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* [March 1878.]

XI.

THE NORMANS AT PALERMO.

(1) *Storia della Sicilia sotto Guglielmo il Buono.* Scritta da ISIDORO DA LUMIA. Firenze. 1867.
(2) *Storia dei Musulmani in Sicilia.* Scritta da MICHELE AMARI. Volume terzo. Firenze. 1868–1872.
(3) *Die mittelalterliche Kunst in Palermo.* Von ANTON SPRINGER. Bonn. 1869.
(4) *Historische Topographie von Panormus.* Von Dr. JULIUS SCHUBRING. Lübeck. 1870.

THE island kingdom of Sicily has so long formed part of Western Europe, it has passed so often from one of the powers of Western Europe to another, its language is now so completely the same as of the adjoining peninsula of Italy, that it is hard to look on it in its true light as one of the chief scenes of the never-ending strife between East and West, between Europe and Asia. It needs an effort to look at the capital of Sicily as being, before all things, a prize, and one of the noblest of prizes, that ever was won back from Islam for Christendom. Yet the great historical position of Palermo' is one which it shares with Toledo and Cordova, with Buda and Belgrade, with Athens and Tirnovo—one, one day we shall have to add, with Thessalonica and with New Rome. But the special history of the great Mediterranean island gives to its capital a position different from all those cities, a position which is shared with it by none of the great cities of Europe save Cadiz only. The long tale of the revolutions of Palermo does not answer in every detail to the yet longer tale of the revolutions of Cadiz; yet the parallel is very close; in the main features of all likeness rises to identity. Cadiz and Palermo alike were in their beginnings Semitic settlements on Europen soil, settlements which Europe has won back, which the Semitic race has won again, which Europe has won back a second time. In its second form in either case the struggle between Europe and—we may call it either Africa or Asia—takes the special form of a struggle between Christendom and Islam. This last strife is common to Palermo and Cadiz with a crowd of cities of South-eastern Europe and Western Asia. But the distinctive position of the Sicilian and the Spanish city is that, before the Christian won them back from the Saracen, before the Saracen won them from the Christian, the Roman, in his day the champion of Europe, had won them from their first Phœnician masters. Gades—we must go back to the older names—joined Rome as a free ally; Panormos was a prize of Roman victory; but both first entered into European fellowship when they passed into the world of Rome, whether as her allies or as her subjects. So too in the cycles of successive creeds: as the mosque gave way to the church, as the church had before that given way to the mosque, as the temples of Jupiter and Minerva had before that given way to the church, so there was yet an earlier time when the bloody altars of Baal and Moloch gave way to the milder idolatry of Jupiter and Minerva.

The thing to be borne in mind in the early history of Palermo—the warning is hardly needed in the history of Cadiz—is that it never was, as the other great cities of Sicily were, a commonwealth of republican and pagan Hellas; nor did it ever fall into the hands of any tyrant of Hellenic Sicily. When Dionysios came near indeed to treading out the Phœnician power in the island, Panormos—we should at such a moment rather give it its Semitic name of *Machanât*—still stood firm; besides the noblest of Sicilian havens Moloch held his own against Zeus and

Dêmêtêr. The prize which was denied to the Syracusan tyrant fell for a moment to the Epeirot king. Pyrrhos held both the haven of Panormos and the height of *Heirktê*—the Pilgrims' Mount whence Saint Rosalia now looks down on land and sea. The lord of Epeiros and Korkyra reigned in Panormos, as ages afterwards lords of Panormos reigned in Korkyra and in Epeiros. But it was only for a moment that the city was now won for Europe. It was presently again the head of the Carthaginian power in Sicily, to become in the first Punic war the great prize of Rome which Carthage never could win back. And, once won by Rome, in one sense it remained Roman till it again passed into Semitic hands. Sicily was ravaged by the Vandal; it was ruled by the Goth; it was won from the Goth to the allegiance of Byzantium. But the Goth ruled as a Roman lieutenant, and when Panormos was won to the allegiance of Byzantium, it was won by a Roman consul at the bidding of a Roman Augustus. But with its submission to the Eastern Rome began the Greek period of Panormos, if a Greek period it ever had. Then the city, Semitic at its birth, became Semitic again under the Saracen conqueror. The head of Semitic Sicily under the Phœnician, Panormos became the head of all Sicily, when all Sicily became Semitic. For nearly two hundred and fifty years Palermo was one of the greatest cities of Islam, a special abode of Islam, a city where the Saracen had really made his home, not merely a city where he lorded it over the homes of Christians. Palermo in the tenth century was far more thoroughly a Mussulman city than Constantinople is now. Yet now we walk its streets, and ask in vain for its Mussulman lords. The only even indirect traces that stand out to meet the eye are churches and palaces in which the Christian conqueror continued the arts of the Mussulman. The day may come when men shall walk the streets of Constantinople, and ask the same question there. And the only traces which they will find will perhaps be the mighty mosques in which the Mussulman conqueror continued the arts of the Christian.

It must be borne in mind that Palermo was not only in its birth a Semitic city, but that its greatness as the head of Sicily is wholly due to its second Semitic occupation. Of Hellenic, Roman, Gothic, Byzantine, Sicily, the head was not Palermo, but Syracuse. But Syracuse did not fall into the hands of the Saracens till sixty years after Palermo. Palermo thus became the capital under the rule of the Saracen; it kept—to be minutely accurate, it soon won back—its place under the Norman. The city, first of Saracen emirs, then of a Saracen aristocracy, became the royal city of Roger and William the Good. And as long as their dynasty lasted, even in the persons of its Swabian representatives, the old Phœnician colony remained the head, not only of the island, but of all the lands which obeyed the wearer of the Sicilian crown. *Prima sedes, corona regis, et regni caput,* is the lofty style of the capital of Sicily, the legend still to be read over the empty throne in the metropolitan church, where the king, hereditary legate of the Holy See, sat higher by a step than the archbishop of the province. And a noble realm it was over which, from their throne at Palermo, Roger and the Williams held both spiritual and temporal rule. And no city of Western Europe was so distinctly the first-fruits of European and Christian victory as the capital of the realm over which they ruled. Among the great cities of Christendom which have passed to the misbeliever and have been won back from his grasp, Antioch led the way a hundred years before Palermo. But when Palermo was won, Antioch was drawing near to the time of her second bondage. Among the cities of the further West, when the Norman entered Palermo, Toledo and Zaragoza were still in the hands of the Mussulman. When the great mosque of Palermo, once a Christian church, was again restored to Christian worship, a work was begun which will not be ended till the voice of Christian worship is again heard beneath the cupola of Saint Sophia.

We have said that from modern Palermo all direct traces of Saracen occupation have passed away. We may say the same of the earlier days of Byzantine, Roman, and Phœnician occupation. Palermo could not be as Syracuse and as Girgenti; no temples were reared within her walls to the gods of Hellas, unless her Epeirot conqueror called them into being by a word. But neither has she any traces to show of the days when she was a city of Canaan; no house of Baal or Moloch has lived on as the house of Athênê lived on at Syracuse and at Athens. Nor is Palermo as Trier, as Ravenna, or as Cordova, a living memorial of the Saracen, of the Goth, or of the Cæsars of either Rome. Here and there a column rich with the foliage of Corinth, set in a niche at some street corner, reminds us that Palermo once was Roman. Here and there columns of strange form, bearing legends in characters strange to European eyes, are made to serve again in church or doorway, to remind us that Palermo once was Saracen. But no one perfect building stands above the ground which is older than the day when Duke Robert and Count Roger entered the conquered city. In one sense Palermo has both Byzantine and Saracen works to show. But they are works wrought at the Norman's bidding after Byzantine and Saracenic rule had passed away. Palermo, as it now stands, in the actual date of its streets, its churches, its palaces, carries us back to no date earlier than the days of the Norman counts and kings. But therein is the special position, the special charm, of the city in the history of art. We can see Norman buildings elsewhere; we can see Byzantine and Saracenic buildings elsewhere; but nowhere save in Sicily, nowhere in Sicily to the same extent as at Palermo, can we see buildings reared by Greek and Saracen hands, after Greek and Saracen models, at the bidding of Norman princes, under whose rule Greek and Saracen, Latin and Hebrew, could live and flourish and worship side by side.

And if the works of man in Palermo have altogether changed since the coming of her Norman masters, the physical position of the city has changed no less. It is for the geologist to trace out the changes which in præhistoric times may have given their present shapes to the mountains which fence in the Golden Shell, the *campagna* of Palermo. To the historian of man's deeds those heights are eternal. Pellegrino, rising like the akropolis of the city—Monte Griffone, looking down on King Roger's pleasure-house—Monte Cuccio, soaring above King William's minster—all these were there, not only in the days of Roger and William, but in the days of the Canaanite, and in the older time before him. Their peaks stood as they stand now when the land was trodden by those vanished forms of man and beast whose relics were guarded in the Giants' Cave. They form a natural amphitheatre, looking down on the strifes of ages, from the day when the men of Sidon first cast anchor by the eastern shore, to the day when Garibaldi's Thousand made their march of deliverance over the southern mountains. But save the mountains themselves, all is changed. Even an unscientific observer might risk the guess that the whole of the Golden Shell had once been covered by the sea; and it is matter of undoubted history that the relations of land and water around and within the walls of Palermo have changed not a little since times which on the old Phœnician site seem modern. When, in the last days of Saracen Palermo, nine years before the coming of the Norman, the fleet of Pisa broke through the chain which guarded the haven of the infidel city, the extent and position of that haven were widely different from what we now see. The present port, a busy scene enough, with its sheltering moles, lies altogether beyond the city walls, stretching away to the north under the shelter of Pellegrino. Within the city itself there is only a small secondary harbour, the *Cala*, which we instinctively feel could never have been that best and greatest shelter for ships to be found in the whole circuit of the island, which gave the city its Greek name of *Panhormos* = *All-haven*. In many points of modern Palermo it is easy to forget that the sea is there at all. It lies far away from the palace of Norman Roger and from the minster of English Walter. Those two crowning buildings of the later city are reached from the shore by a straight street of vast length, which has often changed its name, and whose history is the history of Palermo. But as late as the days of the Norman kings that street ended at a point at some distance from the coast, as the coast now stands. It stretched only from the western gate to the site of the present church of Sant' Antonio, where once stood a mighty tower of Saracen times. That tower then stood on the outer angle of a peninsula, washed on both sides by the waters of the haven, and of which the long street called the *Cassaro* or *Toledo* formed the backbone. When this fact is once grasped, it is easy to see by the lie of the ground in the present city that the small valleys on either side of the main street were, even in comparatively modern times, covered with water. The streets which now stand where the haven once was contain no buildings of any antiquity. The old *Panormos* in short, the older *Machanât*, took up only part of the modern Palermo, namely the central part on each side of the *Cassaro*, forming a peninsula washed by the two arms of the haven on either side. The exact point inland to which these two points reached at any particular time is open to some question. The last researches of Schubring give us a map which differs a good deal from the older map of Morso.* But the question is simply by what stages the haven dried up. There can be no question that in earlier times the two havens went very far inland indeed; there can be no question that, in the days of the Norman kings, much was still water which is now land.

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* Descrizione di Palermo Antico. Da Salvatore Morso. Palermo. 1827.

The central peninsula was still a peninsula, a separate fortress, with its own defences toward land and sea. But this was not all. The main peninsula had another peninsula guarding the mouth of the two havens between which it lay. This secondary peninsula lay north and south, cut off from the main city by the two arms of the harbour, and forming a separate town and fortress. This was the *Neapolis*, the new city of the days of Polybios,* the *Khalesa* of the days of Saracen rule. The last name still lives on in the modern *Piazza della Calsa.* Here stands the massive pile of the Tribunal, once the dwelling-place of the Inquisition, which marks the site where, in the later days of the Saracen rule, stood the palace of the Emirs. Here too is the church of Santa Maria *della Catena,* whose lovely portico is one of the most attractive of the later and smaller buildings of Palermo. Standing close by the *Cala,* the present remains of the harbour, it marks the place of the chain which stretched across the harbour's mouth to the castle by the sea, the modern *Castellamare.* Well did such a water system as this deserve the name of *All-haven.* We fully understand, as Schubring says, why the Phœnician settlers, who placed their not distant settlement of Solunto on a high hill-top, did not plant their *Machanât* on the neighbouring mount which seems made for its natural akropolis, but chose rather to dwell in the easily guarded spot which the waters had made for them in the midst of the fruitful land between the sea and the mountains.

Schubring comments in detail on the multitude of fountains and streams with which the land was watered. A stream in whose bed we now walk emptied itself into the southern haven; at the head of the northern lay the swamp of the *Papireto,* where once the paper-plant of Egypt grew, as it still grows in the Anapos by Syracuse. On this side lay an unfortified suburb, guarded only by the castle on the sea, known in Saracen times as the Slavonic quarter. Let no one marvel at the name. As purchased slaves—the class to which they gave the name of their race—as mercenaries, as adventurers of various kinds, men of Slavonic blood played no small part, and rose to no small eminence, at the courts of the Saracen princes of Spain and Sicily. On the other side, to the south of the southern arm of the haven, lay in Saracen times a crowd of suburbs which, like the Slavonic quarter, have, by the withdrawal of the water, become part of the main city. Here was one holy quarter which took its name from a famous mosque; here were the meaner settlements of the Jews and Christians, the latter bearing the name of the *Khemonia,* the modern *Albergaria.* On this side too lay the streets of the various handicraft trades, many of which have kept their name and character to this day. On this side of the city, between the inhabited quarters and the stream of the Oreto, lies some of the most historic ground in Palermo and its neighbourhood. On that side entered Garibaldi and his Thousand. On that side too lies the spot which beheld a deliverance of earlier days which took a sterner form. There, overhanging the stream of the Oreto, are the garden, monastery, and church of San Spirito, the ghastly *columbarium,* not of urns but of corpses, the first-fruits of Cistercian zeal on Sicilian ground —the church whose bell on the day of the famous Vespers rang the knell of Angevin dominion in the liberated island. And nearer to the sea, between the Oreto and the *Neapolis* or *Khalesa,* hard by the bridge of George of Antioch, lies the great battle-ground of Palermo. There the Roman first won the city for Europe; there the Carthaginian strove to win her back for Africa; there the Norman won her for Europe for ever. Between these two last struggles, Hamilkar the Thunderbolt had kept his camp on Heirktê;

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* Pol. i. 38. *ῥᾳδίως τοῦ παρὰ θάλατταν πύργου πεσόντος, καὶ βιασαμένων ταύτῃ τῶν στρατιωτῶν, ἡ μὲν καλουμένη νέα πόλις ἑαλώκει κατὰ κράτος, ἡ δὲ παλαιὰ προσαγορευομένη τούτου συμβάντος ἐκινδύνευσεν, διὸ καὶ ταχέως ἐνέδωκαν αὐτὴν οἱ κατοικοῦντες.* He is describing the Roman capture, of which more anon. The *παρὰ θάλατταν πύργος* clearly answers to the *Castellamare,* while *νέα πόλις* is the *Khalesa.*

the fleet of Belisarius had sailed into the haven; the Saracen had starved the city out after a year of siege. But here is the ground by which Servilius and Sempronius marched to their first conquest; here is the battle-ground of Hasdrubal and his elephants; here is the ground over which Robert Wiscard marched to the last conquest. The Roman and the Norman story have a singular likeness; indeed they read almost like the same tale, so far as this can be said of an attack which was made partly at least by water and an attack which was made wholly by land. In both cases alike the *Neapolis* was first taken by force, and then the older city, deprived of its bulwark, surrendered. Polybios does not give us such vivid details as we get from the contemporary and nearly contemporary chroniclers of Norman victory, from the prose of Geoffrey of Malaterra, from the hexameters of William of Apulia, to which we may add some further touches from the anonymous Sicilian writer of the next century, who may be found in the eighth volume of Muratori.* From them we can call up a vivid picture indeed of the struggle by which Palermo passed for the third and last time from Semitic to European rule.

The conquest of Sicily by the adventurers of the house of Hauteville was now in its eleventh year, when the two brothers, Robert and Roger, duke and count, drew near to the Saracen capital. It was, we are told, a city rich and populous, the head of Sicily and the chief city of the *tyrants*, a name by which—unless Dionysios and Agathoklês have been moved strangely out of their places in the mind of the court historian of King Roger—we must understand Saracen emirs, and not Sicilian tyrants in the more technical sense. The city, stronger by art than by nature, placed by the sea in a delightful plain not far from the mount to which our authority strangely transfers the name of Pelôros, lacked no good thing, except that it was alien to the Christian name.* Against this stronghold of the enemy the two brothers marched from Catania with their host of horse and foot. In that host were Normans, Calabrians, men of lately conquered Bari, and others, Greek by race or speech, whom the poet is pleased to speak of as Argives.† The Norman fleet kept the sea; the city was besieged by land on both sides; Count Roger's head-quarters, we may gather, threatened the old city, perhaps by the present *Porta Nuova.* Duke Robert's quarters clearly were by the new city, where the fleet lay near. Five months did the city hold out, and we are told that, at some stages at least, the confidence of the besieged was so great that they scorned to shut their gates. Can we believe the tale? We are told how a valiant Saracen and a no less valiant Norman, nephew of the two besieging princes, met in single combat within one of the open gates; how the Arab fell; how the Christian champion, already within the city, with his return cut off by the shutting of the gate by which he had entered, hewed his way through the streets to another open gate, to be welcomed by the greetings and kisses of his comrades, who hailed him as one risen from the dead.‡ But at the end of five months, the city hostile to God and subject to dæmons—so Duke Robert is made to call it in his poet's hexameters—began to tremble and to feel that its strength was waning.§ The duke, at the head of three hundred knights, now set forth. His march, we are told, lay through gardens: a march over the same ground would pass through gardens now. Then, as in the Roman assault, the attack must have been made over the ground which is now devoted to science and to amusement, over the site of the Botanic Garden and the *Villa Giulia.* The duke and his knights scaled the walls of the Khalesa, but, fearing a general attack, he called his brother to his help. The Normans now held the new city, the city between the haven and the outer sea, the special dwelling-place and fortress of the later emirs. The next day the old city surrendered, and duke and count entered the Cassaro of Palermo without a blow. The terms of surrender secured all existing rights to the Mussulman inhabitants.* They were to keep their own law under their own judges, and to enjoy the free exercise of their religion. Only the great mosque, as having been of old a Christian church, was restored to its elder use. It is wonderful to read in a Sicilian writer—telling the tale when Sicily was still half Mussulman, when Mussulman worship went on in the city-where he wrote—that the temple was used for sacrificing to idols, and that at its purification the idols were taken away.† When he wrote, the reproach might perhaps have been turned the other way; but at the first re-dedication of the great church of Palermo, no graven images at all events could have been brought in. The Western conquerors had not wholly separated themselves from the remains of the Eastern Church in the island. No Norman or Lombard, no French or English, prelate was as yet sent for to rule the metropolitan church of Sicily. The Greek bishop Nikodêmos—his tomb may still be seen in the crypt—was brought from the humble church beyond the walls which was all that was allowed him under Mussulman rule, and was again installed in the spiritual home of his remote predecessors.

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* Anonymi Vaticani Historia Sicula ab ingressu Normannorum in Apuliam usque ad annum 1282. All the later part, from Roger's time onward, is of later date and little value. The oldest narrative of all, that of Aimé or Amato of Monte Cassino, gives us few details.

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* Anon. Vat. 764. "Erat Panormum civitas dives et populosa, totius Siciliæ caput, et principalis sedes tyrannorum, magisque opere, quam natura munita, juxta mare delitiosa planitie non longe a Pelero monte, longo circuitu sita, nullius bonæ rei indigens, præterquam quod Christiani nominis erat aliena." What he strangely calls "Mons Pelerus" is of course *Heirktê* or Pellegrino.

† Will. Ap. iii. 235 (Muratori, v. 265; Pertz, ix. 270).

> "Mandat Normannis, Calabris, Barensibus, Argis
> Dux a se captis . . . ."

‡ Anon. Vat. 765.

§ Will. Ap. iii. 286.

> "Urbs inimica Deo, divini nescia cultus,
> Subdita dæmonibus, veteri spoliata vigore,
> Jam quasi fracta tremit."

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* Aimé, p. 295. "Li citadin donnèrent la cité del Bar, laquelle premèrement se clamoit Panorme, à lo duc et à lo conte son frère, homes qui jamaiz non furent vainchut, et donèrent ceste cité royal sur certène loy et convenances qui encore sont gardées." We have Amato only in an Old-French translation.

† Anon. Vat. 765. "Demum, quia in eadem civitate ad sacrificandum idolis composita ingens atque pulcherrima ædificiis habebatur, expulsis idolis in honorem Dei genitricis, ac semper virginis gloriosæ Mariæ, archiepiscopali sede ibidem constituta, consecrari fecerunt." William of Apulia (iii. 332), writing at the time, seems to have known better, except that one would think from his account that the mosque was pulled down.

"Glorificansque Deum templi destruxit iniqui
Omnes structuras, et quā muscheta solebat
Esse prius, matris fabricavit virginis aulam;
Et quæ Machamati fuerat cum dæmone sedes,
Sedes facta Dei, fit dignis janua cœli."

We are thus brought face to face with at least the site of one of the first of the later buildings of Palermo, the site of the head church of Sicily, the crowning-place of her kings. That site, where the church had become a mosque, and where the mosque now again became the church, marked, as we may feel sure from the analogy of other cities, the place of some yet more ancient temple which had beheld the bloody worship of the Phœnician Moloch and the comparatively harmless rites of the Roman Jupiter. But it is the site only which we have left us to muse upon. There is indeed the stump of a huge detached bell-tower older than the present church, to which it is now bound by bold arches spanning the way. That tower, famous in the local history of the twelfth century, was carried up to a great height in later times, but the lower part was doubtless a work of the earliest Christian conquerors, if it was not actually a Saracen tower of defence turned to ecclesiastical uses. But the church of Nikodêmos, the mosque of his Saracen predecessors, has vanished.* Yet we may call up before our eyes a vast basilica, rich with columns borne away from the holy places of heathendom, columns which may well have lived on to be used again in the next rebuilding. That rebuilding took place a hundred years after the first conquest, when William the Good reigned over Sicily, at the hands of the English Archbishop Walter. The shell of his church is there; his apses are there, still rich with all the art of the conquered Saracen; the western front has been worthily finished in a later style of Sicilian art; a vast porch on the southern side still preserves columns with Arabic legends from the holy book of the fallen creed. Hard by a Latin inscription gives us the names of all the kings who took the island crown within its walls. And the efforts of modern sculptors set before us the two last times when the crown of Roger was taken in the church of Walter, by a stranger from Piedmont and by a stranger from Spain. We pass within. There, utterly unlike the efforts of northern art, are the tombs—rather the sarcophagi—of Robert the King and Henry the Emperor, of their daughter and wife, Constance the Empress-queen, and of her son the Wonder of the World. There too is the empty throne of the kings who were rulers within the church no less than within the palace. But from the walls which stand around them every trace of ancient days has passed away. The whole interior of the metropolitan church of Palermo has been recast in the vulgar Italian style of the last century, while its outer shape is perhaps marred, perhaps improved, by a cupola not built after the fashion of either the Greek or the Saracen. It is not in the head church of Sicily, but at Cefalù and Monreale, in the neighbouring chapel of King Roger's palace, that we learn how the princes and prelates of Sicily knew how to work their artistic spoiling of the Egyptians, by turning the skill of the misbeliever to the adornment of the temples of the Christian faith.

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* Hard by the present church are the remains of a chapel called *Santa Maria Incoronata*, which is said to have been part of the elder church. But if so, it must have been a good deal altered in later times.

The Norman now ruled over Palermo, but he did not as yet reign there. The city was not yet the head of a Sicilian realm; it was not even the possession of the immediate ruler of the Sicilian land. Robert Wiscard was too well pleased with the city which he had won to give it up even to the brother in whose fellowship he had won it. Count Roger went on striving and conquering for nineteen years longer before all Sicily was his. But the city of Palermo and a considerable adjoining territory was kept in the immediate possession of the Apulian duke.* First half, then the whole, of the city was given up to the Count of Sicily. But it was not till the days of the second Roger, presently to be the first Sicilian king, that Palermo became the head, first of the whole island, then of the whole dominion into which, under Roger's rule, the possession of the island gradually grew. By claims of inheritance which had to be backed by conquest, by conquest of lands to which he could make no claim of inheritance, he won all the lands which Duke Robert and his sons had held in southern Italy. He then added to them the remaining possessions of the elder Norman house of Aversa, and the one city which still kept on a shadow of allegiance to the Empire of the East. He carried his arms further to the north than any earlier prince of his house, and made the Abruzzi part of the possessions of the Sicilian crown. He thus formed a solid and compact realm, insular and continental, a realm of which the insular and the continental portions have been sometimes held together and sometimes apart; a realm which has been handed backwards and forwards from one royal house to another perhaps oftener than any other European realm, but whose boundaries, strictly so called, can hardly be said to have changed from Roger's day till our own. But in Roger's day the King of Sicily and Italy, to give him his proudest style, the King, as he appears more modestly, of Sicily, of the duchy of Apulia, and of the principality of Capua,† ruled over lands beyond the bounds of Italy or Sicily. The house which had rent away the last remains of Byzantine power in

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* See Amari, iii. 133, 147.

† The style "Rex Siciliæ et Italiæ," which will be found in several documents in the Cartulary of the royal chapel (Tabularium Regiæ ac Imperialis Capellæ Collegiatæ Divi Petri in Regio Panormitano Palatio, Panormi, 1835), seems to be used only between Roger's coronation in 1130 and his final reconciliation with Pope Innocent in 1139. Afterwards the style runs, "Rex Siciliæ et ducatus Apuliæ et principatus Capuæ."

Italy now in Roger's day, as before and after him, attacked the Eastern Cæsar in his own seas, and for three years Roger, like Agathoklês, held Corfu as a dependency of Sicily. The house too which had won Sicily from the Saracen went on to attack the Saracen on his own continent; Roger, like Agathoklês, Regulus, and the Scipios, but with the fortune of the Scipios rather than that of Agathoklês or Regulus, carried his arms into Africa, and established as long as he lived a considerable dominion on the coast of Tunis and Tripoli. Palermo and the site of Carthage again acknowledged the same ruler. The great position of the Sicilian king is well set forth in the verses of a poet of his own day. Hear how Godfrey of Viterbo sings of him—the very mistakes of his genealogy are instructive, as showing how the fame of Roger the Count and Roger the King overshadowed the lesser members of their house.

> "Robertus Viscardus obit tandem sine prole;
> Rogerius germanus ei succedit honore;
> Climate Siciliæ possidet atque fovet.
> Rogerius Paganus erat de more vocatus;
> Rogerius de Rogerio comes est generatus;
> Gemma sui generis et probitate caput.
> Gemma fuit, regnare sui meruit probitate,
> Apulus et Calaber fit ei subjectus et Afer;
> Quod loquor ecce patet; terra subacta jacet." *

And of this mighty dominion Palermo was the head. The other cities of Sicily, the old Greek cities of southern Italy, the cities of greater fame in the history of Roger's house—Salerno and Amalfi, Capua and Naples—now for the first time bowed to the crowned king of a Christian realm enthroned on the former seat of Saracen emirs. From the Angevin conquest onwards, Palermo is far from having always bowed to Naples, but Naples has never bowed to Palermo. In the days of Roger and the Williams it was not so. It was in his island capital that Roger, when he had won his dominion on the mainland, took the crown which

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* Godefridi Viterbiensis Pantheon, 49, ap. Muratori, vii. 453; Pertz, xxii. 262.

was not the crown of Apulia or Calabria, but of Sicily. And within his island kingdom, within his island capital, Roger, his son and his grandson, held a position which no prince of his own day could rival. Others might bear rule, or claim to bear rule, over far vaster dominions than those which looked to Palermo as their head. But no other prince of Christendom reigned over so rich, so peaceful, so flourishing a realm. In the days of good King William it was the proverbial saying that the woods of Sicily were safer than the cities of other kingdoms.* And no other prince in Christendom, save the Cæsar of the East, reigned in such a capital. Of that capital, as the head of an European kingdom, Roger, the first king, was in some sort the creator; and, amidst all that has grown around them in later times, his own works and the works of his chief minister stand out conspicuous in our day.

The names of those two men, Roger the King in the first place, and George the Admiral—rather George the *Emir*—in the second, follow us as we make our way among the most characteristic monuments of Palermo. It is to them, more than any other men, that Palermo owes that she has still so much to show which speaks of their wonderful time; it is to them that she largely owed her splendour and prosperity. That splendour and prosperity are set forth in a lively picture by one who had seen Palermo in all her glory, but who lived, if not to see her fall, at least to hear of it and to weep over it. But neither the men who adorned the city nor the man who described their works came of any of the ancient races of the island, though one of them spoke one of her ancient tongues as his native speech. It is characteristic of Sicily in the twelfth century, that the narrator should be a stranger, seemingly from

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* So say the Lombard ambassadors in Romoald of Salerno, Muratori, viii. 221; Pertz, xix. 426. "Ut brevi concludamus, in summa major pax et securitas in regni ejus nemoribus, quam in aliorum regnorum urbibus invenitur." Richard of San Germano, at the beginning of his chronicle (Pertz, xix. 323), bears witness to the same effect.

France, who had learned to love Sicily as his native land, and that the men of whom he speaks should be a king of Norman descent, and a minister who was by descent a Greek of Asia, and who bore the ancient title of the Saracen. The early history of George is obscure. Some say that before he entered Roger's service he had been an adventurer in the service of a Mussulman prince of Africa. It is more certain that his descent was Greek, and that the place of his birth or parentage was the Syrian Antioch.[*] But Greek as he was, he did not scruple, at Roger's bidding, to make war on Greeks who obeyed the Byzantine Cæsar, and to enrich Palermo with the spoils and the arts of Argos, Corinth, and Thebes.[†] In the court of Palermo the Arabic title of *emir* still lived on, and it may well be that George's prowess by sea helped not a little to give that word the special meaning which it still keeps in its modern European form of *admiral*. George appears in the three languages of Sicily as the first of nobles, the Emir of Emirs, the Archon of Archons.[‡] And his works as well as those of his master are recorded in the picture of Hugo Falcandus, and are still to be seen, church and bridge, among the most precious remains of ancient Palermo.

Hugo Falcandus is one of those few mediæval writers who, as historians of their own times, really stand alongside of Thucydides and Polybios, of Tacitus, Ammianus, and Procopius. We should be glad indeed if we could in every age be brought face to face with men and events as we are brought face to face with them by his master hand. And not the least of the debts which we owe to him is called forth by the picture which, under the form of a wail for their sorrows, he gives us of Palermo and other cities of Sicily in the days of their prosperity. He waxes eloquent over the richness of the land, over the splendours of the city, the threefold city, of which his present picture and the frequent topographical notices in his narrative would almost enable us to draw a map without further help. He holds forth on the beauty and fruitfulness of the surrounding plains, the vineyards, the orchards, the gardens, the towers that guarded them, the endless variety of fruits, the natural fountains, the elaborate system of artificial watering—a description which, with some change in the particular kinds of fruits and crops, remains true to this day. The palm, the gift of the Saracen conqueror, was already there; but though he speaks of its dates, he does not venture to say that they were eaten.* The sugar-cane too was there, a crop which has now passed away, but which has not passed away for very many years.† His picture calls up before us the stately city, with the buildings which then were new, among which, somewhat strangely, he does not mention the metropolitan church, the building of which he must have seen with his own eyes. The main street, the *Cassaro,* had now won the name of *Via Marmorea,* the marble way, for the high street of Palermo, unlike the streets of the cities of Western Europe, was already paved. Its Norman name is lost; its Arabic name is not wholly forgotten. But in official speech the Arabic and the Norman name alike made way in the days of bondage for the name of a Spanish viceroy, and the *Via Toledo* kept that name till, in our own day, the cringing spirit of municipal servility, never so well pleased as when it can wipe out a piece of living history, has decreed, but decreed in vain, that the old *Kasr* shall be called the street of Victor Emmanuel. At its western end, in Hugo's days as in ours, stood the *Kasr*, the palace of King Roger, not as yet encumbered by the additions of the days of Spanish rule, but still keeping all its towers, and doubtless with the outward shape of Roger's famous chapel still standing free and showing its simple cupola. He tells us of its pavement, its mosaics, its roof dripping with all the elaborate richness of Saracen art. He tells us of the towers of the palace, the tower of Pisa, which still stands, then containing the royal treasures, now bearing on its summit a scientific apparatus more valuable for astronomical research than for picturesque effect. But beside the tower of Pisa, there stood in his day, at the south-western angle, the Greek tower looking over the stream to the *Khemonia*, once the Christian quarter of Mussulman Palermo, where the church of Saint John of the Hermits already stood, whose five bare cupolas, though one of them crowns a bell-tower, make it a trial of faith to believe that it is really a church of Roger's day, and not a mosque of some ancient emir converted to Christian uses. In the palace itself, between the Greek and the Pisan towers, was the *Joharia*, the immediate dwelling-place of the king, the place of his hours of rest and familiar talk, in which to this day one chamber keeps its ancient form and its ancient ornaments, its columns, and its roof dripping with the Saracenic honeycomb. Of the city, parted into three by its double haven, the king's palace was the head. And, in describing the threefold body, our guide takes us by the dwelling-places of men who have their place in Sicilian history, and by spots whose names remind us both of the old and the new inhabitants of the land. By one path he guides us to the palace of the Arabs, and thence to the haven by the market of the Saracens. These are of course to be looked for near the present church of Sant' Antonio, high above the busy market of our own times. And if the old possessors of Palermo were there, still newer colonists from the continental dominions of the Sicilian king had already given their names to quarters of the Sicilian capital. Amalfi, no longer a duchy of the Eastern Empire, was a city of Roger's kingdom; and the men of Amalfi had their own street in Palermo, rich with foreign wares, with garments of divers colours, wrought some in silk and some in wool, the workmanship of France. Another main line of street passed as a covered way from the palace to the metropolitan church and the house of the archbishop. Thence it skirted the haven, passing by the house of the Emir Maio, the minister of Roger and the first William, till it met the marble way of the market of the Saracens. Another street passed by the house of the Saracen—so specially called—by the house of Count Silvester, famous in the same troubled times as Maio, to the church of George the Emir. That church—the memory of its founder is half forgotten in the usurping name of *Martorana*—was then fresh with all the splendours of its newly wrought mosaics. There stood the Byzantine creation of the man of Antioch, the conqueror of Corinth. Its cupola, its tower, its *atrium*, like Salerno or Saint Ambrose,* the columns, some of classical work, some bearing legends from the holy book of the Saracen, the rich mosaics of the roof, the more precious portraits of the founder and his master—the king standing with bowed head to receive the crown from the Saviour, the aged emir with his white beard grovelling at the feet of the *Panagia* —the legends within and without in the Greek tongue spoken alike in Antioch and in Palermo—all then were new; the hand of the innovator, the more fatal hand of the restorer, had not touched them. They stood as a witness that in Roger's day, alongside alike of African and European conquerors, the older arts, the older tongue, of Sicily still lived on. Under the equal rule of the Norman, the Greek had in some sort established himself as a conqueror in the Saracen city.

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[*] On the whole history of George, and his office of *Emir* or *Admiral*, see Amari, iii. 351.

[†] This side of George's actions will be best studied in Nikêtas Choniatês, p. 97 et seq. of the Bonn edition.

[‡] In the Tabularium, p. 21, he is *ὁ πανυπέρτιμος ἄρχων τῶν ἀρχόντων καὶ ἀμήρας τῶν ἀμηράδων κύριος Γεώργιος*. In p. 16 he signs as *ὁ τῶν ἀρχόντων ἄρχων Γεώργιος ἀμήρας*. In p. 10 a predecessor is *Χριστόδουλος ὁ ἀμίρας ἀνωβελεσσιμάτος*. The last word is a fine specimen of official Byzantine Greek.

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* But there is a letter of the Emperor Frederick in Bréholles, v. 571, containing some curious details about the Jews of Palermo, which would seem to imply that the dates were eaten. Now they come from Tunis.

† Muratori, vii. 258. "Si in partem aliam visum deflexeris, occurret tibi mirandarum seges harundinum, quæ cannæ melli ab incolis nuncupantur, nomen hoc ab interioris succi dulcedine sortientes. Harum succus diligenter et moderate decoctus in speciem mellis traducitur; si vero perfectius excoctus fuerit, in saccari substantiam condensatur." It is no wonder then that Peter of Eboli (194) speaks of

"Altera mellifluens paradisus dulce Panormum."

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* This *atrium* was in a later recasting brought under the roof of the church, ingeniously, but to the great damage of the original design.

But the city itself was not the only place where the works of Roger, his son and grandson, were and still are to be seen. The city was girded about with them. In describing these last we still may draw some help from the writer who has been hitherto our guide; but on that head more is learned from another writer of those times, Romoald, Archbishop of Palermo, a kinsman of the royal house, a busy courtier and statesman in the days of the two Williams. He has left us one of those chronicles which, mere compilation in their earlier stages, become precious contemporary history when they reach the writer's own day. And, in recording his own acts and those of the king, he seems to take special pleasure in recording the building of the royal pleasure-houses. Among the gardens and groves and pleasant places which surrounded the city, four rural palaces of the king's stood out foremost. To the south of the city, beyond the Oreto, then spanned by the bridge of George the Emir—its arches now stand perfect, but the course of the stream is changed—between the river and the hill which shelters the Giants' Cave, King Roger fenced him in a park, and made him a fishpond, and reared a house which still stands, disfigured indeed and in some parts shattered, but which still bears its Arabic name of *La Favara.*[*] Its chief architectural feature is a chapel, built, as it would seem, for the Greek rite, with a small but lofty cupola, rising outside almost into the likeness of a tower. That chapel was the special scene of Roger's penitential devotions. To the Favara the king withdrew to spend his winter and keep his Lent. West of the city, by the village of Altarello di Baida, rose the summer dwelling of Roger, which, though a summer dwelling, was in those days also a hunting-lodge.* This was the *Minenium*, of which a few traces covered with the remains of later buildings may still be seen in a field which no one is likely to reach without a guide. The chapel still stands, and, clogged with earth and rubbish, we may still see a room with the same columns and honeycomb roof which we have seen in the palace within the city. But for the grandest display of ornament of that kind we must go nearer to the city, to the *Zisa*, the earthly paradise of William the Bad,† the best preserved of all the domestic monuments of the Norman kings. The hall of the fountain, with its columns, its capitals, its mosaics, is a contrast indeed to the sterner buildings of the kings of the same race, whether in their own duchy or in their other great island conquest. And yet, as far as the mere outline of the building goes, there is no small likeness between the Zisa and the square keeps of England and Normandy. But in no square keep of England or Normandy does a wide arch in one side of the tower open to display the glimpse of fairyland which flashes on us as we pass by the house of William the Bad. Be it remembered also that, bad and sultan-like as he may have been, William did not forget his chapel. It stands detached from the palace, worked into the fabric of a later church, the only ecclesiastical building of Palermo where the honeycomb drips in stone. And the series of pleasure-houses is crowned by the *Cuba* of William the Good, and its charming little neighbour, the *Cubola*, the pavilion in the garden, four arches bearing up a cupola. Here too in the last days of the Norman monarchy, the Saracenic style alike of palace and pavilion, the honeycomb less well preserved than in the Zisa, the Arabic inscriptions which record the founder and the date of the building, all show how deep was the impress which the arts of the vanquished Moslem had made on his Christian conqueror.

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[*] See the description in Romoald (Pertz, xix. 426). Peter of Eboli (ii. 113) says of his hero,

"Fabariam veniens socerum miratus, et illam,
Delectans animos nobile laudat opus."

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* Romoald (Pertz, xix. 426) says: "In æstate vero apud parcum æstivi caloris temperabat incendium, et animum diversis curis et sollicitudinibus fatigatum, venationis usu mediocri quodammodo relevabat." We get the name *Minermum* or *Minenium* from Falcandus, 302. See Schubring, p. 42.

† Compare Falcandus, 302, with Romoald, Pertz, xix. 435.

The building of these palaces, and of the other architectural works of the Norman kings, is recorded, and recorded with all admiration, by the chroniclers of their days. The style of these buildings has perhaps a deeper import than might be thought at first sight. It connects itself directly with one side, perhaps the most important side, of the reign of Roger and of the Sicilian monarchy generally, which is hardly brought out in all its fulness by any of the contemporary writers from whom we have quoted. Has any reader borne in mind through so many pages the verses which we quoted some time back from Godfrey of Viterbo, in which King Roger receives an epithet which sounds a little strange when applied to the founder of the chapel of Palermo, of the church and bishopric of Cefalù? He was *Paganus de more vocatus*. Such a style was certainly not *de more* in his own island. He himself was rather given to a boastful display of his Christian orthodoxy. He delights, in all the languages of his island, to speak of himself as the defender of Christians.* But Godfrey's epithet brings out one distinctly marked side of Roger's character. If not himself pagan—by "pagan" of course understanding Mussulman—he was eminently a favourer of pagans. Amari boldly and forcibly speaks of Roger along with Frederick the Second, the child of Roger's daughter, as two "baptized sultans."† The wonder certainly is that Godfrey's way of speaking was not more usual among the writers of his own time. It is the great merit of that part of Amari's work with which we are here concerned to bring out this Saracen side of the first Sicilian king. From Arabic writers we see how Roger looked in the eyes of men of another faith. Without their help, we should hardly learn the position which he holds in the Mussulman world, as one who gave his Mussulman subjects something more than the fullest toleration, who admitted them to his personal favour, who entrusted them with high office at home and abroad, and who was the zealous and enlightened patron of Arabic learning and science. The Geography of Edrisi was written at the instance of Roger, if indeed the king himself had not a hand in its composition. We have hints which might seem to imply that his private household was rather that of a Saracen sultan than that of a Christian king. His court, and the courts of his successors, were crowded with eunuchs, like the court of a Byzantine Emperor. But the eunuchs of Constantinople were not uncommonly monks, bishops, and patriarchs. The eunuchs of Palermo were of Saracen blood, often of Saracen creed; and, when they professed Christianity, they were strongly suspected of a preference for the faith of their forefathers, and were sometimes charged with returning to it. They had their virtues, some of them: but the most impartial spectator has put it on record that hatred of the Christian name was a vice inherent in their blood.*

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* This sounds well enough in Greek: *Ῥογέριος ἐν Χριστῷ τῷ Θεῷ εὐσεβὴς κραταιὸς ῥὶξ καὶ τῶν χριστιανῶν βοηθός* (Tabularium, p. 10). But it has a strange effect in Arabic, where (Amari, iii. 450) we find "*Nasir en nasraniah* che suona *Difensor del Cristianesimo*." It is strange to find the name *Nazarene* acknowledged by a professedly Christian king.

† Amari, iii. 365.

But when our eyes are drawn to the topography and local history of Palermo, the form of Saracenic influence which most strongly forces itself upon us is undoubtedly the influence of the Saracens on the building art, of which the days of the Norman kings of Sicily have left us so many noble monuments. A caution is here perhaps needed. Some observers have been led astray by a name, and have been puzzled at finding "Norman" buildings in Sicily so unlike Norman buildings in England and Normandy. There is nothing wonderful in the difference. A king of England and a king of Sicily were not bound to build after the same fashion because both of them happened to be of Norman descent. The arts of England and northern Gaul fashioned themselves according to the circumstances of those countries; the arts of Sicily fashioned themselves according to the wholly different circumstances of Sicily. The counts and kings of Sicily found themselves, by a strange lot, masters of subjects belonging to the two races who at the time stood foremost in the world for art, science, wealth, and material, as distinguished from political, civilization. They reigned over the Greek and the Saracen, and in all those points the Greek and the Saracen set the standard to Europe. When the laureate of the Norman Conqueror strives to set forth the wealth and splendour of the spoils of England, his highest flight is to say that they were such as the Greek and the Arab might look on with wonder.* It is simply the voluntary ignorance of those who shut their eyes to the great facts of history, which dreams that the Saracens had any monopoly of art and science, or that they knew anything but what they had first learned from the Eastern Rome. But what they learned they often improved and developed. And architecture undoubtedly owes to them the systematic use of the pointed arch. Otherwise the architecture of the Saracen is simply one dialect of the universal architectural speech of Rome. His columns and arches are remote descendants of the peristyle of Spalato; his cupolas come more directly from the churches of Constantinople. When the Normans came, two types of building were in use in Sicily, and both went on under Norman rule. The buildings of Palermo have been as carefully traced out in the work of Springer as the early topography of the city has been in the work of

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* Falcandus (303) enlarges on the various merits of the Kaid Peter, and adds, "Nisi gentile vitium innatam viri mansuetudinem præpediret, nec cum pateretur Christiani nominis odium penitus abjecisse, regnum Siciliæ multa sub eo tranquillitate gauderet."

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* So says William of Poitiers (154, Giles). "Transiret illæ hospes Græcus aut Arabs, voluptate traheretur eadem."

Schubring. The Byzantine type of church was continued in the church of George the Emir, in the small neighbouring church of Saint Cataldo, and even in the thirteenth century, in the church of Sant' Antonio. The great works of the counts and kings followed another type. They kept the long naves of the basilicas; only the taste of their Saracen architects brought in the pointed instead of the round arch, and brought in with it forms of ornament which Diocletian and Theodoric never saw. Of this type the noblest example is King Roger's chapel, where, even setting aside the glories of the mosaics added by William the Bad, the skill with which the problem is solved of combining the long nave with the central cupola is enough of itself to place it in the first class of architectural works. The same type, on a smaller and plainer scale, is found in the church of the Lepers, beyond the walls, beyond the bridge of the Emir, a building of which the original parts are said to date from the days of Robert Wiscard himself. Intermediate between this type and the strictly Byzantine plan, approaching in some measure to the churches of southern Gaul, is the most Mahometan-looking building of all, the church of Saint John of the Hermits, with its five cupolas. In another type, brought in by the Cistercians, the long nave remains, but the cupola is forsaken. Its place is taken, to the great destruction of the external effect, by a choir rising high above the nave. Such is San Spirito, the church of the Vespers; such is the *Magione*, the mansion of the Teutonic knights; such was the metropolitan church of Palermo, as English Walter rebuilt it; and such is the more fortunate rival which was given to it by William the Good on the height of Monreale. To these we must add the palaces and various fragments scattered through the city. In all we see the impress of the Saracen, though in the strictly Cistercian buildings his impress receives some modification from Western ideas. In all the pointed arch prevails. Here that form is no foreshadowing, as in Northern Europe, of the coming Gothic, but the direct sign of the workmanship of the Saracen, just as the appearance of the same form in the churches of Aquitaine is a sign of his indirect influence.

Such was Palermo, the Happy City;* such were its great buildings in the splendid time which begins with the reign of Roger the King. But the first Sicilian king is a man of more than local or insular interest. His personal character and position, the European position which he handed on to his successors, are all matters of deep historic importance. The great position of the Sicilian king is shown, among other things, by the great amount of information on Sicilian affairs which is to be drawn from the historians of other lands, from those of our land not the least. The intercourse between England and Sicily was frequent and friendly down to the days of King Richard's unlucky appearance at Messina. But it is even more instructive to turn from writers with whom the name of the Sicilian king was great and venerable to those who were bound by their own position to show that he was no king at all. Such are the contemporary Byzantine writers, John Kinnamos, Nikêtas, Archbishop Eustathios of Thessalonica, who tells of all that his flock suffered at the hands of the Sicilian captors of his city. In reading these Greek writers we never fail to be constantly reminded of the fact which, if we looked only to Western chroniclers, we might easily forget, that Sicily was a province rent away from the Eastern Empire. That the Sicilian king should share the imperial style of *Basileus*, no one who knows imperial language will expect. Roger himself is only *Rêx* (Ῥήξ, ῥίξ) in the charters of his own chapel, in the mosaic in the church of George of Antioch. But in the eyes of loyal subjects of the Eastern Rome, Roger, and William too, hardly passed for a lawful *Rêx*. Old memories were always ready to suggest that their proper place was among the Sicilian tyrants, with Phalaris, Dionysios, and Agathoklês. By a pleasing form of legal fiction, Roger appears as a Count of the Empire, who has presumptuously raised his country to the style of a kingdom.*

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* "In urbe *felici* Panormi" is the date of many of Frederick's charters.

And as it is with the position of the Sicilian kings, so it is with the personal character of the first and greatest of them. It is well to look at King Roger from all sides. Archbishop Romoald to some extent, and Hugo Falcandus far more boldly, balance his virtues and vices. We see him as drawn by the hand of a panegyrist in the *Res Gestæ Rogerii Regis* of his special friend Abbot Alexander of Telesia,† who merely gives us some personal stories of his early days. With the version of this strong partisan of Roger it is well to compare the version of his bitter enemy. Falco, the lively and graphic chronicler of Beneventum,‡ is always telling his reader how, if he had been there, he would have wept or rejoiced, or gone through whatever was the becoming emotion to be called forth by the matter in hand. In this way he not uncommonly calls on his reader to join him in holy horror at the deeds of the Sicilian invader. And it is plain that Roger was not sparing in dealing out all the horrors of war, as war was in the twelfth century, on any people or city which came under his wrath. We might sometimes think that he sometimes went beyond that standard, and took a degree or a kind of vengeance which was unknown in England, unless haply in the nineteen years of anarchy.§ On the whole Roger would seem to have had not a little in common with his elder contemporary our own Henry the First. Each combined the same gifts of the ruler with the same intellectual tastes and the same personal vices. The park and palace of Woodstock must have been mean indeed beside the park and palace of the Favara, but the same general spirit reigned over both. The political position of the two princes also was singularly alike. Each combined an insular and a continental dominion; each kept his island in peace, while on the continent he had to wage wars, largely wars with those of his own household. And in both cases the reign of peace ends, for a while at least, with the great king who maintained it. We gather too that the justice of Roger, like the justice of Henry, was stern: the justice of any ruler in those days had need to be stern. And it took the form which is most repulsive to modern notions, the form of frightful bodily mutilations.* Roger, we are told, was rather feared than loved;† as with Henry, "mickle awe was there of him." Yet "good man he was," in that he did his work: if the evil-doers suffered fearful punishments, the peaceful man, of whatever creed or race, could hold his own in safety. Such a king was forgiven many acts of harshness and cruelty in particular cases. It really tells more against him as a man and as a ruler, if, like his daughter's son, he sacrificed an innocent man to keep up his own character for orthodoxy. Amari at least puts that interpretation on an ugly story, which, whether the Archbishop of Salerno is himself the teller of it or not, has found its way into his chronicle from some contemporary source.‡ The Mahometan religion was fully protected, and its professors were high in wealth and in office. But it would seem that apostasy from Christianity to Islam was deemed, or might on occasion be deemed, a crime worthy of death. The eunuch Philip, a minister high in the confidence of his master, and clearly a professing Christian, was charged with neglecting the observances of the church and practising those of the mosque. The zeal of Roger was kindled, and death by fire was the fate of the eunuch. The tale, whoever may be the teller, is told with that over-emphatic assertion of the king's orthodoxy which implies that it had been called in question. The archbishop too, in his own person, pointedly enlarges on the increased zeal of Roger's later days, when he to some extent laid aside the cares of state, and gave himself to the conversion of Jews and Saracens, providing carefully for the worldly welfare of those who were converted.* These pictures and Godfrey's epithet help to explain one another. The missionary zeal may well have been genuine. The burning of Philip looks too much like a literal *auto-da-fé*, which public opinion called for. But both alike are atoning offerings made by the king who had once been *paganus de more vocatus.*

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* Eustathios, p. 416, ed. Bonn. *Ὁ τῶν Σικελῶν εἴτε ῥὴξ εἴτε τύραννος, ὡς οἱ Διονύσιοι καθ' ἱστορίαν βεβαιοῦνται καὶ οἱ Φαλάριδες, καὶ ὅσοις δὲ ἄλλοις τὸ ἐκεῖ ἄρχειν τυραννεῖν ἦν καὶ ἐλέγετο· ἔνθα ὁ πρῶτος πρὸς βίαν κατάρξας καὶ τὸ Ῥωμαϊκὸν ἐκεῖνο κομητάτον εἰς ῥηγάτον μεταγράψας Ῥογέριος ἦν.* William the Good (*Γελιέλμος*) is a *παρέγγρεπτος ῥήξ* (422), or rather only a count; yet he wanted to take Constantinople—*τὸν Σικελὸν κόμητα εἰς κοσμικὸν ἐγγραφήσεσθαι βασιλέα ὅς ποτε τῇ Κωνσταντινουπόλει δοὺξ ὑπέκειτο.* John Kinnamos (iv. 15, p. 175, Bonn) allows William the Bad to have been a *ῥήξ*, but only by imperial grant; *ὀλίγῳ ὕστερον καὶ ῥῆγα τετίμηκεν οὐ πρότερον ὄντα.* Lumia (p. 41) calls this "la ridicola boria di uno scrittor bizantino." Why?

† Printed in Muratori, vol. v. p. 615.

‡ Ibid. vol. v. p. 82.

§ Yet when, in p. 136, he digs up a dead man's body, to throw it into a marsh, he might keep company with Harold Harefoot and Charles the Second of England.

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* In Hugo Falcandus (329) we read of those who wished to have certain men killed "vel membris saltem principalibus mutilari; sic enim modo Rogerius regem prudentissimum regno suo pacem olim integram peperisse." He adds, "Utilis quidem et securitatis plena sententia; sed tantam crudelitatem in misericordiam pronior cancellarius [Stephen of Perche] abhorrebat." He speaks to much the same effect in p. 261.

† Romoald, ap. Muratori, 196; Pertz, 427. "Erat suos subditis plus terribilis quam dilectus: Græcis et Saracenis formidini et timori."

‡ See Pertz, xix. 426; Amari, iii. 439.

Yet when Archbishop Romoald speaks of Roger as a fear and a dread to Greeks and Saracens, he clearly does not mean the Greeks and Saracens of his own island. To the Greeks and Saracens of other lands, the devastator of Corinth, the conqueror of Africa, might well be a fear and a dread. But Sicily in the twelfth century was the one part of the world where religious equality in the strictest sense was to be seen. Roger at Palermo is something like Theodoric at Ravenna. He brings in his own religion alongside of two existing religions without disturbing either of them. To use the language of modern controversy, he established the one without disestablishing the others. From the first conquest to the death of William the Good, the Mussulmans of Sicily underwent no persecution, no social or political degradation, on account of their religion. Their social condition varied from high court favour to villainage, perhaps to slavery; but this was simply as the condition of Christians varied in other countries. It was the result of the circumstances of the conquest. One town was taken by storm, and its Mussulman inhabitants were slaughtered or sold for slaves. Another surrendered on condition of keeping all its ancient rights and customs. In the early days of the conquest Count Roger largely profited by Saracen help, and before the whole island was his, he led Saracen warriors to help him in the Italian wars of his brother. If we may trust our English Eadmer, who came across them when he followed Anselm into southern Italy, any religious persecution which they underwent was of an opposite kind from that which we might have looked for. Some Saracen soldiers who wished to turn Christians were hindered by Count Roger from so doing.* His policy, like that of our own East India Company in some of its stages, is intelligible, and it was well understood by his imperial great-grandson. The employment of Saracens in war went on during the whole time of Norman and Swabian rule in Sicily. They were not only valiant soldiers, but practised and skilful engineers: when the building of a fortress needs special skill, Saracen artists are sent for to build it.† The employment of the misbelievers was of course brought up against the Sicilian kings as a crime, and it is specially insisted on by King Roger's enemy at Beneventum. As far as regards mere slaughter and havoc, it is hard to see that the Saracens can have done worse than many Christian warriors of the time; but we can well believe that their presence increased one element of horror. The most unscrupulous Christian had his fits of remorse, in which he spared holy persons and holy places;* by the Mussulmans these were doubtless picked out for special outrage. Were it not for the horrors afterwards done by the Latin conquerors of Constantinople, one would certainly be inclined to think that some of the deeds recorded by Archbishop Eustathios at the taking of Thessalonica must have been deeds of infidels. Within the island the condition of the Saracens differed in different places, just as their numbers did. In the north-west part of Sicily they were the majority. In the south-east they had towns and castles of their own;† in the north-east they were but few. In the local disturbances at Messina described by Hugo Falcandus, the jealousy is not between Latins and Saracens, but between Latins and Greeks. Of the Saracens of the capital his narrative gives us many notices, with lively personal and topographical details. Saracenic titles and offices went on, even in the hands of Christian holders. With the Emir of Emirs we have already made acquaintance. Another title, which puzzles at first sight, is that of the *Gayti*, court officers of high power. They are mostly eunuchs of Saracen creed or birth, and they bear an Arabic name of office, *Kaid.* Saracens too were employed as officers of the revenue, and a large part of the trade of Palermo carried on in their ancient Cassaro was still in their hands.‡ As long as Roger reigned, his strong hand kept all creeds and races from hurting one another; but in disturbances of the reign of William the Bad, and in the minority of William the Good, the men of the two creeds came to open strife within the streets of Palermo. The Emir Maio of Bari, the minister first of Roger and then of William the Bad, had, under the latter reign, disarmed the Saracens of the capital. The next year came the great riot in which the emir was slain, and the king was for a while a prisoner. The eunuchs of the palace, who seem to have been hated of all men, were slaughtered without mercy. The Saracens in general were slain in the streets, in their shops, or at the receipt of custom: driven from their houses in the central city, they kept up a street fight in the old Slavonic quarter. In other parts of Sicily, both where they had towns of their own and where they lived along with the Christians, they were set upon and slain, till as many as could sought shelter in the stronger Saracen town in the south of the island.* This was a general movement of religious hatred, an outbreak of barons and people against the king, his eunuchs, and their countrymen. Presently, when William won back his authority, the Saracens had some measure of revenge. Men who were charged with a share in the disturbances, convicted by the wager of battle, were hanged, in the sight, we are told, of the rejoicing and mocking Saracens.† In the minority which began the next reign we come across the rule and the fall of the eunuch Peter. Then follows the fall of a creature of his who bears the Christian name of Robert, but who is charged, among many acts of cruelty and oppression of various kinds, with repairing an ancient mosque in the *Castellamare* where he commanded, and of giving the Saracens facilities for the practice of Eastern vices.‡ With him fell divers apostates who had also sheltered themselves under the patronage of the eunuchs, and their fall was a matter of rejoicing to all the Christian races of Sicily, to the Lombards above all.§ A little later we find the Christians and Saracens of Palermo acting

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* Romoald, ap. Pertz, xix. 427. "Conversis dona plurima et necessaria conferebat."

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* Eadmer, Vita Anselmi, ii. 5: "*Revera nullum coram pati volebat* [Rogerius comes] *Christianum impune fieri.*"

† Alexander of Telesia, ii. 34, ap. Muratori, v. 627.

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* See specially Romoald, ap. Muratori vii. 187.

† Hugo Falcandus, 293. "In australem Siciliæ partem ad tutiora Sarracenorum oppida confugerunt.'

‡ Ibid. 288. "Multi Sarracenorum qui vel in apothecis suis mercibus vendendis præerant, vel in duanis fiscalibus reditus colligebant . . . sunt interfecti. . . . Relictis domibus quas plerique eorum in civitate media possidebant, in eam partem quæ trans Papyretum est secesserunt."

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* Hugo Falcandus, 294. "Tam eos [Sarracenos] qui per diversa oppida Christianis erant admixti, quam eos qui separatim habitantes villas proprias possidebant."

† Ibid. 298.

‡ Ibid. 316.

§ Ibid. 317. "Hoc factum omnibus Siciliæ populis, maximeque Lombardis . . . adeo placuit."

together; but it is to besiege the unpopular French archbishop, first in the metropolitan church and then in the massive bell-tower.* Archbishop Stephen withdraws, and his place at the head of the Sicilian Church passes to Walter the Englishman.

All this is characteristic and instructive. It shows us the cause of the sight which is so strange in the twelfth century, the sight of men of different religions living side by side, and, as long as there was a strong enough hand over them, living in peace side by side. There was no Sicilian nation. Hugo Falcandus speaks, as he might now speak under Turkish or Austrian dominion, of all the races of Sicily, "omnes, universi, Siciliæ populi." The Sicilian king ruled over men of various races, living in the same island, but differing in laws, manners, speech, and creed. The conquest found two such existing, the Moslem Saracen as master, the Greek Christian as his subject, living in various degrees of subjection in different parts of the island. The conquest put down the Saracen from his place of rule, but did him no further damage. Greek and Saracen alike now lived, each after his own fashion, under the allegiance and protection of the Norman king. Alongside of these the Norman conquerors brought in other races to dwell on the same terms. The counts, dukes, and kings of the house of Hauteville welcomed men from every part of Western Europe to enter their service in every character, military, civil, and ecclesiastical. Normans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, all found their way thither. Among our own countrymen—whether of Norman or of Old-English blood it is vain to ask—two great chiefs of the Church stand out as prominent figures—Archbishop Walter of Palermo† and Archbishop Richard of Syracuse. It is characteristic enough that Walter made his way to the metropolitan throne by the overthrow of the French primate-elect Stephen, of the house of the counts of Perche. France too and England sent other men of mark, who did not rise to quite such high places. From France came Hugo Falcandus, who loved Sicily so well, and Peter of Blois, in after days a naturalized Englishman, who hated the land, its air, its folk, its food, and who lived in constant dread of being swallowed up by the infernal pit of Ætna.* From England too came a man of the true English blood, a man famous both in Sicily and England, the first recorded bearer of the name of Thomas Brown. His name is familiar to the students of our own Angevin history, and it may be seen in its Greek shape in more than one document of the Sicilian kingdom.† It might also seem that Sicily had been visited by Gervase of Tilbury, who had heard that British Arthur was to be seen on the mount which Peter of Blois so dreaded,‡ and who at least witnesses that as early as his day it was already called *Mongibel.* All these were men who, however large their number, came one by one. They were royal kinsmen, royal officers, all or most of them in some way or other men of the court. But the Norman kings also welcomed to their island other Latin-speaking men, both from their own Italian dominions and from other parts of the peninsula, who came in larger bands as founders of colonies. The Lombards—such is their most common name—had their own towns and quarters, and formed the third element among the inhabitants of Sicily alongside of the two elder ones. Thus we have dwelling in the island men of three languages and of three creeds, and Palermo became, as she is styled in the verse of Peter of Eboli, the city of the threefold tongue.* Latin, Greek, Arabic, stand forth as the three languages of the kingdom in public documents and in public inscriptions. French was the language of the court and of the barons;† it does not appear, like the other three, as the language of a nation. But we may perhaps see a fourth nation, to make the balance even against the two of Aryan speech and Christian faith. In not a few private inscriptions in the museum at Palermo, alongside of the Latin, the Greek, and the Arabic, there is a fourth, a Hebrew version. When all races and all creeds were alike protected, when all alike prospered after their several fashions, the Jew came in for his share of protection and prosperity along with the rest. There is no sign of formal superiority and inferiority between one race and another. Even the natural prominence and influence of Latin-speaking nobles of the Sicilian court was well nigh balanced by the prominence and influence of Saracen eunuchs and of Saracen scholars. We are indeed told that none but Greeks and Saracens can be villains; but this is the cry of Latin-speaking cities asserting their own local privileges, and demanding that the free towns of Sicily should not be dragged down to the level of the subject towns of France.‡ A moment's thought will show that these words do not mean that all Greeks or all Saracens were villains, but simply that the circumstances of the two conquests had brought down some among both the elder races to that state, while among the later settlers, who had come in either as conquering soldiers or as favoured colonists, none could as yet have fallen so low. Sicily in the twelfth century was the land where men of various creeds could live side by side. But it was so simply because the circumstances of Sicilian history made it the land in which men of various races lived side by side, and where the wisdom of discerning conquerors decreed that no race should bear an oppressive rule over the others.

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* Hugo Falcandus, 339, 340. "Universa civitas, tam Sarraceni quam Christiani."

† In a charter in the Tabularium, p. 28, he is *παναγιώτατος καὶ πανευλαβέστατος ἀρχιεπίσκοπος πολέος Πανόρμου Γάλτερος ὁ ἀφαμίλιος.* In this last strange word some have traced the English word *mill.*

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* See the letters of Peter of Blois bearing on Sicily, in Giles, i. 25, 138, 192, 277, 288.

† Thomas Brown is well known from his prominent place in the *Dialogus de Scaccario.* But more notices of him—μάστρο θωμᾶ τοῦ βρούνου—will be found in the Transactions of the *Reale Accademia dei Lincei*, 1878, and in the *Göttingische Gelehrte Anzeiger*, November 20, 1878, from the pens of Dr. Hartwig and Dr. Pauli.

‡ Otia Imperialia, ii. 12, ap. Leibnitz, Rer. Brunsw. Scriptt. iii. 921.

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* Peter of Eboli, i. 56. "Urbs felix populo ditata trilingui."

† Hugo Falcandus, 322. "Francorum lingua quæ maxime necessaria esset in curia."

‡ Ibid. 331, 332.

Of all this it came that Sicily was for the moment the most splendid and prosperous of European kingdoms. How could it be otherwise when the Greek and the Saracen, the Lombard and the Jew, could all practise their skill of various kinds without let or hindrance, under kings who protected and encouraged all alike? There was not, there could not be, anything like it in contemporary England or France. London and Paris must have been poor and mean beside Palermo. But England and France had something which Sicily lacked, and which in both lands, though by very different paths, was to grow up into a better and more lasting prosperity than that of Sicily in the days of her splendour. In the Sicily of the twelfth century, inhabited by men of so many races and creeds, there could be no national unity, no national life. Greek, Saracen, Norman, Lombard, and Jew, were all subjects of the same king, and they had no other common tie. The king was therefore a despot. He might be the wisest and the most beneficent of despots; but the stern Roger, the bad and the good William, were despots equally. The king who came between them even showed how easily despotism could pass into tyranny. There was no national action, still less any national representation. Barons and citizens met on great occasions, sometimes in the form of a lawful parliament, more commonly as conspirators or as rioters. But there was no such living parliamentary life as we may say that there was even then in contemporary England. Greek, Saracen, Norman, Lombard, and Jew, could not be brought to sit side by side in a national parliament. Cities, districts, races, orders, were zealous for their local and special liberties; but the only guaranty for these local and special liberties was to be found in the strong arm of the common master. Hugo Falcandus mourns that Christian and Saracen cannot unite in the day of trial for the whole land; he assumes that Christian and Saracen will fall to bloody strife the moment there is no longer a king to keep them both in the way of peace.* Compared with any other land in those days, the peace of Sicily was for a whole century most rarely broken. All serious fighting was, as it were by common consent, done on the neighbouring mainland. When the peace of the island was broken, as it was more than once when Roger was gone, it was broken by court intrigues, by popular tumults, rather than by rebellions on a great scale, like those to which we are used in other kingdoms. But those very rebellions were signs of the national life which in Sicily was lacking. The glory of Sicily therefore was only for a short season. The peace and happiness of the land was buried with good King William. Then the northern Emperor came, as the husband of Roger's daughter, to take Roger's crown in Roger's capital, and to secure himself by inflicting pains worse than death on the last descendant of Roger whom Sicily herself had chosen to wear it. The most splendid of European dynasties found but a feeble champion in the short-lived reign of Tancred, and it sank in blood and darkness when the last William was led away a blinded and mutilated captive. Such were the woes that came on Sicily from without; but before Henry came the blow had been struck from within. Good King William was hardly gone before Christian and Saracen were at deadly strife in his island and in his capital. The Saracens at Palermo, lately peaceful and industrious subjects of the Sicilian king, were driven to seek a precarious shelter and a wild independence in the mountains.† From that time the story of the Saracens of Sicily is little more than a record of the way in which the former lords of the island vanished from its soil.

From all this history we may perhaps draw some lessons for the present. It seems to show that Christians and Mussulmans can live in peace side by side, but that they can do so only under the strong hand, at once just and stern, of a common master. But that master must at least not be of a creed whose first principle it is to make men of other creeds subjects of the true believer. Roger and Akbar could do the work which cannot be done by any votary of the faith which Akbar cast aside, and which Roger at least never professed. The Norman kings of Sicily, who dealt out equal justice to Greek, Saracen, Lombard, and Jew, at least never mocked them with a constitution which decreed that Greek, Saracen, Lombard, and Jew should all call themselves Normans. We muse and linger among the monuments of Palermo, we marvel at the piles which Saracenic skill raised at the Norman's bidding. We gaze with yet more curious interest on the few relics here and there of the earlier days when the Saracen was master. We can hardly keep down a sigh when we find that in official use the name of Sicily has passed away, and that the capital of Roger's mighty kingdom has, after ages of misrule, risen again merely as the head of a single Italian province. We may feel a thrill when we still see now and then in the ancient Cassaro stately men in the ancient garb of the Saracen, looking as if they had come fresh from doing service in Roger's court. Yet, notwithstanding all this, we may rejoice that the capital of Sicily has for ages ceased to be a city of Islam. And so rejoicing, we may look forward with greater hope and trust to the day when Thessalonica and Constantinople shall be as Messina and Palermo.

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* Hugo Falcandus, 253, 254.

† Richard of San Germano, 1190; Hugo Falcandus, p. 254.

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